

the truth about Liz and Eddie's baby...

PHOTOPLAY

OCTOBER 25¢

What EDDIE'S
mom heard
from the
honeymooners

What
MARILYN
couldn't tell
the doctor

Roger Smith-
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8 HOURS
TO LIVE"



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The Monthly Record *continued*

turntable vox pox *continued*

AN EVENING WITH LERNER AND LOEWE starring Robert Merrill, Jan Peerce, Jane Powell, Phil Harris. Composers Lerner and Loewe are feted with a two-piece LP featuring some of the niftiest tunes from their big Broadway and Hollywood hits: "My Fair Lady," "Gigi," "Brigadoon," "Paint Your Wagon." RCA.

ANYWHERE I WANDER: Rod McKuen. Decca's latest find is young, blond Rod McKuen who's written songs for Tommy Sands, Johnny Mathis, the DeCastro Sisters. See if you don't flip for the gentle rocker, "Kisses Sweeter than Wine," and his own bouncing "Jump Up."

NEIL SEDAKA. Dick Clark says, "Neil's talent just busts out all over. He can sing without an accompaniment, he's that good." And here's Neil in a neat collection. RCA.

BILLIE HOLIDAY. Ray Ellis and Orchestra. Billie's dead now, but nobody who heard her sing the blues will ever forget her. Lady's bittersweet interpretations of "I'll Never Smile Again," "It's Not for Me to Say" and "Baby, Won't You Please Come Home" are heartbreakers. M-G-M.

ON-CAMERA FAVORITES FROM TV. Patti Page. In a roundup of her most-requested tunes from TV-viewers, Patti gives 'em all a pat-on-the-back treatment. Dig her warm warbling of "It's A Good Day," "Sometimes I'm Happy," and "I Didn't Know What Time It Was." Mercury.

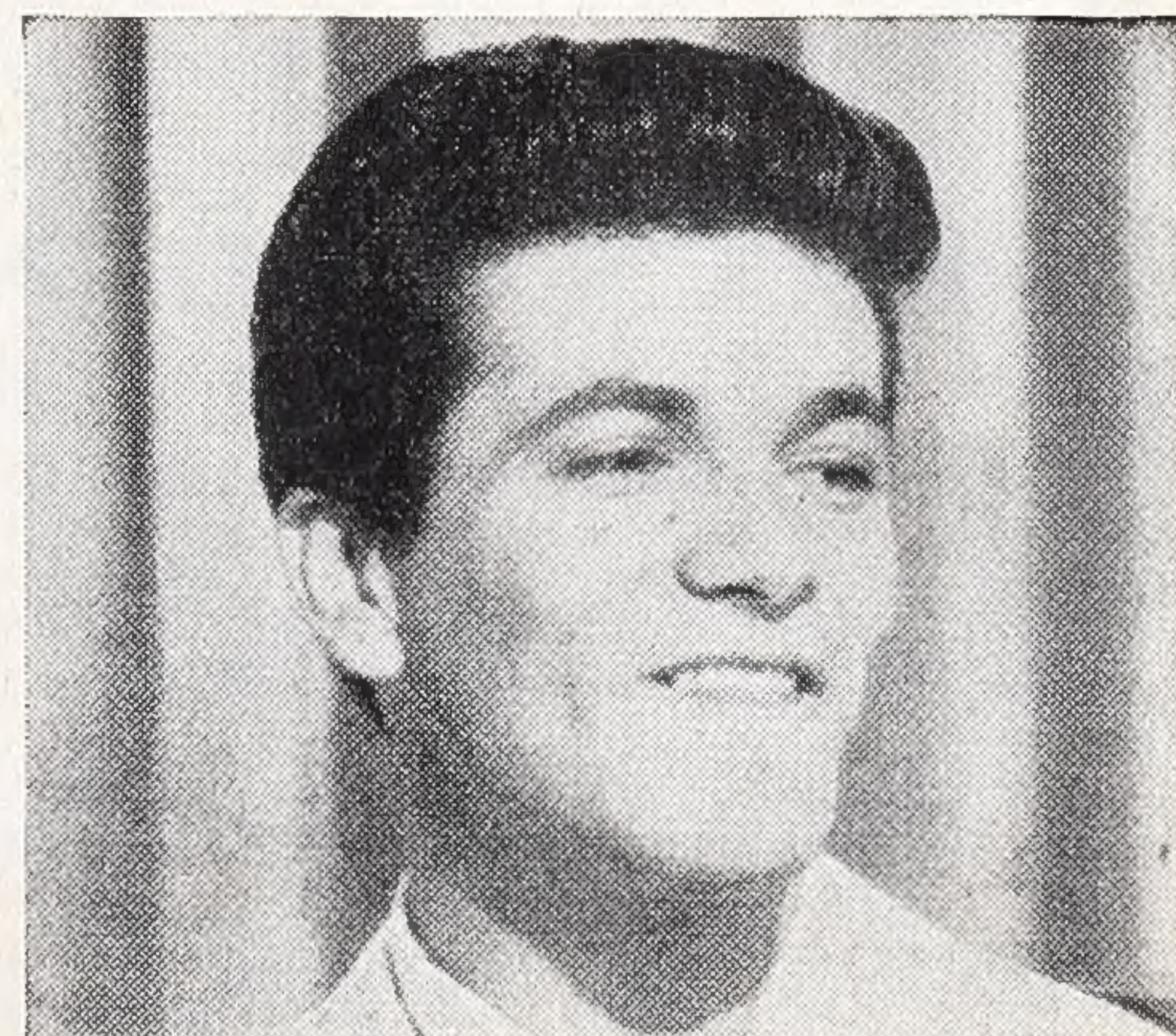
THE ORCHESTRA. Leopold Stokowski. If you want to pick up some music savvy on the different sections of the orchestra (brass, strings, woodwinds and percussion), this Capitol package makes it fun.



BACHELOR CORNER: *man talk*

The good word: Edd "Kookie" Byrnes tells me a "kooknik" is both beat and kookie. . . . You should have heard the roof cave in at the Waldorf Astoria's Starlight Roof when Tommy Sands played there this summer. It wasn't only the young folks who were clappin' and stompin'. All the moms and dads tuned in their radar mighty quick to Tommy's R & R jive, and they kept hollering for more. . . . When I stopped by to catch him, Tommy told me, "October 1st is A-Day, the day I take off for the Air Force." Why not let Tommy know how much you'll miss him? Drop him a line—airmail, of course—at 6606 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California. . . . Watch out for Johnny Restivo, fifteen. Named last year as "the most perfectly proportioned teenager in America," he's coming your way on a rock 'n' roll beat. . . . Most popular teen foods, Mark Damon tells me after a record-breaking tour across the U.S. plugging his new Wynne record, are spaghetti, pizza, ice cream sodas and milkshakes. . . . Six-footer Gardner McKay (actually he's six feet, five inches tall) offers this bit of beauty advice to gals, "Always walk tall—taller than you are.

Even if you're only four feet eleven, walk down the street as though you were taller than anyone else, and, before you know it, you'll feel tall. I've gone out with gals who were *very* short, but I taught them to stand tall, and they never thought about their height again!" . . . Frankie Avalon promises not to get married until some time in the early 1960's. Anybody got any ideas as to who might be the lucky miss? . . . Flash! Rumor has it Elvis, who's due out of khaki in March, might get a "good behavior" release around Christmas time.



"A-Day" is almost here for Tommy Sands.

The Monthly Record

Hollywood Quote
of the Month:

Live not in my shadow.
Stand up and make
your own!

By GEORGE

Vol. 1, No. 8

September, 1959

4 Non c

WIN AN RCA STEREO Pick a song for Louis and Keely



Keely and Louis have a gift for each of you.

BOOK NOOK

Acting bug bit you? Check "How to Act" by Robert Graham Paris, who's trained Lucille Ball, Shirley Temple, Steve Forrest, other top performers. His book will give you all the basics if you're looking for a show-biz career. . . . Slated for Broadway and Hollywood: "Hard Hearts Are for Cabbages" by Vii Putnam, the heartwarming novel about a family of raggle-taggle California gypsies. Wait'll you meet Aunt Vanya, who sleeps on the floor in a mink coat. . . . If you go for humor that cocks a quizzical eye at the world, you'll have a ball with "Wake Up, Stupid" by Mark Harris. . . . Bound to be a big best seller: "Barbara Greer" by Stephen Birmingham (it'll make a hit movie, too). Everything, the story says, isn't always as hunky-dory as it seems on the surface. . . . "The Little World of Stephen Delaplane" features the writings of the popular San Francisco columnist who tells you about his roving 'round the world. . . . If you liked Harry Golden's "Only in America," there's more of the same in "Two Cents Plain."

After one of their smash performances at the Copacabana, Keely Smith and Louis Prima invited us to a musical gab session.

"First off," Keely (Mrs. Louis Prima in private life) spoke out, "let's face it. Pop music will always have its critics. It's like politics. Everybody's got something to say."

"Yeah, man," Louis chimed in, "and that's good. The more discussions, the more interest it proves there is!"

Keely added, "I love the teens' open-mindedness. They don't close the doors to any kind of music until *after* they've listened to it. But some of the older folks aren't as fair. They make up their minds they don't like something even before they hear it."

The Primas kept sending and we stayed tuned in to them. And though Keely stayed dead pan through it all, I think even she was excited when, before we knew what was happening, we were working out a contest to give everybody a say-so about the kind of song they'd like Keely and Louis to record.

Pick a song you like or think would be

perfect for Keely and Louis to harmonize on (remember their out-of-this-worldville version of "That Old Black Magic"?). In twenty-five words or less, tell us why you think it's such a great song for their kind of music-making.

First prize is a revolutionary new RCA Victor Portable Stereophonic Victrola. It's a beauty, with a removable speaker lid that becomes a second speaker so the sounds of those new stereo records can come at you from all sides. Your monaural records will sound great on it, too.

Second prize? A \$25 package of seven albums Keely and Louis have recorded. Third-prize winner will have his choice of a \$10 package of three albums by Keely or Louis.

But win, lose or draw, *everyone* who enters the contest will receive a good-luck charm from Keely and Louis, plus autographed photos and free membership in the Louis-Keely National Fan Club.

Contest deadline's September 30th. Write to Keely and Louis, Photoplay, 321 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.

turntable vox pox



ALBUM OF THE MONTH:

GATHER 'ROUND. For your forever-collection, Tennessee Ernie Ford sings a dozen beautiful folk tunes. Old Ern, who hits like "Sixteen Tons" on his rumbling blues numbers, has gathered 'round him a bunch of top-notch instrumentalists and a groovy girls' group who make mighty heart-sweet music. Ernie's a standout, 'specially on ones like "Look Down," "Freight Train Blues," "The Night Herding Song," and "Left My Gal in the Mountains." Capitol.

continued

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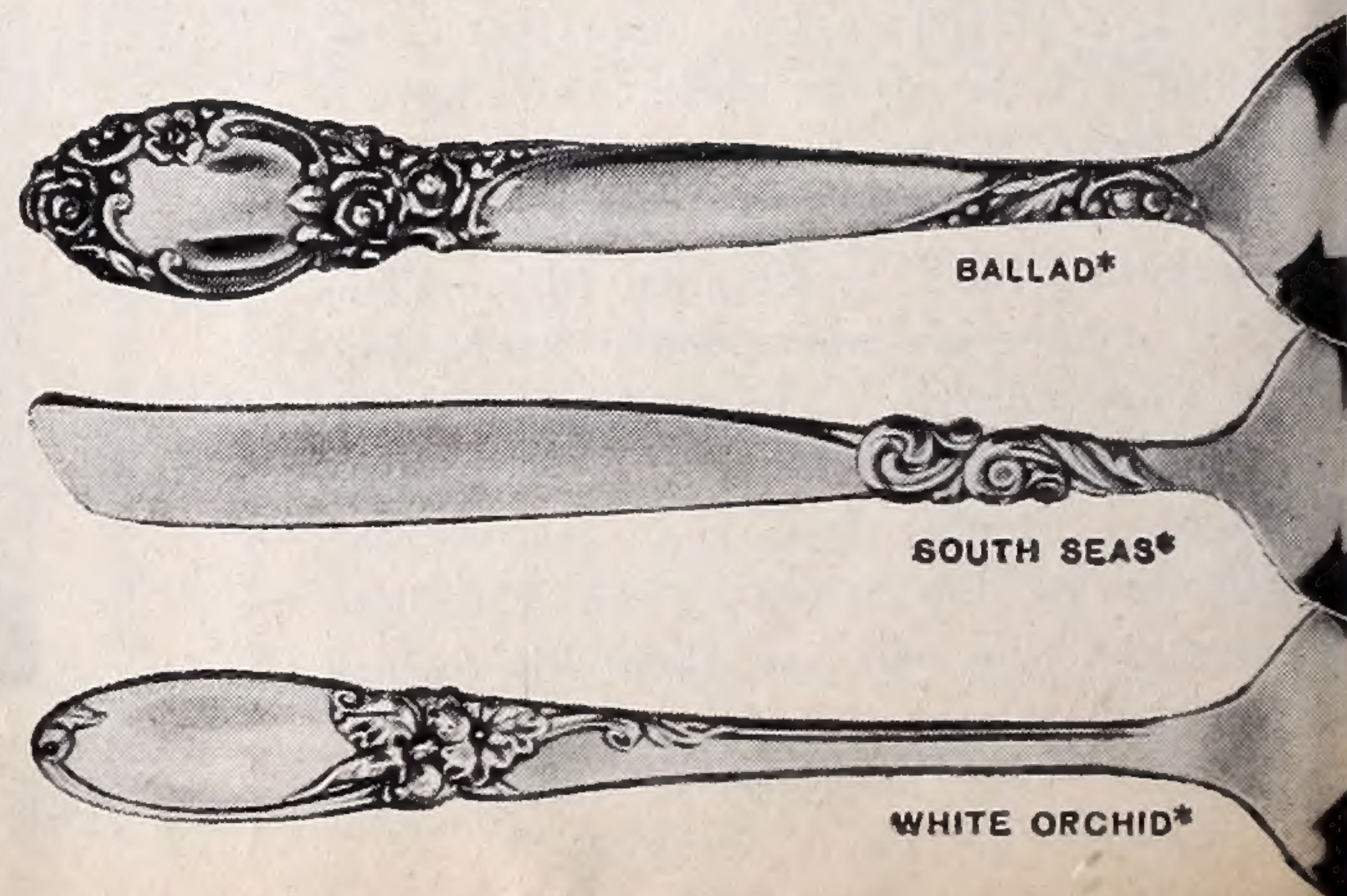
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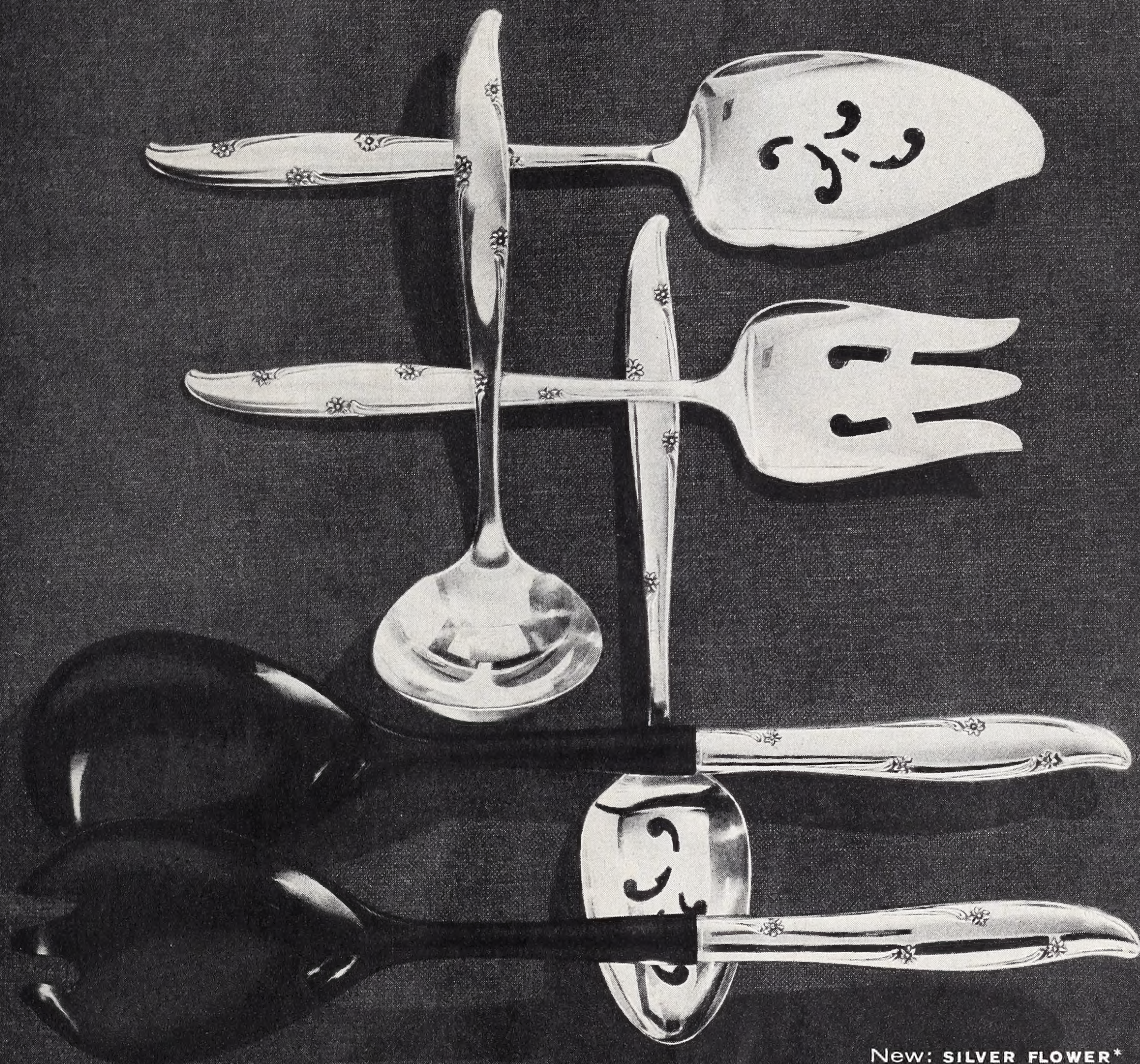


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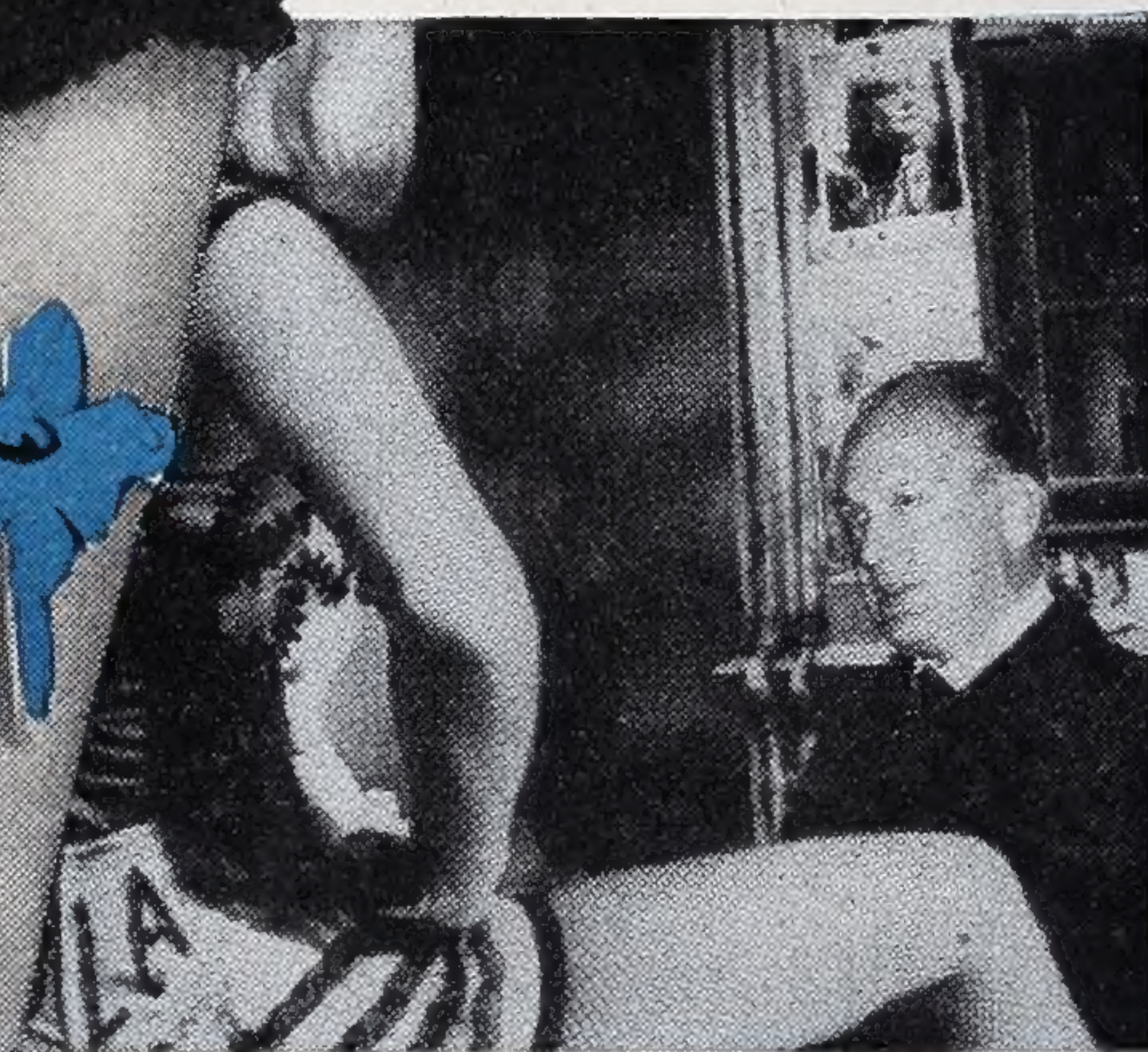
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live
for
love!"*



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But she always came back...to remind him he
wasn't man enough to break away!

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OCTOBER, 1959

VOL. 56, NO. 4

PHOTOPLAY

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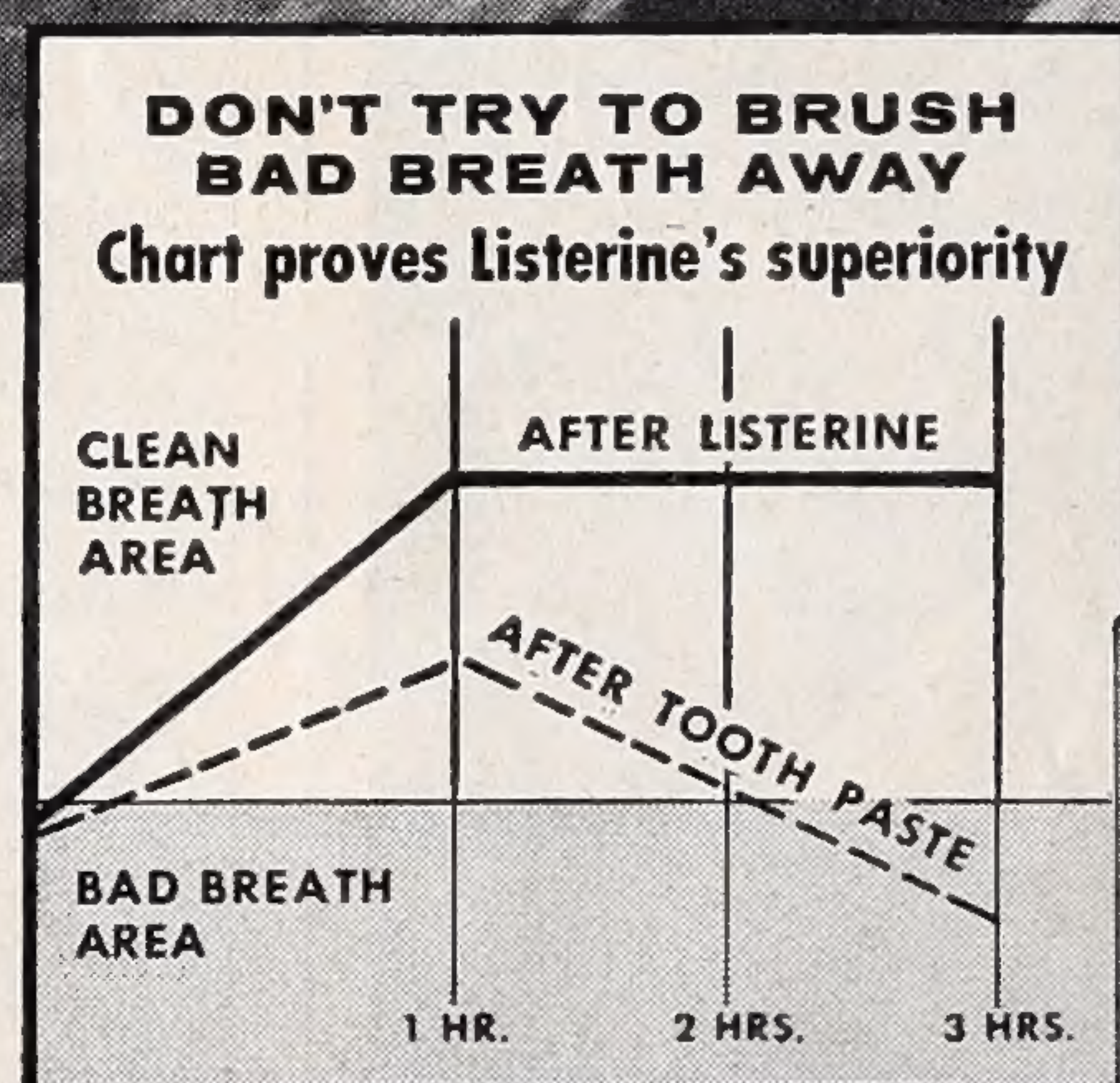


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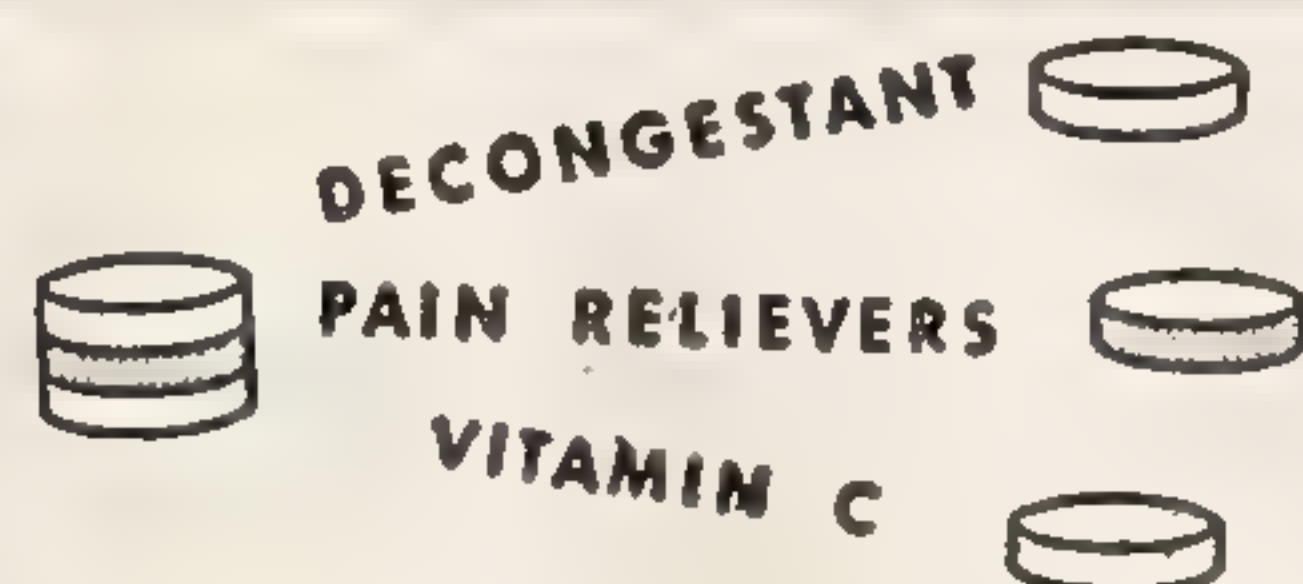
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music to sigh by

The first classical pianist in eons to set the girls sighing was Van Cliburn. Now, it looks like there's a second one.

He's John Browning, twenty-three, six-foot-plus, with brown hair that's combed a la Kookie. Like Van, he's a good-looker (at least that was the staff's verdict the day John visited my corner cupboard in the Photoplay offices).

John's a concert pianist, yes; but he loves pop music. "I'm nuts about Doris Day, Frank Sinatra and Kay Starr," he told me. But he also admitted that he split with a girlfriend after she told him she didn't like him to play Bach.

"What's wrong with playing Bach?" he asked. "You know, some very popular songs have come out of classic themes. . . ." Here

he rattled off a list on which the quiz below is based (answers are upside down).

When John isn't practicing—hours and hours each day—he's reading Agatha Christie or whodunits or digging into a sirloin steak. What does he do on dates? He loves weepy movies or dancing the cha-cha at a juke joint or driving through the countryside in an open convertible.

Come October, John will tour the U. S. and appear in every major city. He'll play Mozart and Rachmaninoff, but he hopes this won't scare the gals away. He'd like to meet music fans, so when he comes to your town, why not drop by and visit him backstage? Be sure to tell him George sent you.

WHAT POPS DID THESE BECOME?

1. Chopin: Fantasia Impromptu
2. Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 6
3. Lalo: Symphonie Espagnole
4. Schubert: Symphony No. 8
5. Rachmaninoff: Piano Concerto No. 2
6. Grieg: Wedding in Trolhagen
7. Leoncavallo: Mattinata
8. Borodin: Prince Igor



John lost a girlfriend because of Bach.

ANSWERS: 1. "I'm Always Chasing Rainbows"; 2. "Story of a Starry Night"; 3. "Tippy-Tippy-Tin"; 4. "You Are My Song of Love"; 5. "Full Moon and Empty Arms"; 6. "Strange Music"; 7. "Song of Norway"; 8. "Stranger in Paradise" (and several others) from "Kismet".

THE MONTHLY RECORD CHECKLIST

A BIG HUNK OF LOVE. *Elvis Presley*. (RCA).....And how!
 RAGTIME COWBOY JOE. *David Seville*. (Liberty).....Kookie
 LIKE I LOVE YOU. *Edd Byrnes*. (Warner Bros.).....Hip
 SMALL WORLD. *Johnny Mathis*. (Columbia).....Wow
 BEI MIR BIST DU SCHOEN. *Louis Prima and Keely Smith*. (Dot)Bouncy
 LONELY GUITAR. *Annette*. (Vista).....I'm with you
 HUSHABYE. *The Mystics*. (Laurie).....Dreamy
 IT WAS I. *Skip and Flip*. (Brent).....Ooh
 SWEETER THAN YOU. *Ricky Nelson*. (Imperial).....A honey
 ANGEL FACE. *Jimmy Darren*. (Colpix).....Neat
 MY HEART IS AN OPEN BOOK. *Carl Dobkins Jr.* (Decca).....Good boy
 FORTY MILES OF BAD ROAD. *Duane Eddy*. (Jamie).....Look out
 THERE GOES MY BABY. *The Drifters*. (Atlantic).....Ummm
 TABOO. *Arthur Lyman*. (Hi-Fi).....Smash

FLIP YOUR WIG

Tuesday Weld's tip to Judy DiBuono, Mary Jo Palone, Barbara Bost, Peggy Riva, Michele Giannini, Babs Gustin and Marcie Cenkner, all of whom wrote in for advice in restyling their hair to satisfy the boys, is: "Get yourself a phony pony!"

Tuesday explained that she owns several ponytail hairpieces and uses them to sit atop her head, as a braid hanging down her back milkmaid style, sometimes just straight pony style and, to dress up, sometimes, she makes a braid and uses it as a crown around her head.

"Nobody ever knew it wasn't me," she went on, "until I went to a dance and started to jitterbug. I felt lightheaded but I thought it was the beat. Was I red when my partner said, 'Tuesday, I think you've dropped something.' It was my hairpiece! I was in such a rush I didn't tack it down with enough bobby pins."

I will be frank. I'd never given the matter much thought, I mean the matter of what a girl with short hair does when she wants to impress a guy who goes for long hair. That's why, when Doris Fleischer, who makes chignons and braids for lots of top stars, including Audrey Hepburn, invited the girls on the staff to a showing, I tagged along. I saw everything there—from raffia hair pieces, fun for \$2 to \$7 only—to complete green wigs. And as Tuesday said, the ponytails were realer than life. How can our readers get hold of information on this? Mrs. Fleischer suggests: "Send on their letters to me."



Tuesday's man-bait is a phony ponytail.

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Keepsake's valuable new booklet, "The Etiquette of the Engagement and Wedding," gives expert advice on the announcement, parties and showers, trousseau, invitations, attire, gifts, the ceremony and many other details. Another booklet, "Choosing Your Diamond Rings," gives interesting and helpful facts about diamond quality, value and styling. For *both* booklets, send 25¢ with name and address to: Keepsake Diamond Rings, Syracuse 2, N. Y.



Rings from left to right: ~ JULIET Ring \$575. Also 500 to 2475. Wedding Ring 175. ~ CAMBRIDGE Ring \$500. Wedding Ring 125. ~ VISTA Ring \$250. Also 100 to 2475. Wedding Ring 12.50 ~ KENNAN Ring \$150. Wedding Ring 75. All rings available in yellow or white gold. Prices include Federal Tax. Rings enlarged to show details. ®Trade-mark registered.

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Readers Inc.

YOUR LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:

This is a problem that a lot of our girl friends have. We're all fourteen and just starting to go out on dates. What we want to know is, what should you do when you're out with a boy for the first time and he takes you to a movie you've already seen?

BETH, RUTH, JEANNIE and SUE
Dallas, Texas

Dear Beth, Ruth, Jeannie and Sue:
When he suggests a movie, the idea is to tell him the picture you'd like to see. But if you feel too bashful, see it again. Just be sure not to give away the plot!

DEAR EDITOR:

My best friend Margie said I should write to you and see if maybe you could help me. I'm all mixed up, but good, and I don't know what to do. You see, I'm just crazy about this boy who's in the 10th grade with me and I know he likes me. His friends are always telling me he does. Well, this boy sits a row ahead of me in English Lit and every time I look over at him, he's staring at me with a kind of dreamy look. But when I catch him he pretends he's reading something from the blackboard. And he's always following me home after school, even though we live at opposite ends of town, and sometimes at night I see him riding back and forth on his bicycle in front of my house. Even my father's noticed him. Bruce, his friend, said he tried to ask me out one time but before he could I started talking to another boy and he just walked away, kind of sad and unhappy. But honest I didn't even hear him and when I found out I was so mad I could have cried. Now I'm sure he thinks I don't like him. What can I do to show him I really do?

CINDY
Canton, Ohio

Dear Cindy:

To start with . . . what have you done? You know, little things like saying "Hi" when he walks into English class could make him feel awfully good. Don't be overfriendly and don't sound too giggly. Be casual.

Another tip that is almost "sure-fire" is to notice little things about the boy—like a wild pair of desert boots or maybe a good grade in math. Or if you're shy, tell it to his friend and let him pass it on.

If he's still too shy to ask you for a date—after your friendly advances—why not invite him and some of the other kids over to your house some Friday night. Subtly (remember!) make him feel important—invite him to help with the records.

DEAR MISS PAIN:

If only you could help me, it could change my whole life. I'm sixteen years old and I've never had a date and I don't know how to get one. I've watched how other girls act and it doesn't seem to work for me. The only boys who pay any attention to me aren't very nice and I don't think I should go out with them. I want so much to be popular but I want to be good, too. I'm so lonesome. I don't have many girl friends either. I'm not very pretty.

ALICE R.
Miami, Fla.

Dear Alice:

I wonder what popularity means to you. Is it the pretty blonde-haired girl in your school who's captain of the cheerleaders and who seems to attract boys and girls without even trying? Well, we can't all be like that, can we, and maybe it's a good thing, too. In a few years she may lose that secret formula and not know how to make people like her.

And that's where just about all of us who have faced this problem and found an answer have an advantage. (Look at Janet Leigh, Doris Day, Kim Novak.) Knowing how to make friends is a skill, and once you've learned it, you'll never be without friends again. But to acquire this skill you must be very harsh and critical of yourself. I think you're very wise and mature in refusing to date boys who would jeopardize your reputation, but did you ever ask yourself why the "nice" boys don't ask you out?

Being pretty isn't the only way to get a date. It's a big help, but if you look down the movie line next Saturday night, you'll see that it takes more than just prettiness. Why not stand before a full-length mirror and answer these questions. Do I attract the wrong kind of boys because of the way I look? Do I wear my sweaters and skirts too tight? Do I try to look older than sixteen? Do I put on too much make-up or is my lipstick too dark? Are my hair, my skin, my nails in good condition? From what the boys have told us (Mark Damon, Frankie Avalon, Fabian, Bob Evans), they like a girl to have a clean, fresh look (soft pink shades of lipstick and nail polish; clean, shiny hair; neat and young clothes that are fresh-looking). It seems, summing up, they want girls to be sweet and friendly, and not aggressive. Some girls may flirt a little but I don't really think any girl has ever "caught" a boyfriend unless he's been trying to catch her first. Don't you agree? So instead of chasing after dates, why not start chasing down some hobbies and interests. How about church and school activities? Try making friends with another girl. You'll begin to learn how to get along with others and there will be two of you to pool ideas. You'll soon find that as you become interested in new things, people will become interested in you. But you'll never be really happy, Alice, unless you learn that you can be lonely even in a big crowd of people . . . that real popularity can mean being liked by just one very special person. If you know that, then you won't mind waiting a few years to be popular with *him*.

DEAR EDITOR:

Even though all my friends were dating, my mother never let me go out with boys. She always told me to wait until I was older. I guess she wanted me to be one of those sweet sixteens who's never been kissed. Well, I am, but I'll be 17 next month. Don't you think it's time I could have my first date?

SALLY
Camden, Maine

Dear Nearly Seventeen:

Tell your mother we think you've got a point.

DEAR EVELYN:

I have a crush on a boy in my neighborhood.

If he's not with a girlfriend, he'll stop and talk to me. But he's never asked me out. How can I get him to ask me for a date?

ELLEN F.
Evanston, Ill.

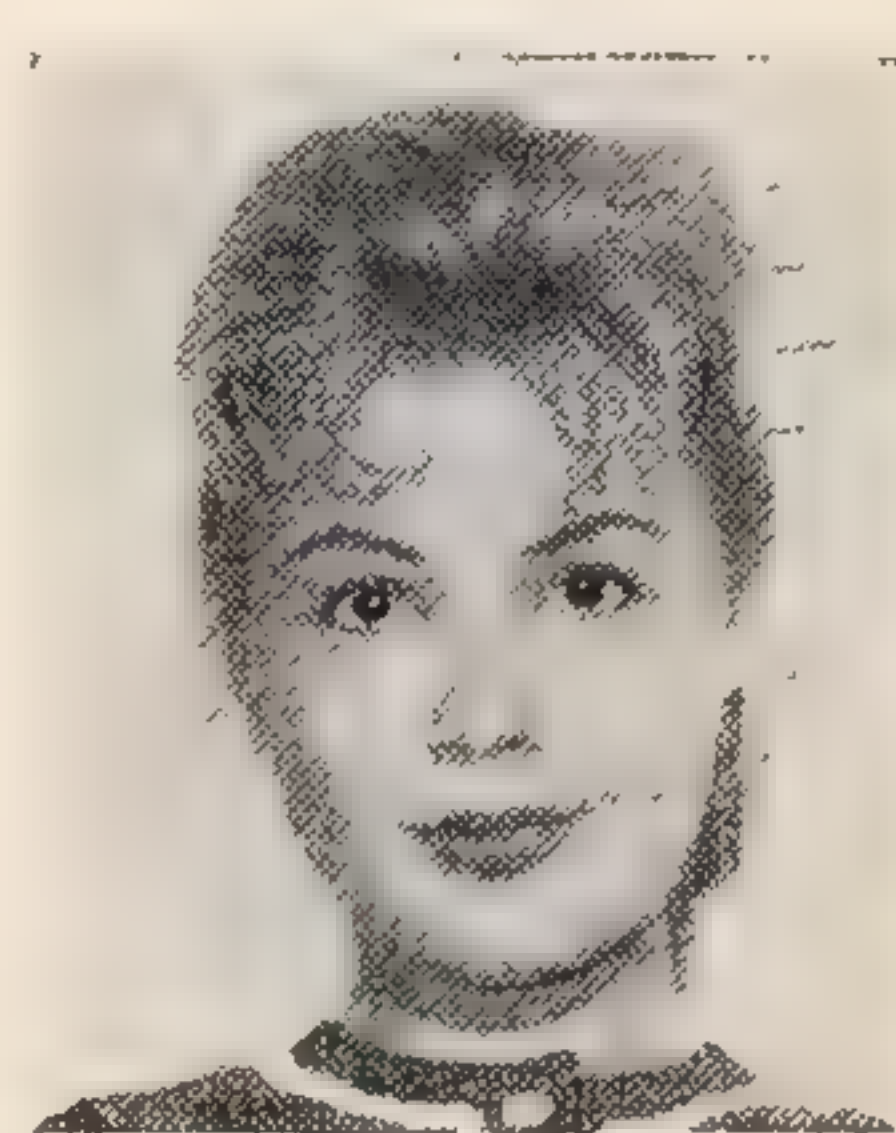
Dear Ellen:

Since you want to date, not debate, better find a boy who speaks your language. You know the old saying: You can lead a horse to water but you can't make him drink!

DEAR EVELYN:

I don't know what to do about my parents. I'm thirteen-and-a-quarter years old but they treat me like my baby sister. They won't let me do anything and I don't think it's fair. I can hardly ever go out at night and even on Saturday nights I'm always the first one to have to go home. How late do you think I should be able to stay out for a Saturday-night dance?

JOAN W.
Brooklyn, N. Y.



Sandra Dee



Dodie Stevens

Dear Joan:

Sandra Dee says 11:00, and only on weekends. Molly Bee says 11:00. Dodie Stevens, who's fourteen, says she still can't go out.

DEAR MISS PAIN:

I've been dating a boy for a whole year—ever since my 14th birthday—and it's been wonderful except for one thing. I'm two inches taller than Tommy and sometimes when we're out together somebody will make some wise remark, and he gets terribly embarrassed and then gets mad. Tommy told me he likes me a lot but I'm afraid he might stop asking me out because of this. I don't mind being taller and I want us to keep on dating because we like all the same things, like dancing and football and pizza, and there's no one else I think is even nearly as nice as him. I don't mind being taller, really, but how can I show him it doesn't matter?

LINDA
Newark, N. J.

Dear Linda:

You can't—because it matters to *him*. Chances are before too long he'll gain on you anyway. In the meantime, a few suggestions: wear flats; stand straight up—never slouch; avoid new crazy hair styles that pile the hair high and make you look taller; and watch out for bold colors. Sometimes they can exaggerate height. But most of all, make him feel he's the most fun to be with.

(continued)

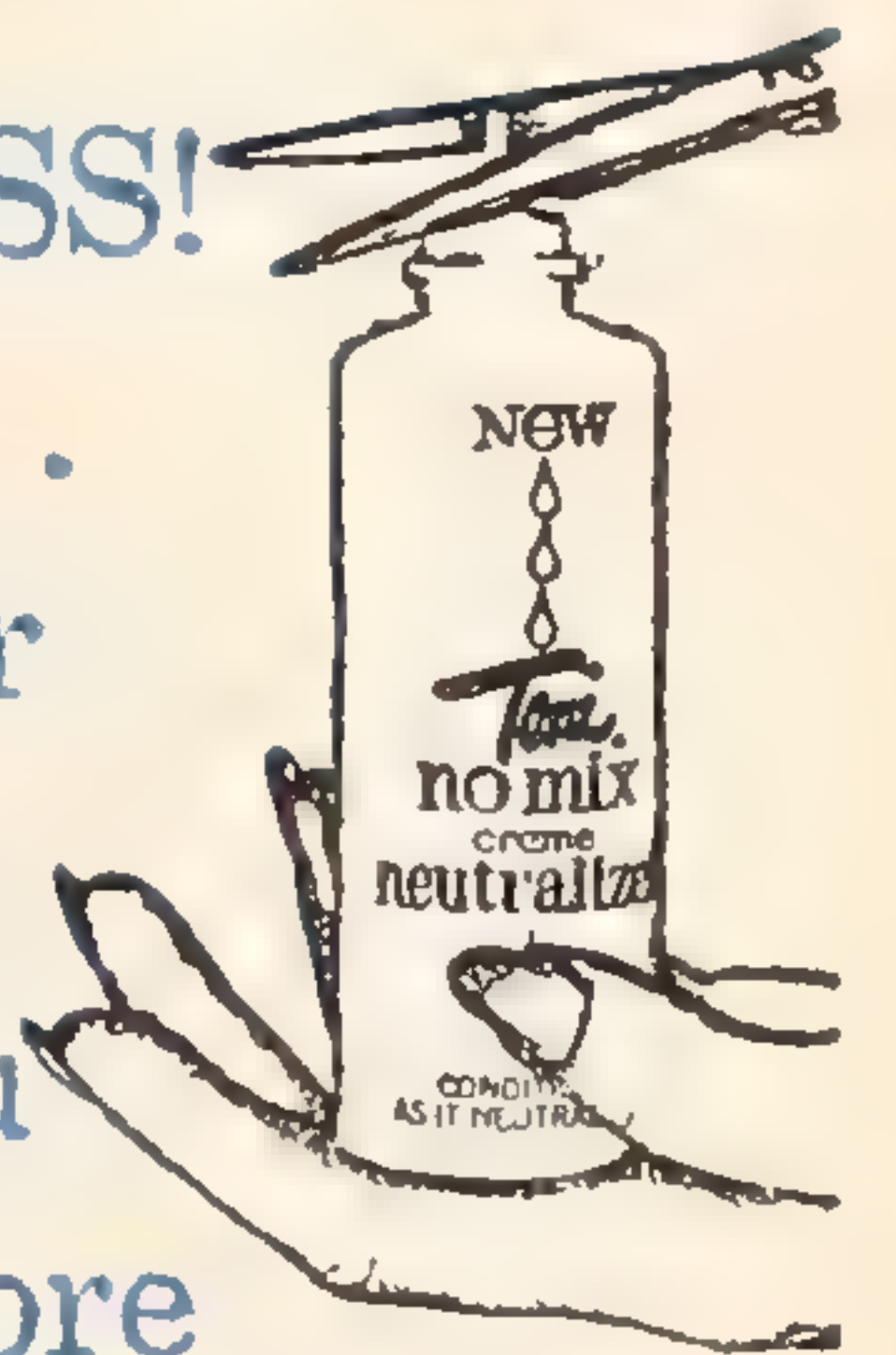
NEW NO-MIX TONI



ONLY PERMANENT WITH
A NO-MIX NEUTRALIZER
THAT'S DOUBLE-RICH, TOO!

NO MIX...NO MESS!

Snip off the tip . . .
Toni's neutralizer
is already mixed.
Drop by drop, you
neutralize. No more
drenching.



DOUBLE-RICH

Only Toni
with double-
rich neutralizer
puts Hidden Body
in your hair. It holds
any hairstyle
(curly or smooth)
like no other
permanent can.



P.S. And for very young hair, there's
Tonette Children's Permanent.
It has its own No-Mix Neutralizer.

Readers Inc. *continued*

Open Letter to Dan Duryea

Mr. Duryea, I would very much like to thank you for being so very nice to your fans and myself. Every letter I've written you has been answered personally. I hold a very high respect for you and I believe you to be one of Hollywood's finest actors.

Though I've never met you, I think you must be a very wonderful person.

I would also like to thank Earl Holliman, James Arness and Audie Murphy for letters I received from them.

JERRY HOLLOWAY
Shreveport, La.

I Love Them!

I love Sal

He's my guy

But some of his movies make me cry

All of them are great in every way

I'd go to see them every day.

If all the stars I had to choose between

Then Sal'd be king and I'd be his queen.

He makes you feel great with just one look

Sal's number one in my dream book.

Now Jim's a "Maverick"

Not really though.

Only on his TV show.

Do I like him? Well, *wow!*

When I see him—holy cow!

He's handsome, manly, cute and trim

Man, oh, man, I really like him.

Edd Byrnes is his name

He's real cool.

When I watch him on "Sunset Strip"

I really drool.

He's alias "Kookie."

If you know what I mean,

He's a real gone cat

He's really a dream.

Pete's a "Lawman"

On his TV show

He's a fine "deputy"

I guess you know.

He's twenty-three

And really suits me to a tee!

These actors don't ride in flashy cars

Just because they're movie stars.

They're not conceited

You can bet.

These fine stars I'll *never* forget!

BRENDA McDONALD
Atlanta, Ga.

Let's Go, Producers!

I'm surprised nobody has thought of making Emily Loring's romantic mystery novels into movies.

I have thought of Efrem Zimbalist, Jr. as the hero but can't think of the heroine yet!

PHYLLIS DUNN
College Point, N.Y.

Ideal

My ideal family and friends would be:

Steady boyfriend—Tab Hunter

Best friend —Sandra Dee

Father —Robert Young

Mother —Jane Wyatt

Sister —Debbie Reynolds

Brother —Roger Smith

Grandfather —Burl Ives

Grandmother —Janet Gaynor

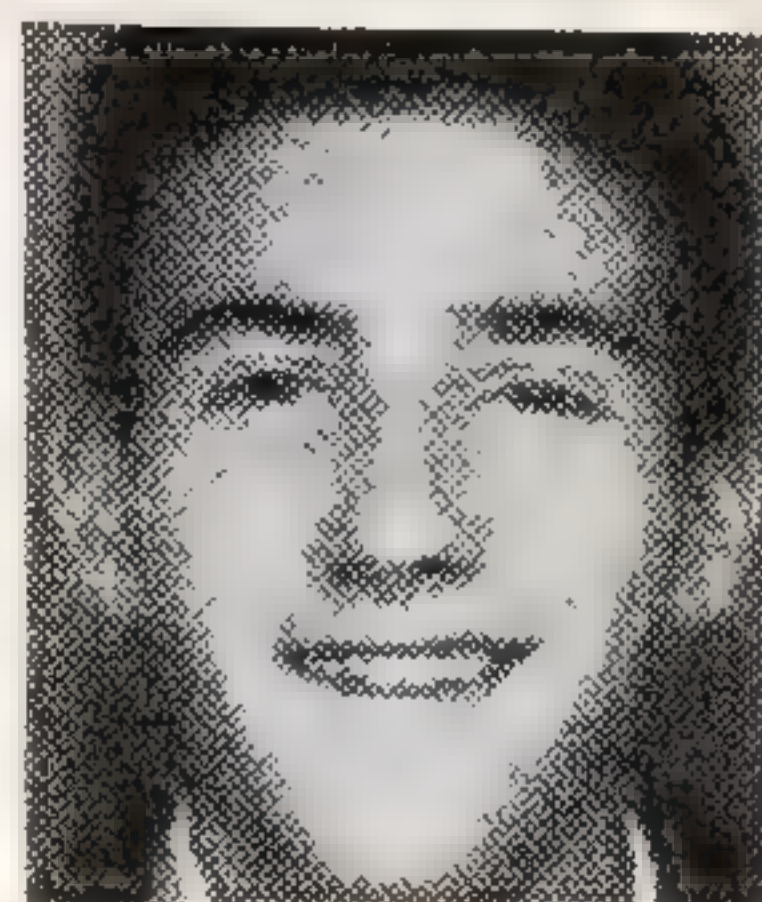
Aunt —Rosalind Russell

Uncle —Cary Grant

B. CHAMPAGNE
Covington, La.

confidentially...

... I'm a young man of seventeen who is interested in the field of acting. I've been a professional model for two years, though I've also appeared in several off-Broadway shows. Perhaps some of you readers will recognize my face? I stand exactly six feet tall and weigh one-hundred-and-sixty.



PETER WILLIS
15 Fairmont Ter.
Jersey City, N.J.

... Dear Ed: Our pack's been doing some buzzing about this Confidentially bit and we'd like to lay the question: How's about if us fireflies send in snapshots of ourselves when we write? Should make a real blaze on this page if we all get together and show how we glow. Dig it?

—THE FRISCO FLAMES

Do we... like, it's on the front burner. So file your celluloid via the long and airy, only don't blow your jets if it doesn't make a round trip, cause everybody's heels are on fire in this cave. (In other words, we welcome your pictures but, being awfully busy, cannot promise their return.)—EDD... cops!—Ed.

... Anyone interested in writing to a girl who likes everything connected with this magazine? Drop me a line. I'm sure we'll find many ideas to exchange and much to write about.

MERRILL HORN
5521 N. Mil. Riv. Pkwy
Milwaukee, Wis.

... My name is Ernest Riley, Jr. and I'm nineteen years old. My greatest ambition is to become an actor and I plan to work real hard at it. I've wanted to act in a movie since I was six years old (that's when I saw my first). The reason? I'd like to make those who are unhappy happy.



ERNEST RILEY, JR.
182 South Street
New York 38, N.Y.

... I'd sure like a pen pal from New York City, because one day I hope to live there. Now let me tell you what I'm like: I love horses, boys, dancing, food and money, and though I haven't made up my mind yet, I'm thinking of becoming an interior decorator.

DOROTHY GRAY
1476 8th Ave.
San Francisco, Calif.

... I'm a young boy of eighteen and my name is Akhtar Jamal Batla. I would very much like to correspond with American "Guys and Dolls" about movies, music, stamps, sports and magazines.

AKHTAR JAMAL BATLA
2/78-E, P.E.C.H.S.
Karachi. (W. Pak.)

... If anyone would like information about Deborah Kerr, I'd be more than pleased to help. So do write me:

ERHARD ULBRICH
37 Granite St.
Brooklyn 7, N.Y.

—and see our story on page 38—Ed.

... Dear Audrey Hepburn lovers: Please send me any pictures of her you'd like to give away or trade.

TONI MARPLE
East Central Ave.
Atkins, Ark.

... Attention Jerry Lee Lewis Fans: Interested in "the great ball of fire"? Think Jerry's the end? So do I, and that's why I'm inviting you all to join the National Jerry Lee Lewis Fan Club of America. For full information, write:

SUE BENNETTE
6133 Yoho Dr.
Alexandria, La.

... I'm a girl of sixteen and would like to correspond with boys and girls who are interested in horses.



ARLENE GREY
2039 W. Haddon
Chicago 22, Ill.

... Fabian fans can "join his team" by writing to:

FABIAN INTERNATIONAL FAN CLUB
Box #234, Planetarium Station
New York 24, N.Y.

... Attention Kathryn Grayson fans: We welcome new members of any age. We feature many photos and articles about Kathryn in our club journal, "The Katydid." Why not write me?

CAROL QUISENBERRY
4006 Venable Ave.
Charleston, W. Va.

... I would like to increase my collection of pictures and clippings of Paul Anka.

FAYE EMSHOFF
Route 1, Box 102
Brenham, Texas

... As president of their Canadian national fan club, I'd like to inform everyone that "The Diamonds" have a new address:

THE DIAMONDS
P.O. Box 220, Station Q
Toronto, Canada

... I've just graduated from high school and my hobby is boat-making, though not long ago I sang on television and won several contests. I'm planning a trip to New York, Albuquerque and Galveston. I'd sure like to get acquainted with friends in these cities.



MONTY ARLO ISELEY
3717 East 28th St.
Tulsa, Okla.



Remember who Frank was gunning for as the baddie in "Suddenly"?

Who Starred?

Can you tell me if Frank Sinatra had a part in "Suddenly"?

LARRY BROOKS
Laramie, Wyo.

Yes, Frank Sinatra played the lead in this movie. He was a "professional killer" who had been hired for the biggest job of his career: a \$500,000 job—to assassinate the President of the United States!—Ed.

Old Movies

There are several old movies that I think would make excellent television series. "The Dolly Sisters," the movie in which June Haver and Betty Grable starred as singing and dancing sisters, and "Mother Wore Tights," would be wonderful as a series or a special night-time musical show. There could be no funnier comedy shows than a series like "Mr. Belvedere" or "Cheaper By the Dozen."

Oh, I'm not through. There's another movie in which Robert Young played a minister from Baltimore and Shirley Temple played his mischievous teenage daughter. I think it was "Baltimore Escapade."

MRS. PAT CHAMBERS
Mobile, Ala.

Tall, Blond, Goodlooking

There's a tall, blond, goodlooking man in Hollywood who has been my dream man for a long time. I have seen every one of his pictures and I think he's just great.

Some time ago, we had a Cerebral Palsy Telethon here in Miami and I got to meet my dream man.

He was even more wonderful than I thought he would be. He was so nice and friendly to everyone. He stayed on stage all day talking to people and working to raise funds for this wonderful cause.

What's his name? Peter Graves, naturally.
JUDY CARRADY
Miami, Fla.

Write to Readers Inc., Photoplay, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We regret we cannot answer or return unpublished letters. To start fan clubs or write stars, contact their studios.

beautiful discovery!



New!

Pond's Moisture Base

new kind of greaseless foundation cream!
brings you "night cream" moisturizing under your make-up all day!

Creates an all-day "moisture reserve." At last a cream that goes beyond superficial smoothing . . . that actually controls the moisture level of your skin *under* your make-up. At the same time, it normalizes your skin's protective chemistry all day long.

Prevents under-make-up dryout! Protects your skin against sun and wind—the drying effects of make-up itself! Your skin stays soft and dewy all day.

Leaves a smooth, no-shine finish. Pond's Moisture Base is greaseless. Your skin never feels sticky, make-up never cakes or streaks. Transparent, it can't conflict with any make-up shade.

For a lovelier face, smooth on New Pond's Moisture Base every morning. Use it for nighttime moisturizing, too.

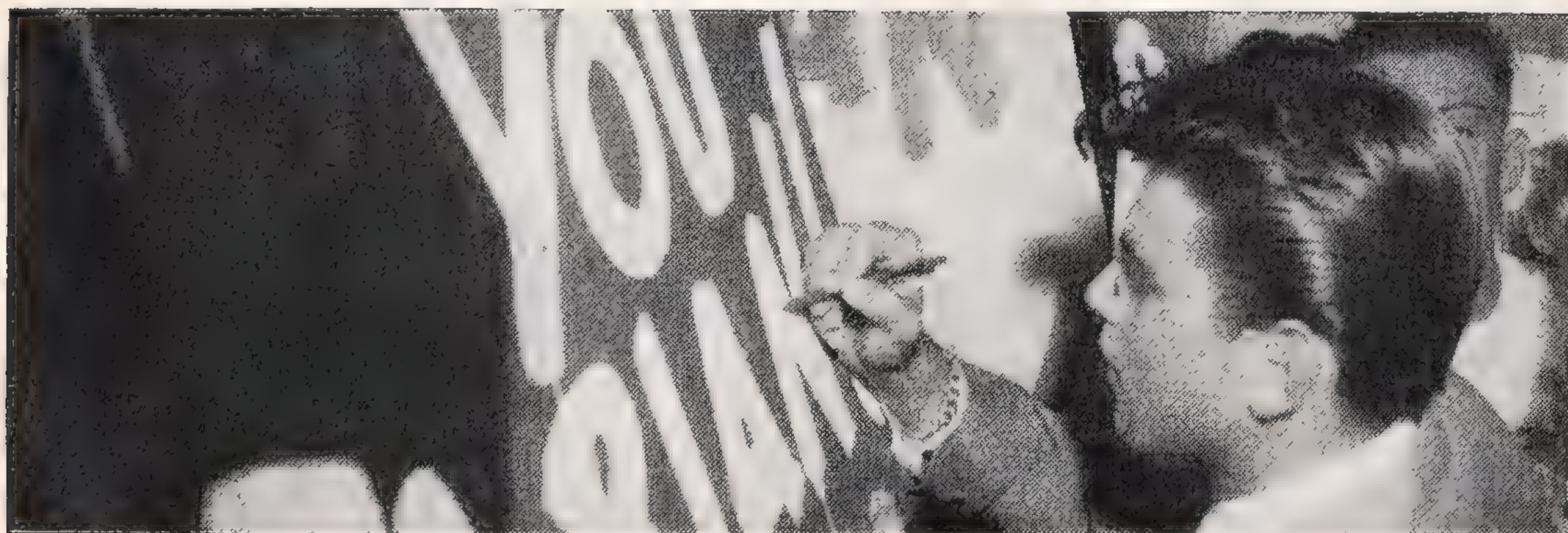
Pond's Moisture Base
NEW GREASELESS UNDER-MAKE-UP MOISTURIZER

THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY



Success worked better for Tony than anyone else I can think of.



That's a big hunk of autograph, but I get a funny feeling when I see Fabian's name.



If your tan's fading, Tuesday has an idea.



Rock watches his weight, but must he stare?

I know Errol Flynn has suggested himself for the role of *Humbert Humbert* in "Lolita," and it's not a bad suggestion. . . . Liz Taylor may be a cat on a hot tin roof, but she giggles. . . . It seems that whenever I meet Sandra Dee, she's buying perfume or sampling lipstick. . . . I don't know any actor who has improved as much as a person because of success as Tony Curtis. . . . Doesn't Fabian sound like the name of a race horse to you? . . . Judy Holliday is strictly an indoor female. Her only outdoor sport is hunting antique shops. . . . Peter Lawford often sits in the driveway of his Santa Monica beach house. This keeps tourists for the beach from parking there. . . . I like to see actresses without their make-up on. Of course, sometimes I don't recognize them, but I like to see them. . . . Who does Brigitte Bardot think she is—staying away from Hollywood—Ava Gardner?

These are great days. An actor can be a beatnik with a beard at night, and work in Westerns during the day. . . . I think Dean Martin has only begun to come on. . . . I heard Edd Byrnes cheering the

Dodgers. Then he turned to his companion (female), saying, "I wonder if they'd cheer as much for me?" Kookie! . . . Our old friend Mike Curtiz interviewing a New Face: "I can make you what you can never be."

Paul Anka was driving along Sunset Strip with the radio on, listening to Paul Anka sing "Lonely Boy." . . . I don't think there's anything as lonely as an actress who leaves a party saying, "I must hurry home because my dog's all alone." . . . Glenn Ford's contract stipulates that he doesn't have to wear make-up. . . . The best hunk of real glamour to hit this town in months is Patricia Crest. She'll make a noise. . . . I think Tab Hunter is underrated as an actor. Sue me! . . . At a small party, playing games, Tuesday Weld was asked to make a short and quick remark about togetherness. Tuesday said, "Just think what a wonderful tan freckles would make if they could get together."

I'm for Lana Turner making a fortune, which she is. Lana rates a hefty bankbook in my book. . . . Burt Lancaster likes to talk a lot and doesn't object to talking about himself. . . . Know what Frank Sinatra says when he looks at himself on the screen? "I could still put on a few pounds." And Deborah Kerr? "I thought I spoke more distinctly than that!" . . . Jayne Mansfield doesn't like to be caught looking tired. . . . I have difficulty recognizing Ricky Nelson when he isn't with his mother, Harriet. . . . I'll bet Kim Novak wishes her romances were the way they are in the movies: the happy ending. . . . Jerry Lewis al-

ways appears as if he had just left someone and is on his way to meet someone.

Will Marriage Spoil Nick Adams? . . . I can't recall seeing E. G. Marshall give a bad performance. . . . Bing Crosby should be proud of Gary, and vice versa. . . . If you want to find David (*Richard Diamond*) Janssen and Sal (Gene Krupa) Mineo, go to "La Scala, Goodevening." You'll discover them in a booth, tossing initials at each other—playing the Movie Game. . . . From some of the photos I've seen, it appears that Yul Brynner wears a hat as if it were a disguise from process servers. . . . When Bobby Darin told starlet Googie Schwab, "You're driving me crazy"—she replied, "That's how it is in this town. No one walks." . . . Debbie Reynolds is getting tired of the Tammy bit. . . . Janet Leigh is our most underrated glamour.

I'm informed that Rock Hudson watches his figure as much as May Britt watches hers. If there're no objections, I'd rather watch hers. . . . Bill Holden always leaves the cap off his toothpaste tube. . . . Shirley MacLaine's big fat success pleases me. . . . "I'll tell you what Hollywood is like," said newcomer John Cassavetes, "Hollywood is like a rich woman who can afford to buy everything and does. Yet somehow it doesn't look good on her." That's Hollywood For You.



How can they miss Janet's glamour?



**If you robbed a bank . . .
you couldn't buy finer fit!**

With this girdle, you're armed for anything, even the slinkiest sheath! Reason: twin cross-over panels in front slim your hips, yet leave you free. Spiral boning, no-roll top gives you fabulous comfort too, at a fabulous little price: just \$7.95! Get **FLIRTATION WALK® by**

BRA SHOWN: FLIRTATION BRA, \$2.95 ®

BESTFORM

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT ✓✓ GOOD
 ✓✓✓ VERY GOOD ✓ FAIR

get more out of life—
**go out to a
 movie**

What's on tonight?

**You've got to go out
 to see the best! Look for
 these new pictures
 at your favorite theater**



They Came to Cordura COLUMBIA; CINEMASCOPE, EASTMAN COLOR

✓✓✓✓ What with those big mountains and burning deserts, this looked like it was going to be another typical Western. But it *wasn't*—not even an “adult” one, as they say on TV. Actually, it's a drama that tries to separate the men from the boys (see left top). Van Heflin's one of the boys and he's a brute. Then there's Tab Hunter, who's self-centered and ambitious; Richard Conte, a not-too-bright veteran with a chip on his shoulder; Dick York, a farm-boy looking for adventure; and Michael Callan, a very religious boy. Then, of course, there's Gary Cooper, an officer who in his earlier fighting days was pretty much what you'd call a *boy*. Rita Hayworth is great in this. She doesn't play the usual glamour role. Instead, she's a kind of bitter woman who has nothing but her pet parrot and a liquor bottle. It all takes place in 1916 during the Mexican-American border wars, when Pancho Villa's raiders were around. To sum the whole thing up, this picture will leave you somewhat drained, what with all the tensions. But it's different—and it's good. FAMILY

The Devil's Disciple

U.A.

✓✓✓✓ Burt Lancaster and Kirk Douglas are getting to be old hands at both producing and acting in movies. This time, what they've come up with is a witty, fast-stepping film about the American Revolution. But don't put away those history books before you see it, because this is sheer entertainment. Even though it's all supposed to take place in 1777 in *New* England, it was filmed in *old* England, and the only historical character is Gentleman Johnny Burgoyne, played by England's Laurence Olivier. Olivier tries to hew the line of G. B. Shaw's theme, despite his American co-stars: Kirk (with Olivier, bottom left) is an engaging rogue who isn't afraid to sass King George III, and Burt's a peace-loving preacher. Where lies the dilemma? Well, it seems Burt's wife, played by Janette Scott, has a yen for action and finds herself gravitating toward Kirk. As you might guess, she ends up with a choice of *two* men, and although the finale is more Lancaster than Shaw, the film is rousing good entertainment. FAMILY

Blue Denim

20TH, CINEMASCOPE

✓✓✓✓ Here's a picture that's likely to keep many parents awake all night, worrying about something most teenagers have known about all along . . . the fact that nice kids can get in trouble, too, and when they do, their parents are the last people in the world they'd think of turning to. As two Suburban Heights youngsters who have experimented with sex too far, Carol Lynley and Brandon De Wilde can see only two ways out—either unwed motherhood or the abortionist. As for me, I couldn't blame the kids for overlooking those parents. This is Carol's picture—the one that'll make her a star. ADULT

Sapphire

RANK, U-I, EASTMAN COLOR

✓✓✓ This is the first time England has sent over a movie that is set against a background of big-city racial tension, and even if the treatment's a little naive in spots, you're not likely to go buy popcorn in the middle of it. The murder of a beautiful student has detective Nigel Patrick baffled as he trails Africans and West Indians through seamy London streets few tourists ever see. The shocker is his discovery of race prejudice in his own department. Mixed-up as it may seem, the characters are good and convincing, the pace almost break-neck and the style distinctly American, jazz score and all. Essentially, this is a whodunit—and a pretty good one at that.

ADULT

The Scapegoat

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

✓✓ Some time or other, it seems to me, all of us wonder what would happen if we met somebody who looked exactly like ourselves. That's what happens to a bored English school-teacher (Alec Guinness) as he walks along the waterfront of a shabby French town and suddenly sees his own face materializing out of the gloom. The double, it turns out, is a debonair Frenchman whose life is rather full of problems. Perhaps *too* full in the end, so that the whole affair never quite lives up to its dramatic opening, despite a cast that also includes Bette Davis and a host of Old Vic players. But it's off-beat—and you can always count on Guinness to be Guinness.

ADULT

Rosemary

FILMS-AROUND-THE-WORLD
IN GERMAN, ENGLISH TITLES

✓✓✓✓ This is the picture that kicked up such a fuss at the Venice Film Festival, when the German Foreign Ministry violently objected to its being shown there. But it was shown anyway, it ran off with the Italian Film Critics Award, and it will make Rolf Thiele (director) a name to remember. A satire on post-war German decadence, it has so much "atmosphere," it seems to give off a weird evil glow, and once you've seen it, you'll understand what all the ruckus was about. It tells of the dubious rise of *Rosemary* (Nadja Tiller) from a decoy for a band of thieving street-singers (their sassy ballads recall such "Threepenny Opera" hits as "Mack the Knife") to a reigning courtesan, with enough tape-recorded confessions of powerful merchants to keep her in sable for life. That such a life cannot last long we are sure, for *Rosemary* was a real person, whose story could only be told after death. Although the remaining characters are supposed to be fictitious, German tycoons have been putting up quite a holler. If the shoe fits, this picture may not be much fun for them: for us, it's an engrossing glimpse of a pretty macabre way of life that must be seen to be believed. See it!

ADULT



Olga
CORSETRY®

PADDED FRENCH SECRET, big photo, adds curves via soft-as-life stitched-in foam contours, feels like it belongs. Nylon lace 5.95. French Secret, top, molds a's fuller, c's firmer, molds b's to perfection via foam frames. Nylon lace 5.95. White and colors. For store name, free figure booklet write Olga, Dept.PH109, 7915 Haskell, Van Nuys, Calif.



Questions answered on becoming a woman

Q. My friends have already started on their monthly days. Why haven't I?

A. Some girls may begin to have their monthly periods at 9 or 10 years; some not until 15 or 16. There's no set rule. It all depends on individual growth and development. If you haven't started by 16, however, why not see your doctor?

Q. Must I feel blue at certain times of the month?

A. As you learn more about your monthly cycle, you will realize that "blues" are only temporary. Just don't give in to them. *Take your mind off yourself*—Do things you enjoy doing. Get into loose clothing—Feel free. Smart girls won't wear anything that binds on those days. They prefer wearing Tampax because it's invisible and unfelt when in place. It helps them forget a difference in days of the month.

Q. How should I act on a date during my period?

A. As you would any other time of the month. Your naturalness and discreetness will prevent embarrassment. Be sure to change your protection as often as necessary. Keep extras out of sight in your handbag. You'll appreciate Tampax® because it tucks away in a tiny purse. You'll like it, too, because it prevents odor from forming. Banishes other telltale signs—lines and bulges. Ends chafing, too.

Q. When can I start to use Tampax?

A. Every normal girl, married or single, can use Tampax as soon as she is completely matured. Its use is approved by doctors. Girls usually turn to it after friends tell them of its many advantages. As a new user, you will quickly learn how easy it is to insert and change. And how dainty, too. You'll especially like the way it keeps you feeling poised, confident—as on any other time of the month.

Why not try Tampax internal sanitary protection? We'll be happy to send you a trial package (mailed in a plain wrapper)—together with our free booklet on monthly problems. Just send 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover mailing costs, to Department A, Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

MOVIES *continued*

The Mummy

U-I, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ Britain's ghoulish, gaunt and gruesome Christopher (*Dracula*) Lee spends most of his time all wrapped up (he's the mummy) in this remake of a famous horror classic. Chris does get out of wraps long enough to play his former self, a handsome Egyptian priest, in a flashback—way back, to 2000 B.C.! It's the archaeologists who spring him, after 4,000 comfortable years, when they flout an ancient curse and untomb his princess (lucky Yvonne Furneaux). *She* lands up in the British Museum, so we're all set up for a sequel. FAMILY

Take a Giant Step

UNITED ARTISTS

✓✓✓ Imagine yourself to be a boy of sixteen, lonely and afraid, curious and bewildered . . . and a Negro in a white world. In a splendid acting debut, singer Johnny Nash (below right with Ruby Dee) is such a boy. His troubles are universal: learning to know, trust and to accept himself, to face a death in the family, to balance his enjoyment of the soft nature of girls with his puzzling new physical hunger for them. The step from adolescence to maturity is the giant one, and though lots of parents never quite make it, boys like Johnny sometimes do. ADULT

For the First Time

M-G-M; TECHNIRAMA, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ Come on in—the music's sweet and loud and the scenery's fine. See Naples and die laughing at the hair-raising spectacle of Mario Lanza and Zsa Zsa Gabor trying to act at each other in an

even draw for the title of World's Worst Listener. Zsa Zsa ends up just a former flame, when lady-charmer Mario meets a gentle deaf girl (Johanna von Koszian). All in all, an affecting little tale. FAMILY

The Big Operator

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

✓ If you like your movie menu high in violence and low in substance, here's your dish. Its only novel ingredient's a union boss (Mickey Rooney) who soon shows he's just another stinker without a cause. Steve Cochran's an upstanding foreman, Mamie Van Doren his simple wife and, as everyone knows, crime stops paying when humble Americans finally get fed up. FAMILY

A Private's Affair

20TH; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

✓✓ Everything about this affair is custom-made—maybe that's its trouble. There's star-sparkle in Sal Mineo and Terry Moore (below left). Gary Crosby's more likeable than ever and Christine Carere more lovely. But the plot's so forced it seems to take forever to maneuver Barry Coe into the fix that gets it rolling. But the people are awfully nice to look at. FAMILY

That Kind of Woman

PAR; VISTAVISION

✓✓✓ Under the fashionable frankness of this World War II drama beats a soft and sentimental heart. Tab Hunter gives his best performance since "Battle Cry" as a naive paratrooper who falls in love with Sophia Loren at first sight and won't be dismayed, even when he learns about George Sanders. You're in for a surprise, as Sophia shows Tab what kind of woman *that* kind can be. ADULT



✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT ✓✓✓ VERY GOOD
✓✓ GOOD ✓ FAIR A—ADULT F—FAMILY

NOW PLAYING

For fuller reviews, see Photoplay for the months indicated. For full reviews this month, see contents page.

✓✓✓✓ ANATOMY OF A MURDER—Columbia: In a startling courtroom drama, shrewdly directed, James Stewart defends Ben Gazzara, accused of killing a man who allegedly raped his wife (sexy Lee Remick). (A) September

✓✓✓ BIG CIRCUS, THE—A.A., Technicolor: Hurry, hurry to see who's sabotaging Vic Mature's show. Rhonda Fleming, Red Buttons, Kathryn Grant, Gilbert Roland and David Nelson all keep you guessing. (F) September

✓✓✓✓ BIG FISHERMAN, THE—Buena Vista: Panavision, Technicolor: A dazzling spectacle illuminates the beginnings of Christianity, with Howard Keel as St. Peter. John Saxon and Susan Kohner provide the romance. (F) September

✓✓✓ FIVE PENNIES, THE—Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor: Listen to the beat, as Danny Kaye plays jazzman Red Nichols. The heartbeat's in his love for wife Barbara Bel Geddes and daughter Tuesday Weld. (F) September

✓✓✓✓ HOLE IN THE HEAD, A—U.A., De Luxe Color: Funny, touching film with a solid-gold cast topped by Sinatra. His girls—kookie Carolyn Jones, prim Eleanor Parker. His son—

Eddie Hodges. His nosy relatives—Edward G. Robinson, Thelma Ritter. (F) August

✓✓✓ HOLIDAY FOR LOVERS—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Carol Lynley, Jill St. John invite you on a happy man-hunt in romantic South America. Jane Wyman and Clifton Webb are their nice, puzzled parents. (F) September

✓✓✓✓ HORSE SOLDIERS, THE—U.A., De Luxe Color: Fine John Ford action film pairs John Wayne and Bill Holden as feuding Union officers on a mission down South, where they capture Constance Towers. (F) September

✓✓✓✓ MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT—Columbia: Our Oscar-money's on Fredric March for his wonderful portrayal of a lonely widower in love with Kim Novak, young enough to be his daughter. Warm, realistic. (A) August

✓✓✓✓ NORTH BY NORTHWEST—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Only Hitchcock could make us shiver and laugh at once, as James Mason's spies chase ad man Cary Grant and Eva Marie Saint does some chasing of her own. (F) September

✓✓✓✓ NUN'S STORY, THE—Warners, Technicolor: Visually and emotionally breathtaking! As a nun who becomes a nursing sister in the Congo, helping doctor Peter Finch, Audrey Hepburn outdoes herself. (F) August

✓✓✓✓ PORGY AND BESS—Goldwyn, Columbia; Todd-AO, Technicolor: Sidney Poitier, Dorothy Dandridge as the star-crossed lovers and Sammy Davis, Jr., as their temptor stand out in Gershwin's classic. (F) September

✓✓✓✓ THIS EARTH IS MINE—U.I; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Rich, juicy family drama plunges Rock Hudson and Jean Simmons into a fight over California vineyards during prohibition. (A) August



JUDY GEYER, Senior, Plymouth High School, Plymouth, N. H., says:

"I scrubbed and tried all kinds of remedies, but the blemishes stayed. Then I heard how well Clearasil worked for other girls like myself. Now, every time I look in the mirror, I thank Clearasil for the way it cleared my complexion."

Judy Geyer

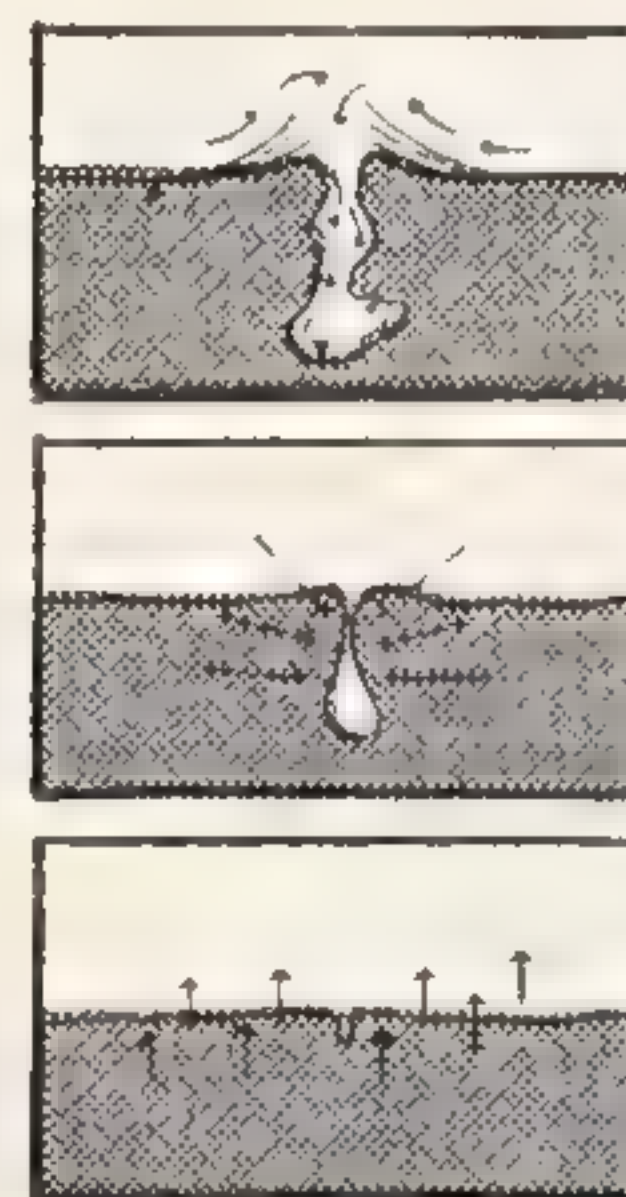
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BECAUSE IT REALLY WORKS

CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

BIG OPERATOR, THE—M-G-M. Directed by Charles Haas: *Little Joe Braun*, Mickey Rooney; *Bill Gibson*, Steve Cochran; *Mary Gibson*, Mamie Van Doren; *Oscar Wetzel*, Ray Danton; *Fred McAfee*, Mel Tormé; *Cliff Heldon*, Jim Backus; *Edward Branncl*, Jackie Coogan; *Slim Clayburn*, Ray Anthony; *Bert Carr*, Ben Gage; *Alice McAfee*, Ziva Rodann.

BLUE DENIM—20th. Directed by Philip Dunne: *Arthur Bartley*, Brandon DeWilde; *Janet Willard*, Carol Lynley; *Malcolm Bartley*, MacDonald Carey; *Jessie Bartley*, Marsha Hunt; *Lillian Bartley*, Nina Shipman; *Ernie*, Warren Berlinger; *Professor Willard*, Vaughn Taylor; *Axel*, Buck Class.

DEVIL'S DISCIPLE, THE—U.A. Directed by Guy Hamilton: *Anthony Anderson*, Burt Lancaster; *Richard Dudgeon*, Kirk Douglas; *General Burgoyne*, Laurence Olivier; *Judith Anderson*, Janette Scott; *Mrs. Dudgeon*, Eva LeGallienne; *Major Swindon*, Harry Andrews; *Lawyer Hawkins*, Basil Sydney; *British Sergeant*, George Rose; *Christopher Dudgeon*, Neil McCallum; *Rev. Maindeck Pershotter*, Mervyn Johns; *William*, David Horne; *Essie*, Jenny Jones.

FOR THE FIRST TIME—M-G-M. Directed by Rudy Maté: *Tonio Costa*, Mario Lanza; *Gloria de Vadnuz*, Zsa Zsa Gabor; *Ladislav Tabory*, Kurt Kasznar; *Christa Bruckner*, Johanna von Koszian; *Albert Bruckner*, Hans Sohnker; *Leopold Huebner*, Peter Capell; *Angelo*, Renzo Cesana; *Alessandro*, Sandro Giglio.

MUMMY, THE—U.I. Directed by Terrence Fisher: *John Banning*, Peter Cushing; *Kharis*, Christopher Lee; *Isobel Ananka*, Yvonne Furneaux; *Mulrooney*, Eddie Byrne; *Stephen Banning*, Felix Aylmer; *Joseph Whemple*, Raymond Huntley; *Mehemet*, George Pastell.

PRIVATE'S AFFAIR, A—20th. Directed by Raoul Walsh: *Jerry Morgan*, Barry Coe; *Luigi Maresi*, Sal Mineo; *Mike Conroy*, Gary Crosby; *Marie*, Christine Carere; *Katey Mulligan*, Bar-

bara Eden; *Louise Wright*, Terry Moore; *Jim Gordon*, Jim Backus; *MacIntosh*, Robert Denver; *Elizabeth T. Chapman*, Jessie Royce Landis; *Col. Hargrove*, Robert Burton; *Major Hanley*, Alan Hewitt.

ROSEMARY—Films-Around-the-World. Directed by Rolf Thiele: *Rosemary*, Nadja Tiller; *Fribert*, Peter Van Eyck; *Horst*, Mario Adorf; *Hartog*, Carl Raddatz; *Bruster*, Gert Frobe; *Walter*, Jo Herbst; *The Student*, Horst Frank.

SAPPHIRE—Rank-U-I. Directed by Basil Dearden: *Hazard*, Nigel Patrick; *Mildred*, Yvonne Mitchell; *Learoyd*, Michael Craig; *David*, Paul Massie; *Mr. Harris*, Bernard Miles; *Mrs. Harris*, Olga Lindo; *Dr. Robbins*, Earl Cameron; *Paul Slade*, Gordon Heath; *Patsy*, Jocelyn Britton; *Sapphire*, Yvonne Buckingham.

SCAPEGOAT, THE—M-G-M. Directed by Robert Hamer: *John Barrel*, Jacques de Gue, Alec Guinness; *The Countess*, Bette Davis; *Bella*, Nicole Maurey; *Françoise*, Irene Worth; *Blanche*, Pamela Brown; *Gaston*, Geoffrey Keen; *Aristide*, Peter Bull; *Dr. Aloin*, Noel Howlett.

TAKE A GIANT STEP—U.A. Directed by Philip Leacock: *Spencer Scott*, Johnny Nash; *Grandma*, Estelle Hemsley; *Christine*, Ruby Dee; *Lem Scott*, Frederick O'Neal; *Carol*, Ellen Holly; *Violet*, Pauline Meyers; *May Scott*, Beah Richards; *Rose*, Royce Wallace; *Poppo*, Frances Foster; *Bobby*, Dell Erickson; *Tony*, Dee Pollack; *Gussie*, Frank Killmond; *Johnny*, Joseph Sonessa; *Alan*, Sherman Raskin.

THAT KIND OF WOMAN—Paramount. Directed by Sidney Lumet: *Kay*, Sophia Loren; *Red*, Tab Hunter; *The Man*, George Sanders; *Kelly*, Jack Warden; *Jane*, Barbara Nichols; *Harry*, Keenan Wynn.

THEY CAME TO CORDURA—Columbia. Directed by Robert Rossen: *Maj. Thomas Thorn*, Gary Cooper; *Adelaide Geary*, Rita Hayworth; *Sgt. John Chawke*, Van Heflin; *Lt. William Fowler*, Tab Hunter; *Cpl. Milo Trubee*, Richard Conte; *Pvt. Andrew Hetherington*, Michael Callan; *Pvt. Renziehausen*, Dick York; *Col. Rogers*, Robert Keith; *Arreaza*, Carlos Romero; *Capt. Paltz*, James Bannan; *Col. DeRose*, Edward Platt; *Mexican Federale*, Maurice Jara; *First Correspondent*, Sam Buffington; *Second Correspondent*, Arthur Hanson.

Sara Hamilton's

INSIDE STUFF



Dino won't know what Jeanne was whispering about till he reads it here. "You'll never believe the boner Dean pulled," she told me.

Flashes: The **Bob Wagners** are tip-toeing through an imaginary nursery these days. "We want to have a baby some day," Bob told me, and the gleam in his eye as he looked over at Nat was like a neon sign, blinking "I love you." . . . When **Kim Novak** and director **Dick Quine** wind up "Strangers

When We Meet," I predict they'll marry. Dick's gift to Kim, a T-bird, is in a bride's color—white—and with Dick's divorce problems all ironed out, there's nothing to stand in their way. Except Kim's own unpredictable behavior. . . . The rumor of the month had **Hope Lange** and **Don Murray** at opposite ends of their marital ties. Then Don showed up at the studio, three days in a row, to lunch with Hope and their friend **Steven Boyd**, her co-star in "The Best of Everything." That ended that.



Bonita Granville and her Jack celebrate—in a beauty parlor!

Party Time: **Janet Leigh** was a dream walking, at the garden party for songwriter **Jimmy McHugh**. She wore her hair clipped short, with the gray frankly crowding out the golden brown, "the way Tony likes it." **Tony Curtis**, I noticed, still carried a cane, but more as an ornament than a prop for his injured ankle. And in his so-snug trousers, sharp jacket and cane, Tony looks more London than Hollywood these days. Saw **Jack Benny**, and I never cease to think when I meet *Rochester's* boss that a friendlier man never lived. **Martha Hyer** applauded like mad as **Patti Page** sang "I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby," but I thought **Buddy Bregman** looked sort of wistful. And the two gals who really stole the attention were lovely **Irene Dunne** and **Paulette Goddard**, who was in town for an "Adventure in Paradise" TV sequence. "What's **Gardner McKay** like?" I asked her. "Like the title of his show," she laughed. . . . A few days later, at the Beverly-Hilton party for "Porgy and Bess," the gals who caught everybody's eye weren't stars—they were the wives of

Ronald Reagan and **Dean Martin**. Dino's Jeanne told me, "Sara, you'll never believe what Dean did! He told me proudly, 'You say I don't take enough interest in the house. But, look, I'm having these eucalyptus trees cut down.' Only," Jeanne moaned, "they weren't our trees!" . . . I thought I'd seen everything—till I found myself at a party in a barber shop! **Harry Drucker**, who's been snipping at Hollywood heads for years, was opening a new place. I spotted **Bonita Granville** there. Why don't we see her in more movies?



Tony's still using that cane, but now it's just part of his "British look." Janet's new look is "the way Tony likes it."



Jim MacArthur's told Joyce his secret, but he won't tell us—yet. But just wait'll he gets back home.

Hunch: Are **John Sax-on** and **Vicki Thal** married? I'd be willing to bet they are. I saw Vicki at producer **Ross Hunter's** pool-side party for **Sandra Dee**, and almost failed to recognize her. A lovely green print dress and smart hair-do had replaced the drab frocks and old combed-on-the-run look. She just radiated warmth and happiness and the change was startling. Later, when John said, "Come on, Vicki, it's time to go," his tone was for all the world like a that of a man of the house. I could be wrong.

People in the News: I know how much **Pat Hardy** and **Richard Egan** want the baby they expect in January, so when I heard she'd almost lost it, I called Pat. "All two-and-a-half of us are fine now," she told me. "Thanks for calling." . . . Spotted **Dana Wynter** shopping for baby things and that's why **Greg Bautzer's** beaming. . . . I was sad but not surprised about the **David Niven** separation. Rumors of their unhappiness have been whirling about town for months, although nobody really knows what the trouble is between David and Hjordis. . . . Can't wait to run into **Jimmy Stewart** now that his promotion to Brigadier General in the Reserve Air Force has come through. I've been working almost as hard on my fancy salute as Jimmy worked to get the "general" tag. . . . The house **Eddie Fisher** bought in Las Vegas, to establish residence just before his divorce, was sold in no time flat.

Here and There: I hurried over to see **Pat Boone** on the set of his new picture, "A Journey to the Center of the Earth." "The children have the measles again," he reported. "Last year it was the German type, and now it's the red measles." Pat told me that he's going dramatic in the next film after this. "No singing at all?" I asked. "Nope," he answered, "not a song." Don't know how I feel about a songless Pat. . . . "I really wanted her," **Sal Mineo** told me after **Susan Kohner** was signed to play his wife in "The Gene Krupa Story." There was a look in his dark eyes as he spoke that makes me think Sal really did want Susan, and maybe not only as a co-star. . . . **Paul Anka** did such a good acting job in "Adam and Eve," the bosses asked him to write the theme music, too. And with his new "Lonely Boy" album a smash, Paul has reasons for being happy. And **Annette Funicello's** one of them. . . . **James MacArthur**, filming "Kidnapped" in Scotland, writes, "I know what they wear under the kilts. Can't wait to get back home and tell you."

TV Jottings: The **Clint Walkers** have moved from Burbank to a home far out in the Valley. "We were too close to the studio," Clint told me over a tomato salad in Warners' Green Room. "It became too easy for everyone to drop by to discuss business." And then Clint added quickly, "But you're welcome anytime." . . . Later that same afternoon, **Efrem Zimbalist** and Stephanie admitted to me that something had come between them. "His name is George," Efrem explained, "and I wouldn't mind so much, Sara, if he didn't insist upon sleeping in our bed." "George" is a pet rooster Steffi found! . . . When I double-checked the rumor that **David Janssen** would quit his "Richard Diamond" series to star in "The Racers," I found it just isn't so. David and *Richard* are just moving to another network, NBC-TV. **Bob Evans** is the star of "The Racers," and he's as smouldering-eyed in it as he was as a movie matador. . . . "I'll be a father this spring," **Nick Adams** told me, completely taking my mind off the rumor that Nick's friendship with **Bob Wagner** is cooling. I'll check that for you next month. . . . I hope his hit tune, "Hawaiian Wedding Song," is giving **Andy Williams** ideas. He has us all moaning the blues now that it seems he's not planning a winter show to follow up those wonderful ones he did this summer. Let's all get on the "We Want Andy All Year 'Round" bandwagon and see what happens. . . . When **Alice Lon**, departing the **Lawrence Welk** show, said, "It wasn't the same happy family it used to be," didn't it remind you of **Arthur Godfrey's** former "Friends"? (continued)



Norm Siegel, our coast editor, and Kookie planned it all, and Norm's daughter Virginia couldn't have been more surprised if Edd Byrnes had popped out of her 12th-birthday cake, which had a "77 Sunset Strip" motif. Actually, Edd came through the door, like all mortals. He'd delayed a trip to San Francisco to bring Virginia (right) her gift—a tricky coin purse.

Ronald Reagan's Nancy had all the heads turning.

INSIDE STUFF

continued

Around Town: The day after his long-delayed divorce came through, **Jeff Chandler** bought a diamond ring. Wanna bet it's for **Esther Williams**? . . . A GI back from overseas told me **Elvis Presley** runs a regular private loan office. "A guy in our outfit can borrow any amount he needs from El," he said, "and he hands it over with no questions and no interest. And you know something? He's never lost a dime yet." . . . **Diane Baker** waved to me from the set of "The Best of Everything." "I'll never forget my first day as a junior in Van Nuys High," she whispered. "I was handed a textbook and when I opened it, I saw it had, scribbled across the fly leaf, 'Norma Jean Baker.'" (If the name doesn't ring a bell, just turn to page 32.) . . . **Dwayne Hickman**, who must go blond for his TV role on "The Many Loves of Dobie Gillis," will be paid \$100 a week extra for the bleaching costs and upkeep. Zowie, for that much loot, I'd go pea green. . . . Question of the month: when **Millie Perkins** honeymoon with **Dean Stockwell**, will her whole trousseau be green corduroy—like most of her wardrobe?



Evelyn Rudie's first date was a scream. "Some of the rides really scared me," she confessed, "but you should've seen Eddie when he got lost in the House of Mirrors."

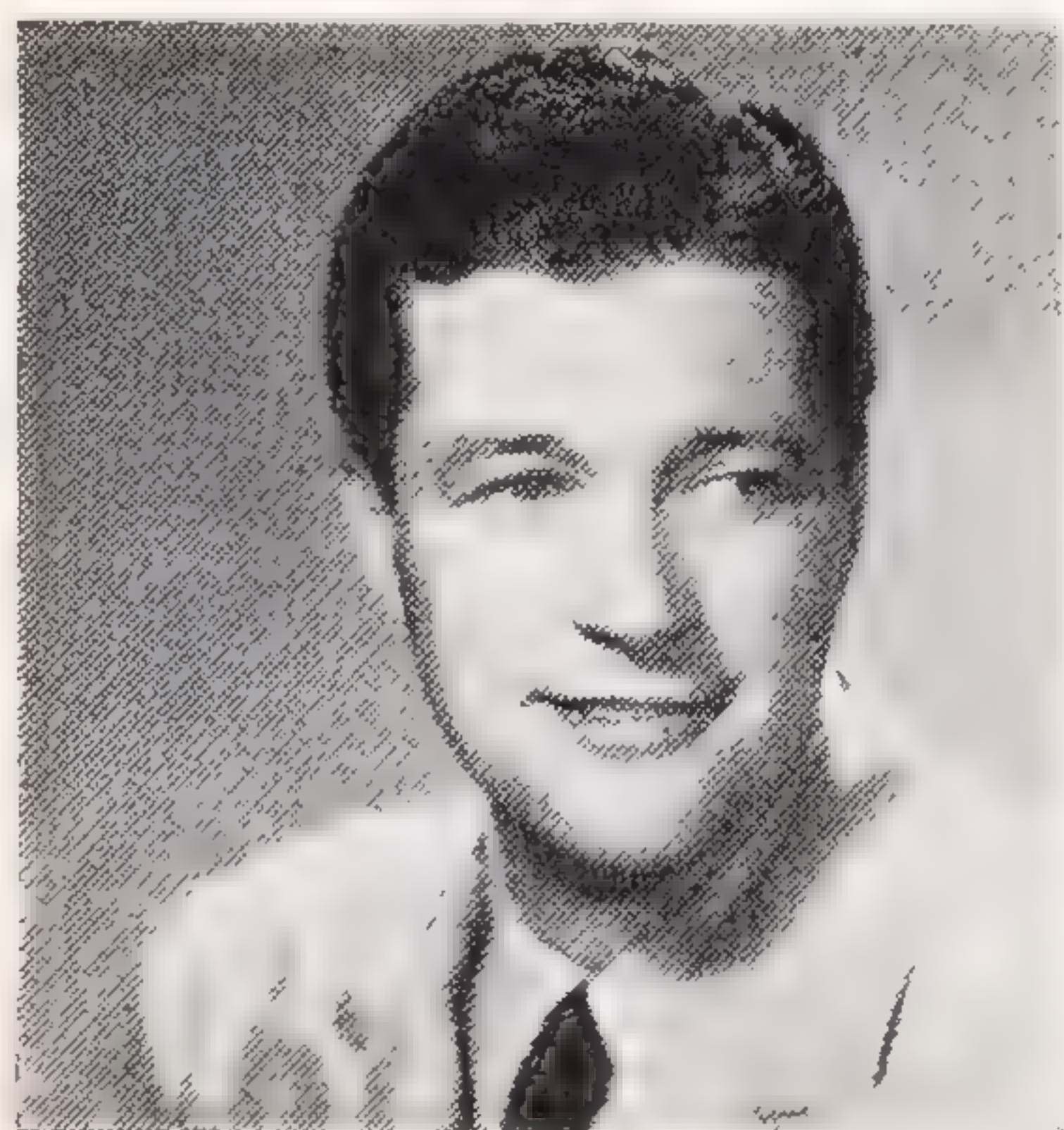
Cal York's Jottings: Dick Clark, who has **Tuesday Weld** in his cast of "Because They're Young," may be the one who'll finally figure her out. . . . Did you know that some of **Elvis's** femme fans are planning to trim their hair sideburn-fashion in honor of his return? It's my guess that after two years in the barracks, El would rather be welcomed home by girls! . . . In Hollywood for another try at the movies, **Mijanou Bardot** refuses to discuss Brigitte's marriage to **Jacques Charrier**. And have you heard the song **George Shearing** wrote for the younger Bardot? He's never met her, but the jazz pianist just loves the name. . . . **Jayne Mansfield** reconsidered that threatened suspension and took off with Mickey to London and the movie "Too Hot To Handle." . . . How come "Ask Any Girl" was the only American picture entered in the 9th International Film Festival in Berlin? Guess



Earl Holliman still takes it easy.

part of the answer is star **Shirley MacLaine**, who won Berlin's "Silver Bear" as best actress. And if there were a medal for best wife, Shirl would win that, too. . . . **Earl Holliman's** over his hepatitis. Why not send him a glad-you're-well note c/o MCA, 598 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

I Look Back: From the day in 1939 when he first showed up at Warners', I was struck by handsome Stanley Morner. He seemed more a football captain than a baritone, and there was a sunniness about him that his pals (**Doris Day**, **Jack Carson**, **Jimmy Cagney** among them) took to instantly. Once the studio changed his name to **Dennis Morgan** and let him run the gamut from musicals to dramas, the public cheered him in over twenty-five hits as varied as "Kitty Foyle," "The Desert Song" and "God Is My Co-Pilot." Son of a Wisconsin lumber-camp owner, Dennis graduated from Carroll College in Waukesha and labored on Dad's woodland trails till his voice coach urged him to switch to the music trails (Chautauqua, radio, vaudeville) that led to Hollywood. Twenty years later



finds Dennis on a four-acre La Canada estate, swimming with his three kids or, on cook's day off, doing dishes with wife Lillian Vedder. Now TV fans of his old films have made him a star on his NBC-TV series, "21 Beacon Street." It's so good to be able to welcome him back. —CAL YORK



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LONDON:

Photoplay tracks down



the truth about
Liz & Eddie's baby



When Elizabeth Taylor and Eddie Fisher emerged from the gynecologist's office in Harley Street, there was a light drizzle. She wore a simple sweater over her loose blouse and a full skirt, and Eddie's arm encircled her waist protectively.

But her face was strained and almost as gray as the London weather. No crowds milled around to find out what the doctor had told her; and only one photographer saw them and snapped their picture.

Neither Eddie nor Liz would look up. They stared at the steps as they came down them, and at the sidewalk as they walked to their car. Then, just before Eddie helped her into the car, Liz said, "He says I must lose weight. That it's important."

But shortly after that, Liz and Eddie flew to Paris—just for the day. A newspaper reported that she was ignoring doctor's orders. "She had a feast at a Left Bank restaurant today," and it went on to list every bite she had taken, implying she "craved" certain exotic foods.

Is she pregnant? A close friend says, "Oh, yes. There's no question about it. Look at how much weight she's put on. She is, all right." But close friends have been wrong before.

From New York, the obstetrician who examined Liz just before she left on her honeymoon said the published statements about her "condition" are inaccurate. But that was *before* they left America!

Now London reports Liz is throwing herself into the picture, "Suddenly Last Summer." Tension on the set is unbelievable. Is there any truth to the rumors now? Only Liz and Eddie know for sure. And that, after all, is as it should be. All they will say is, we want children.



The doctor had been so kind, so reassuring, but Liz's face still showed the strain as she and Eddie left his office. Hardly noticing the light London drizzle, Liz was grateful for Eddie's hand at her waist.



In a pub, they tried to cheer up. The people seemed friendly and they didn't stare, except perhaps to notice that Liz was exceptionally pretty.

PHILADELPHIA:

Eddie's mother tells



From the first, I found Liz full of surprises.

Watching the dark, mysterious desert whiz by, I wished the train would slow down, stop—then I wished it would hurry up. In a few minutes I would meet Elizabeth Taylor for the first time, and in a few days she would be my son's

wife. Would I really like her? I wondered. Would Liz like me? We *had* to like each other—for Eddie's sake, if for no other reason.

I felt almost sure I'd like her, after what she'd said to me the night Eddie called me long distance. "Mama," she'd said, her voice warm and sincere, "I want you to come to Vegas at least a week ahead of time. I want to get to know you, Mama."

Over and over, I repeated those words, trying to recapture the friendly feeling they'd left with me. "Stop worrying," I told myself. "Eddie loves Liz. He loves you. Liz and you love Eddie. It will come off fine."

The train was stopping. Through the window I saw my son, his bright eyes, his big smile—and a girl who could only be Elizabeth Taylor. (*Continued on page 70*)

what's really happening to Liz and Eddie



EXCLUSIVE

After a year of
silence, in her
first interview
with Photoplay,
Deborah Kerr says:

“I have learned to
live from day to day.”


(Continued on page 72)



what would you do if, like Roger Smith's wife



Vici, you were told your husband might have only



48

HOURS TO LIVE

Roger Smith lay so still on the hospital bed that it seemed as if he were no longer breathing. Several times, Vici leaned closer to her husband. The silence around her seemed complete. But then she heard the choking gasp—terrifying in itself—yet not so terrible as the silence . . . And she breathed again, herself.

It was four o'clock in the morning. She had taken the room adjoining his. The doctors said the crisis would come within the next forty-eight hours. In forty-eight hours, they'd said, we'll know if the brain surgery was a success, or not . . .

"Now there is no more we can do," the doctors had said. "All we can do is wait."

And the waiting, the not knowing, was worse than anything that had come before. Each hour seemed (Continued on page 96)

by GEORGE CHRISTY



your first love is...



*Carol Lynley and
Brandon de Wilde:*





*a tender look,
a tease,
the touch of his hand*



*secrets you've never
told before...
feelings you never knew
you could have...*

continued



by BRANDON deWILDE
as told to GEORGE CHRISTY

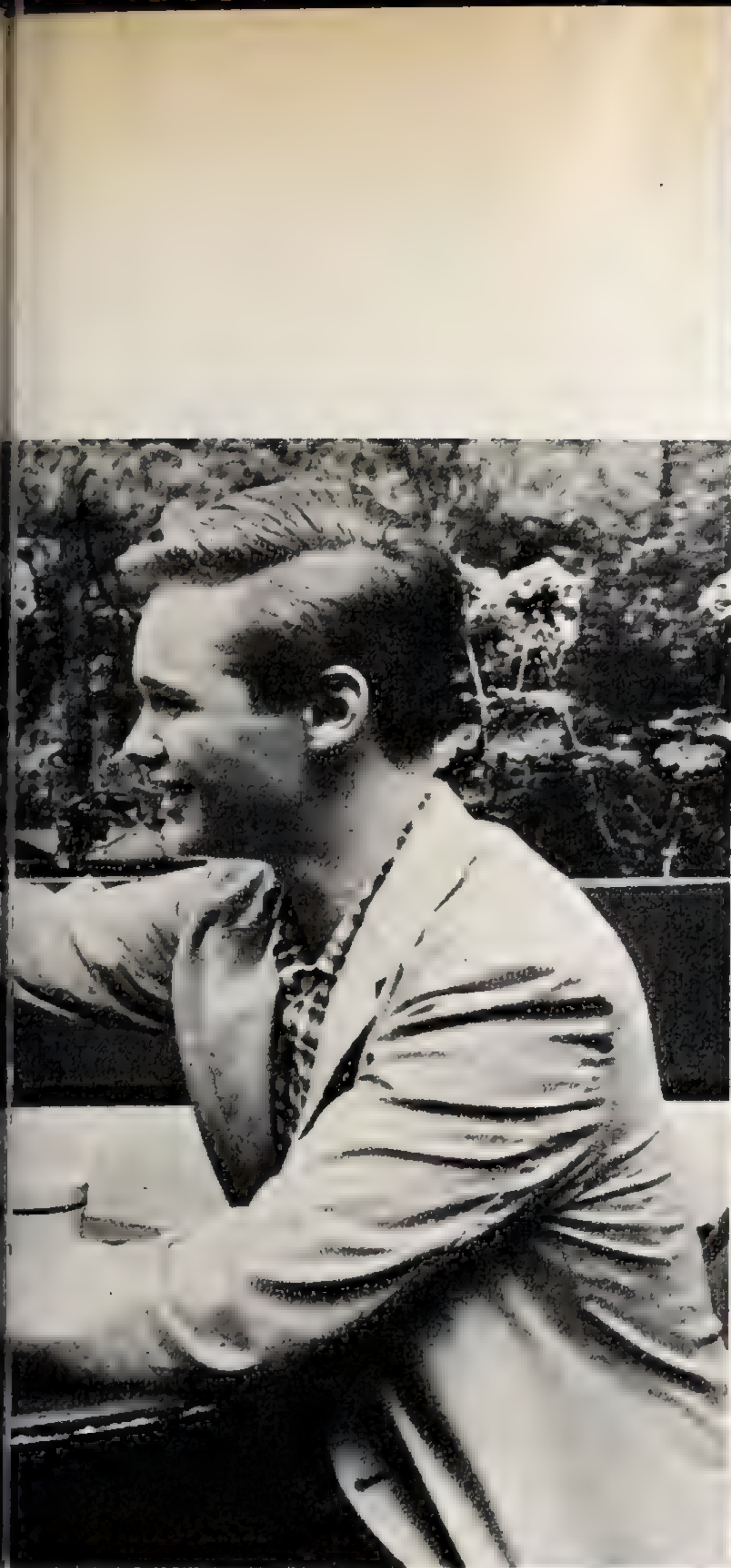


You couldn't say it was our first kiss that told Carol and me we were in love. You see, our first kiss was a movie kiss anyway. But I know as I was kissing her—for director Philip Dunne—that something mysterious and strange was happening inside me, something I couldn't quite put my finger on. It was somewhere between a chill and a sweat, leaving me shook up from excitement (it was my first movie kiss), dizzy-eyed and all wobbly at the knees. Maybe it was a premonition of what was to come.

Because a while later, it all hit me smack in the center of my heart, and, suddenly, one summer night I knew, (Continued on page 67)

...so many
promises to make





*so many
things to
discover*



*so close
that two
equals one*



JAMES GARNER says: As a kid—

**NOBODY
EVER SEEMED
TO WANT
TO LOVE ME**

When her husband got that “far-away” look while sipping his soup, Lois just ignored it. But when he only picked at the chicken and dumplings, then she knew something was definitely wrong. Usually he’d say: “If Aunt Ruth tasted your dumplings, she’d swear she’d made them herself.”

But now Jim wasn’t saying much of anything.

From long experience she knew that the only way to handle Jim’s moods was to wait them out.

The trouble was that Jim Garner just (*continued*)

by JIM HOFFMAN

...That's why what I have today matters so much

didn't know how to communicate what he was feeling. How does a fellow show complete happiness, complete satisfaction? By grinning like an idiot? By spouting some gushy, mushy words? By lifting Greta out of her high chair and swinging her over the chandelier? By hoisting Lois up on one arm and Kim up on the other and whirling them around and around and around?

Oh, he was there all right—there in the room surrounded by the warmth and love of his family; and yet in a sense he wasn't there: he was comparing the present with the past; the good with the bad; the happy with the sad; the golden present of this August 17th, 1959—the third anniversary of his marriage—with the meaningless years before he met Lois. Those lost, aim-

Someday, Jim thought, he'd tell Greta and Kim, "Watch out for guys like the one I used to be." Lois would laugh, but ...



less, useless years that strung back to the time he was five years old, when he was convinced no one loved him or would ever love him, no one cared or could ever care. . . .

He didn't really remember his mother's death. It just seemed that one day the world changed, and his home became an empty, frightening place. He stood alone in

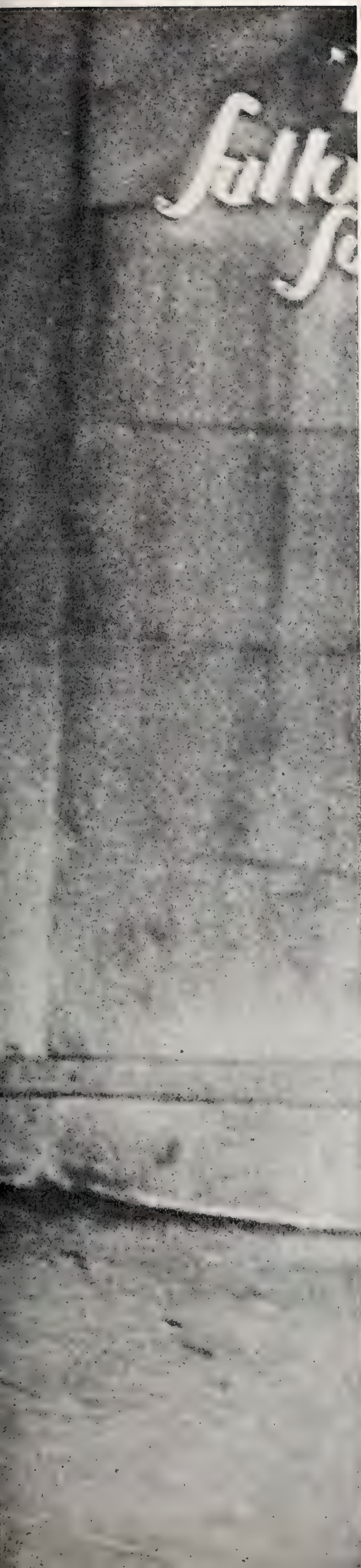
the house where he had never been alone, and, for the first time, he felt the way he was to feel many times in the years to come—that no one loved him, no one cared about him.

That's when George changed, too. He'd invented George when he was three years old. Then, George was a convenient pal. His mother (*Continued on page 103*)

On his Homecoming day in Oklahoma, he danced with Kim. He didn't want her to feel left out, the way he used to.







WHAT MARILYN COULDN'T TELL THE DOCTOR

"What beats me," the voice said, "is why she's doing it at all. She isn't sick. She doesn't *have* to have this operation. And it won't be any picnic, either. It'll hurt. So—why?"

It was a young voice, masculine. It carried clearly through the corridors of the hospital. It carried into a private room a few yards away, and hearing it, a woman moved on her bed and opened her eyes, blinking in the early morning sun.

She heard another voice, softer. "They say she wants a baby."
And a laugh. "What for? She's got (*Continued on page 93*)

by CHARLOTTE DINTER

Three-year-old Aissa asks her father, John Wayne—

"Daddy, when is God going to



by BRIANNE WATSON

bring me my baby brother?"

Cut!" said the director, and immediately the crowds of soldiers broke up. John Wayne lowered himself down from his horse and, smiling broadly, waved to a little girl in a yellow slicker who'd been watching a scene from "The Horse Soldiers" with wide eyes.

"Hi, honey," he said as he walked over to her.

"We go home now?" his three-year-old daughter Aissa asked, looking up at him.

"Not yet," he said, "but come on, buy me a cup of coffee."
(continued)





As they walked across the set to where Pilar was waiting, John groped for words to answer his little girl's question


"Sure, Daddy," she said smiling, and they walked off together.

She tried to stretch her little legs as far as she could but finally, unable to keep up, she stopped. "Wait, Daddy," she said, "wait for me."

Her father hadn't noticed that she'd fallen behind, but now he turned and stood waiting for her until she caught up. She looks so

much like Pilar, he thought, although Pilar always said, "Her eyes are like yours, John."

When they reached the coffee stand, he let her pick up a container of coffee and hand it to him. "Thank you," he said, taking a sip. "Mmm, it's good. Let's go over under those trees," he suggested. "You can sit in my lap and tell me how you liked watching me this morning." (*Continued on page 87*)



*the day
Dorothy
Malone's
secret
prayer was
answered...*



Halfway around the world from the whispers—"What's Dorothy waiting for? Why doesn't she get married?"—Jacques slipped a simple ring on her finger.

They'd eloped, but Dorothy was grateful her mother could be with them to hear Rev. Fr. Carmelus Orlando pronounce the words, "Till death do you part."



At the sound of footsteps in the hotel corridor, Dorothy pulled her silk wrapper closer around her and ran to the door. But before she could open it, she heard the steps padding past her room and continuing on.

It's getting late, she thought. Why don't they hurry? For a moment, she paused at the open window, hoping to catch sight of the messenger. The Hong Kong streets were already crowded. They take advantage of the morning coolness, she thought. Then, walking back to the bureau, she picked up the slim gold wristwatch and for the third time in the last ten minutes, stared at its little hands. Almost seven-fifteen. I'd better hurry myself, she

thought, reaching for her lipstick brush, or I'll be late for my own wedding. The thought of it made her catch her breath. It was only a half-hour away.

A voice called softly, "Miss Malone?" and she heard a light rap at the door. The lipstick brush dropped from her hand, clattering to the floor, as she rushed to answer it. For a half-second, she paused to pick it up. Then—"Later," she told herself, opening the door a few inches. A young girl in a slim Chinese sheath, her shining black hair pulled back, held out a large cardboard box. "For you," she smiled.

"I am late," the girl said. "I went to your mother's



room first by mistake. I truly hope she did not mind."

"I'm sure she didn't," Dorothy answered, fumbling nervously with the string tied around the box. She cut the knot and the box fell open, tissue paper rustling to the floor. She carefully folded back the paper and took out the full-length, white lace wedding dress. "Oh," she breathed, "it's beautiful." Then, as she saw the girl starting to leave, she called out, "Wait, don't go yet. Maybe it won't fit."

Tying a scarf around her head, so as not to muss her hair and makeup, she put on the long white matching slip and then the dress itself. As she smoothed its slim

length down over her hips, she turned slowly before the mirror. "Oh, it's perfect," she whispered.

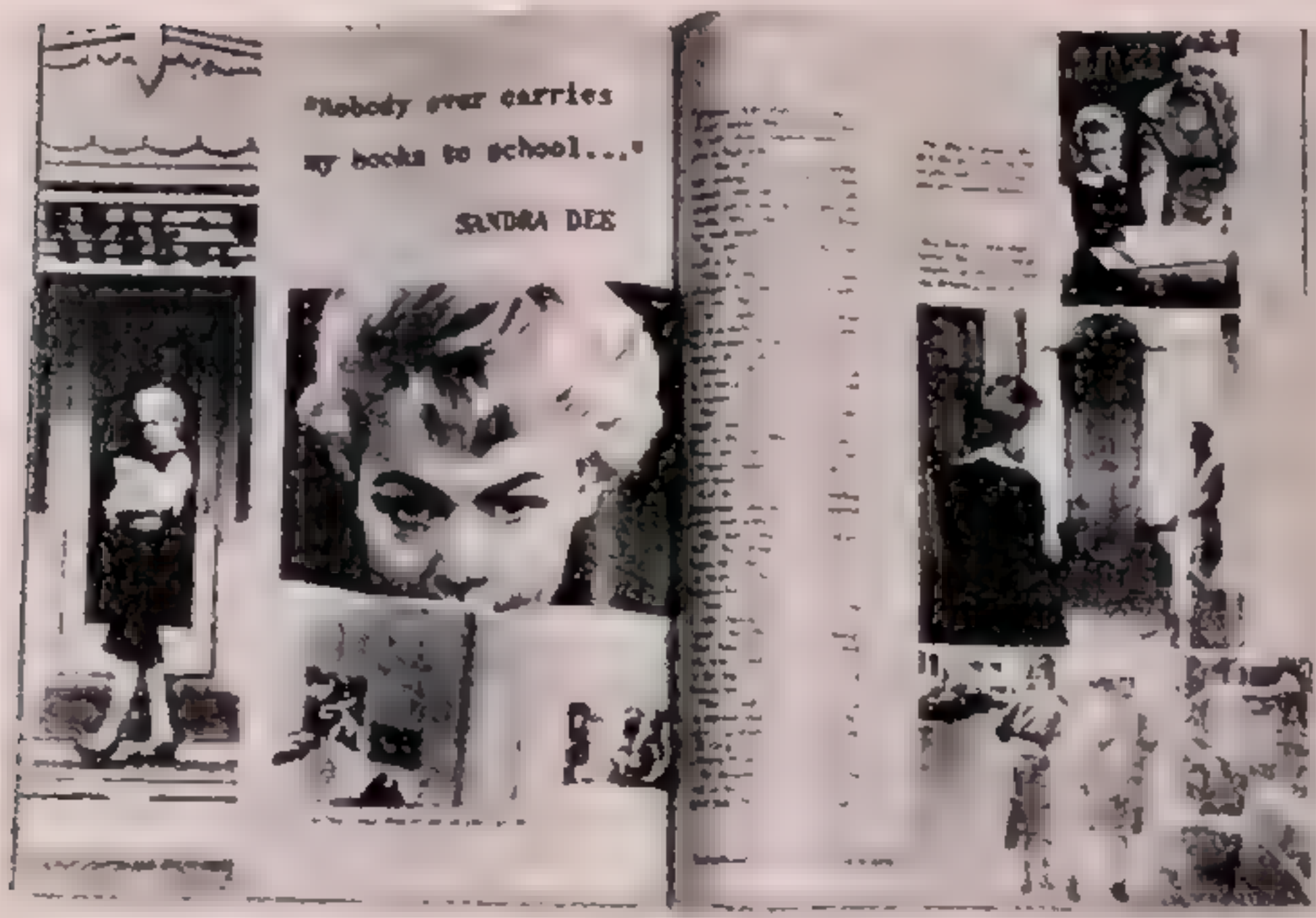
"They worked on it all night," the girl told her.

"Thank you," Dorothy said, hugging the girl. She had brought another dress to be married in, a Dior, but when she saw the model of this one . . .

"We wish you much happiness," the girl smiled from the doorway.

When the girl left, Dorothy looked at her watch again. Its hands seemed to be racing. She fluffed the wispy veil of her scalloped pill-box hat. Almost ready, she thought. She mustn't be late, not today . . . *(Continued on page 98)*

YOU'LL NEVER GUESS WHAT HAPPENED



to me after my story

appeared in Photoplay.

A letter came for me,

saying: "Dear Sandra, My name is Ronnie de

Salvo... here's what I look like.

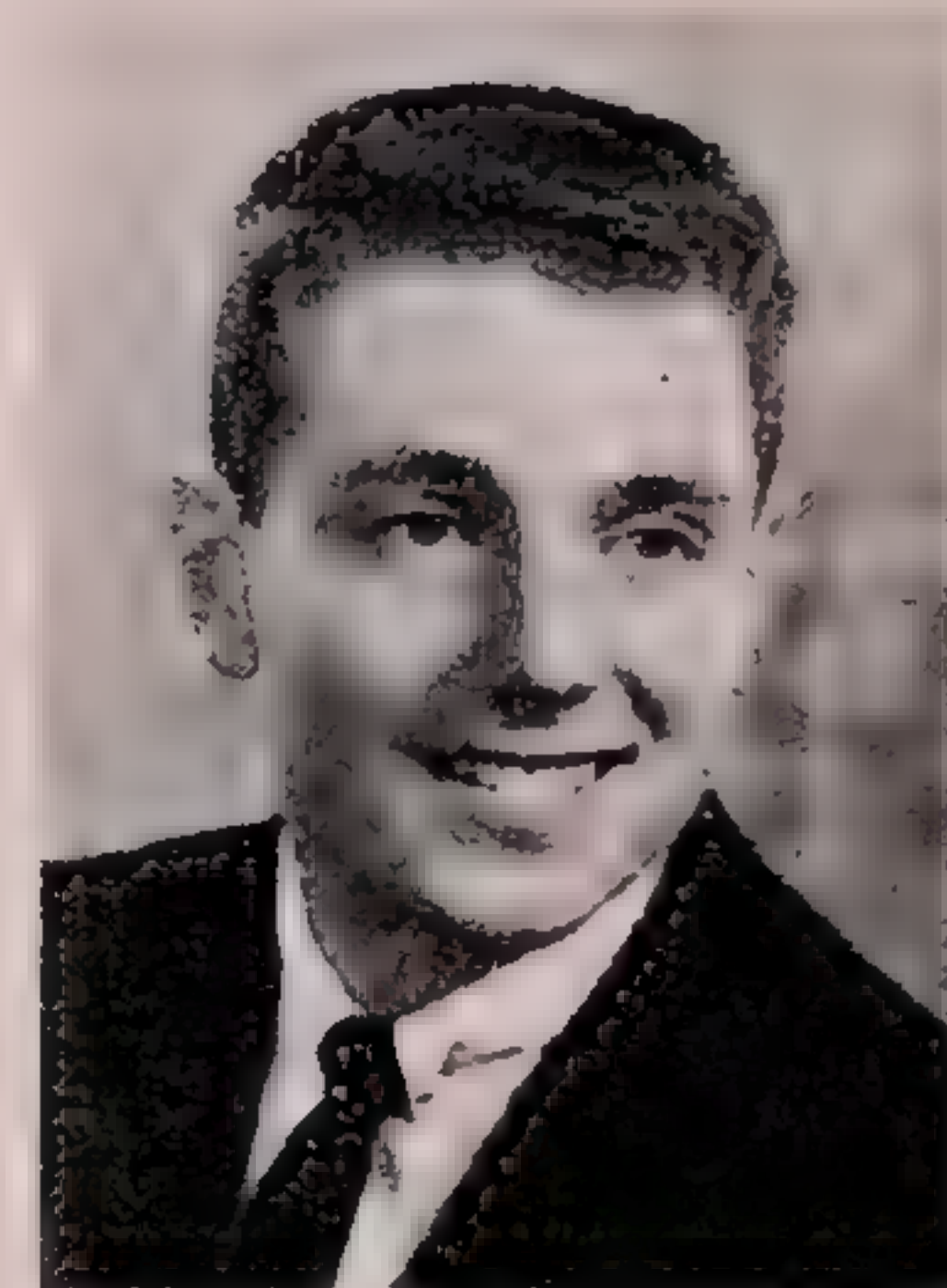
I saw your story...

Sandra, can I take

you to our senior prom?" But wait a

sec, Ronnie better tell you what came next,

or you'll never believe it! (Continued on page 100)





this *really* is ¹ your life, DICK CLARK

We knew it was going to happen—that Dick was going to be on “This Is Your Life,” and we just knew that somebody would goof and tell him about it. The whole thing, of course, is supposed to be a deep secret to the guest of honor, and once Dick had been chosen, no one was supposed to even mention his name. Poor Bobbie Clark . . . for three weeks she tried to avoid her husband. “You know how I (continued)

by G. DIVAS



Seated: Dick, his son Dickie and wife Bobbie. Standing:



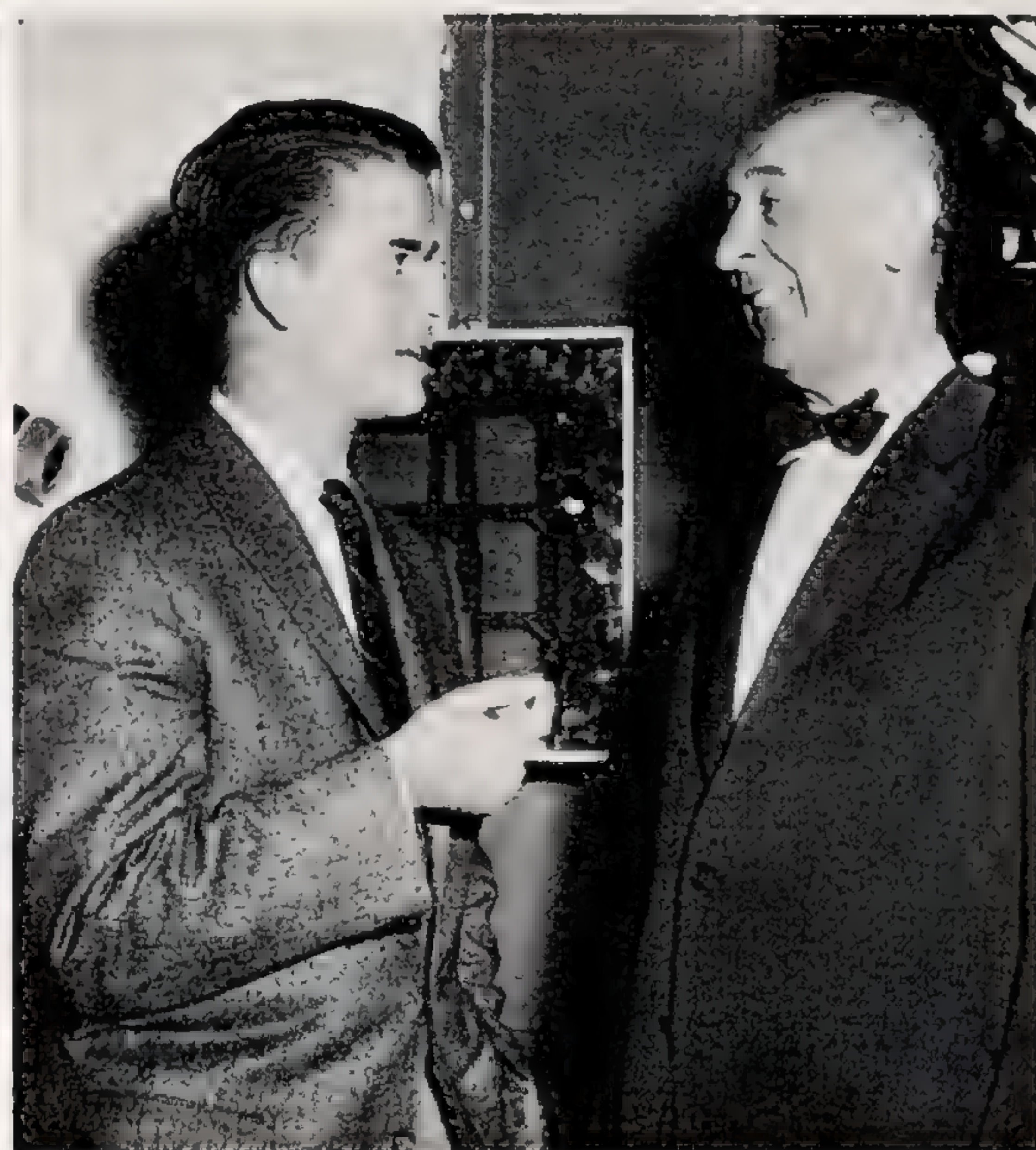
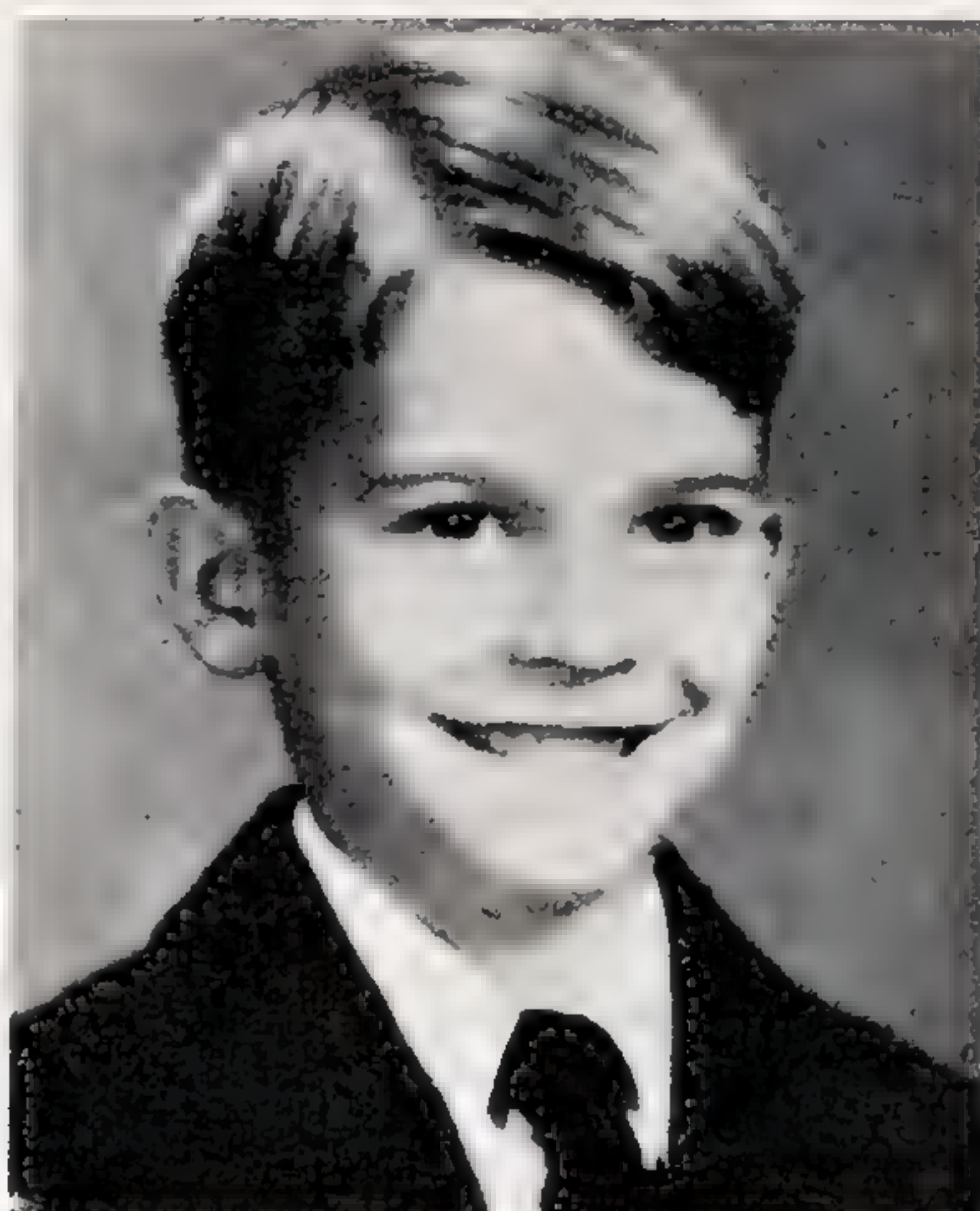
Andy Grass, Julia Clark, Tony Mammarella, Frankie Avalon, Fabian, Connie Francis, Andy Williams, Lew Klein, David Seville.



DICK CLARK *continued*

am," she said, "I can't even keep a secret about Christmas presents." But in the end it wasn't Bobbie who spilled the beans, it was . . . but let's begin at the beginning.

Fabian was slated to fly out to the Coast on the same plane with Dick and his TV producer, Tony Mammarella, and we got a little nervous when we heard about it. "Now, Fabian, be careful," we told him. *(Continued on page 90)*



From the day he was born, on November 30, 1929, Richard Wagstaff Clark started his parents on a guessing game—what would their youngest son do next? When he started in at school in Mount Vernon, New York, another question was added—what would his teachers say about it? Dance maestro Arthur Murray, who used to baby-sit with Dick, played the game, too. But from her very first double-date with the handsome junior from A. B. Davis High—Dick owned the front half of the Green Hornet, her date owned the rear—Barbara Mallery wasn't fooled one bit. She knew what was next. He wanted a career in broadcasting . . . he was headed for Syracuse University. . . . and he was the boy she was going to marry.



“make a fresh start
this fall”



...you, too, can be a beauty

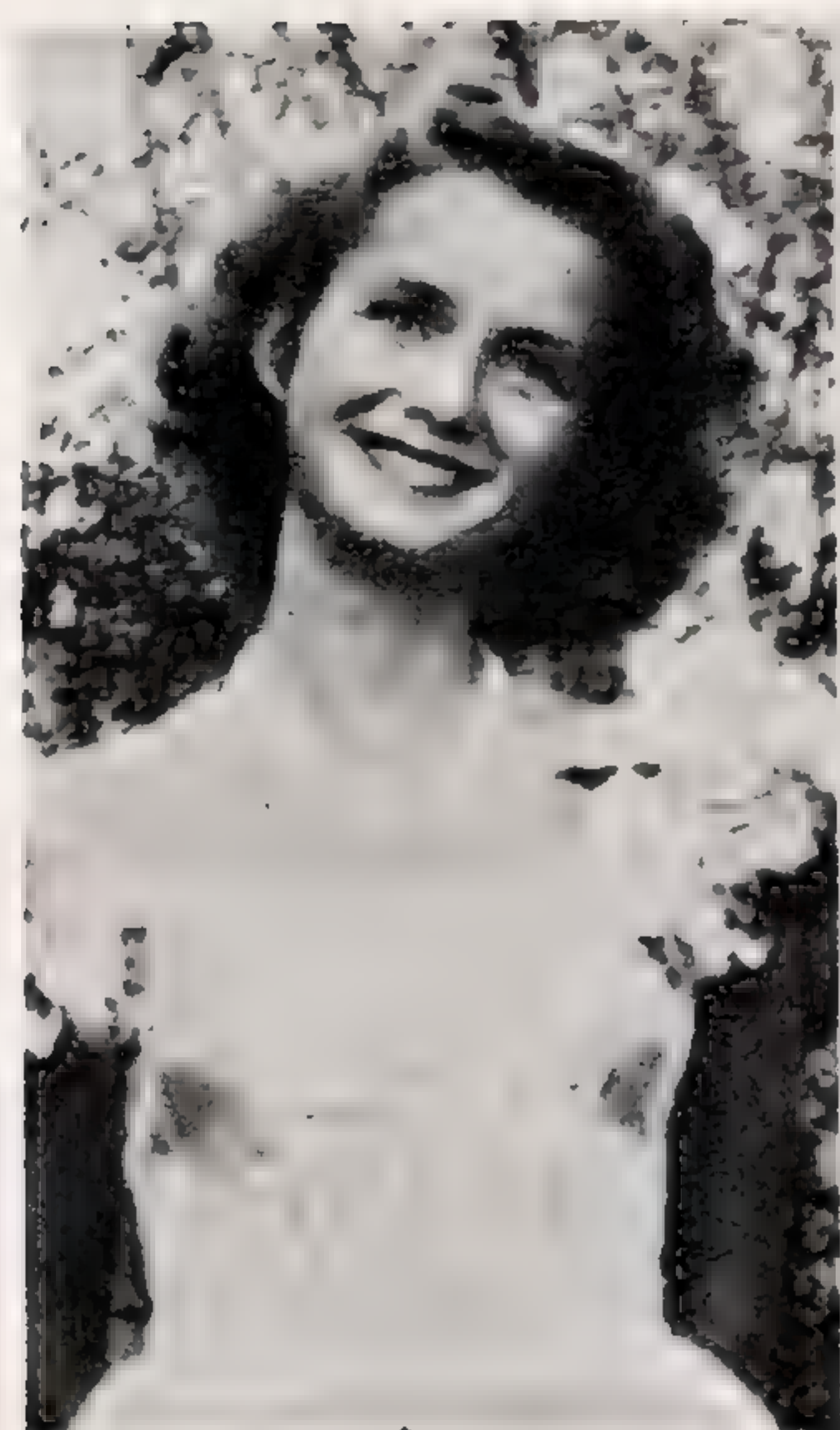
Every woman can be beautiful," says Richard Smith, 20th Century-Fox make-up artist, "if she has patience with her make-up and learns to stress her best feature.

"The stars learn early not to hurry up the business of improving appearance. They take time about it. They don't slap on make-up and lipstick and go out and face the world; they make an art of applying cosmetics. This is particularly important in giving the eyes the proper framing.

"Each star uses her own favorite brand of cosmetics," he continues, "but she is particular about how, and especially how much. Beginning with the foundation, the make-up is kept thin. Nothing detracts more from a woman's beauty than obvious make-up." Another star tip? Think of your mirror as if it were really a camera.



Marilyn Monroe capitalized on her striking blondness, emphasized it by changing her little-girl hair-do and wearing eye make-up for an even more dramatic contrast.



Debbie Reynolds looked like the girl next door. Now she looks the way every girl wants to look. She's done it by playing up her fresh beauty, emphasizing her wide eyes.

You never saw Janet Leigh's real beauty—it was hidden by all that hair. Her simple style makes everyone aware of her face and of her eyes.





Doris Day tried a new and better way of putting on her lipstick. Results: friendly smile replaces pout.

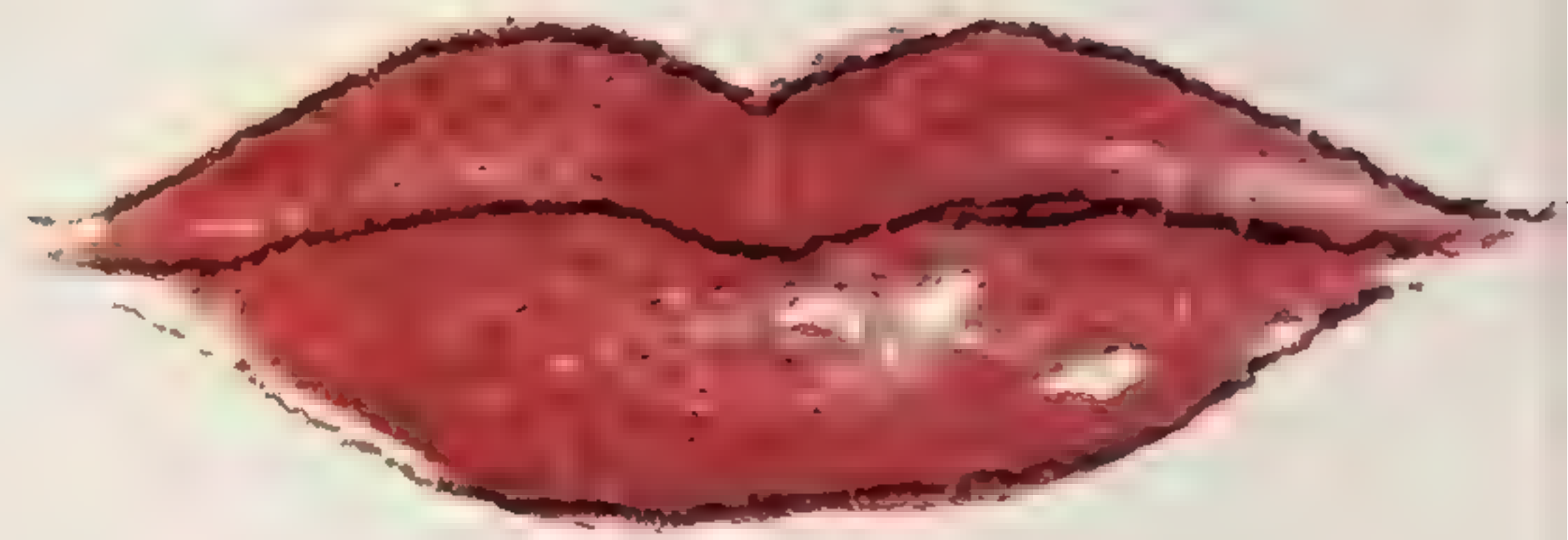


Kim Novak just wasn't meant to be pert—but that's what her old-style eyebrow line did for her. Her new eye make-up plays up the romantic look meant for her.

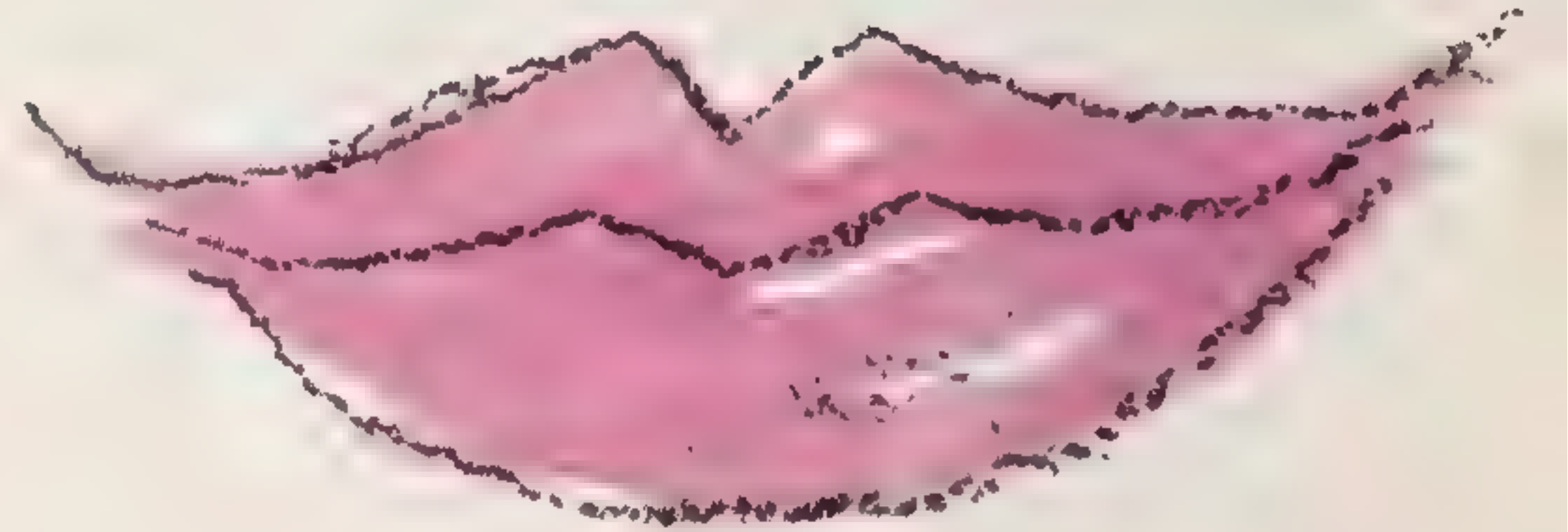
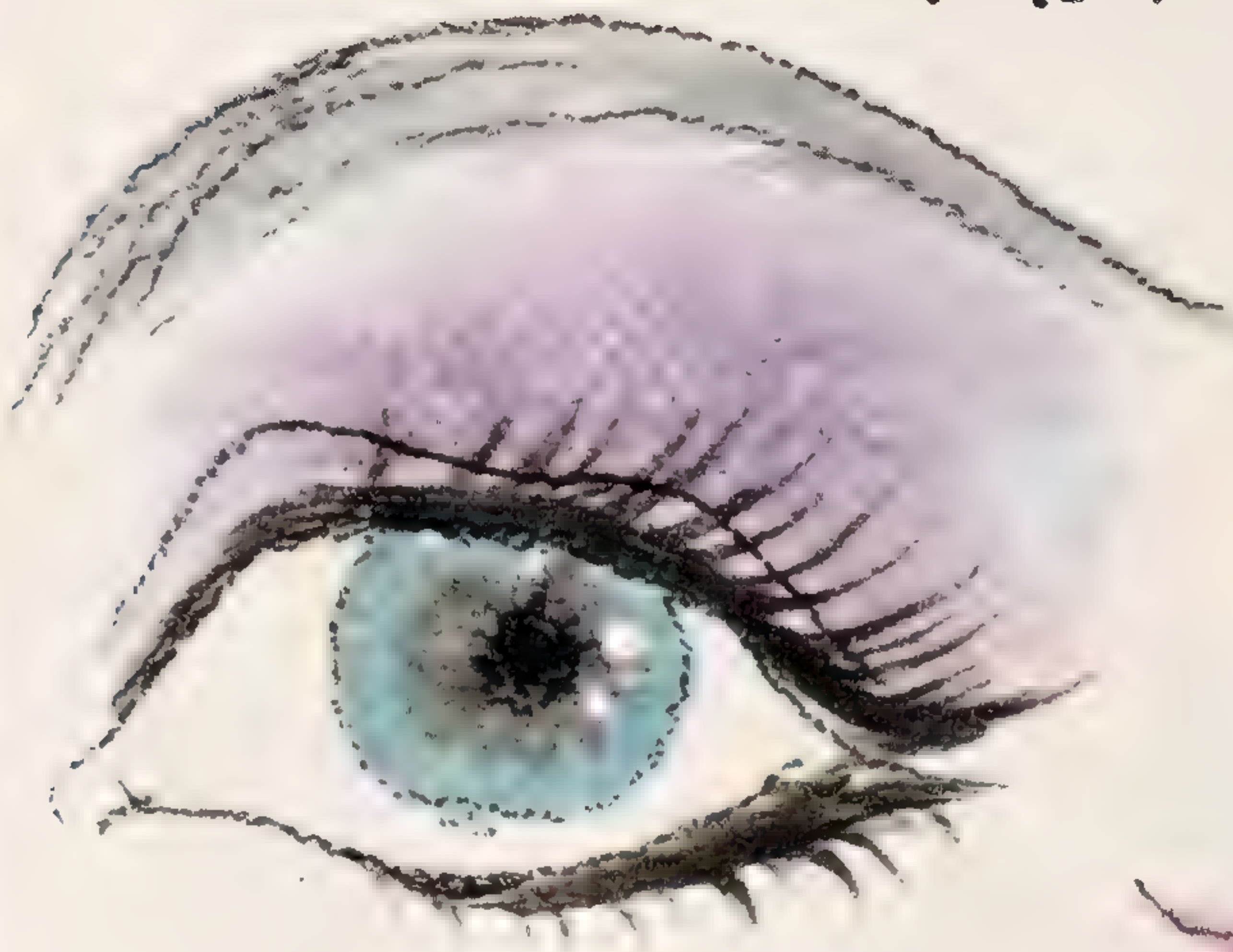




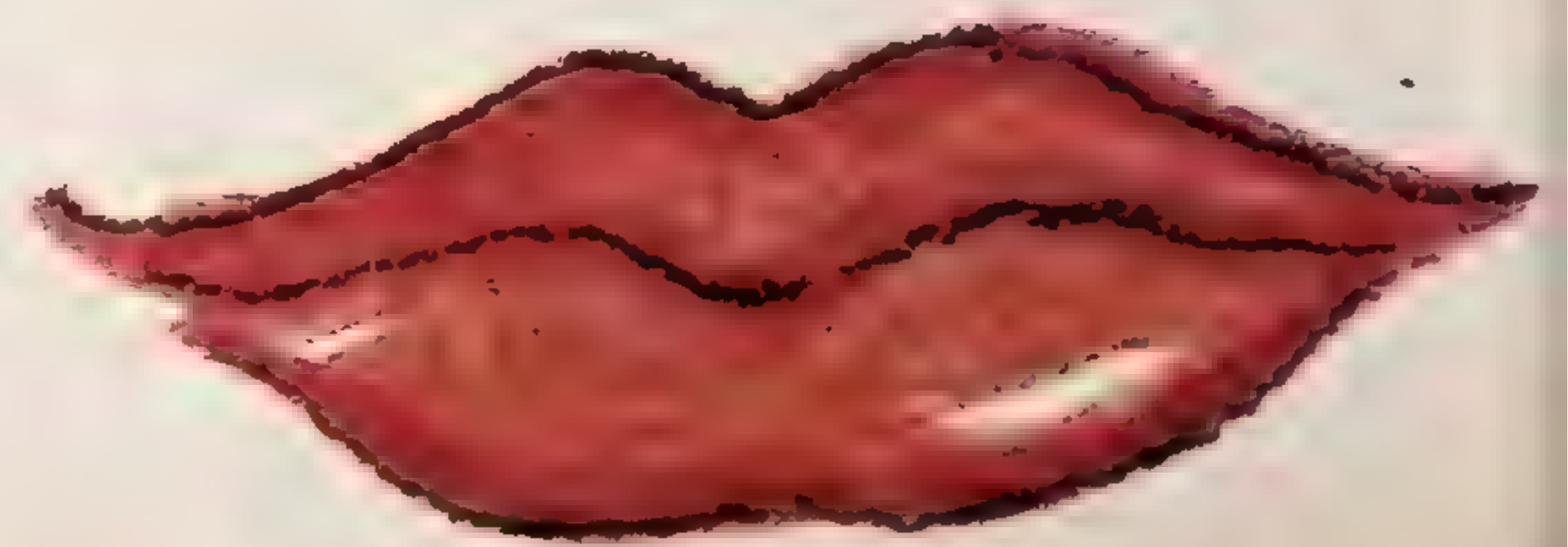
The Fresh Look



The Romantic Look



The Kookie Look



DEBBIE IS FLOWER-EYED

Debbie has lovely deep-set eyes and she plays up their flower look. She uses a warm brown eyebrow pencil and the same shade to line her upper lid, which she extends with a little tilt. Debbie sometimes uses two shades of green eye shadow at once—light spring green blended to emerald.

HAS A NEWBORN SMILE

Everyone loves Debbie Reynolds' smile—it's so spontaneous. Debbie says being a smiling girl makes you more aware of your mouth. Using a brush, she outlines mouth in flag red, fills it in with the same shade and then blots it with powder. After a minute she blots again, reapplies lipstick.

HAS ALL-IN-ORDER HAIR

Because Debbie's hair is the same brown color that so many of us also have, we were very interested in the way she wears it. Sparkling clean, its highlights brushed in daily, her simple, curly style is set off with a gay frill of bangs. (See Debbie in M-G-M's "It Started With a Kiss.")

KIM IS MISTY-EYED

For Kim's look, use a charcoal-gray pencil to sketch in brows. Line your lids with deep blue or violet liner and try a shadow in a misty lilac shade—blending it up and out from your lashes. Use blue mascara on your upper lashes, then tip them and your lower lashes with misty violet.

HAS A SECRET SMILE

Kim Novak always wears a secret smile—and every man wants to know what is amusing her. With a lipstick brush you can duplicate the same provocative effect. Smiling slightly, outline your upper lip in a rosy pink, exaggerating the smile corners. Fill in with a light pink or mauve.

HAS MOONLIGHT HAIR

Kim's hair makes you think of moonbeams, not just because of the color, but because of the soft style, easy to copy if hair is about 4 inches long and has enough curl to hold the face-framing halo. Brush, brush, brush to get that cloudy look. (Kim's in Columbia's "Middle of the Night")

SANDRA: BLOTTER EYES

Sandra has round, dark eyes (called the "blotter look") and a very dark brown eyebrow pencil furthers the effect. She completely outlines her eyes with dark blue—the line narrow at the inside corner, wider at the outside corner. She uses a stormy blue shadow and black mascara.

HAS A SAUCY SMILE

Just as she likes the effect of outlined eyes, Sandra likes her mouth rimmed in a bright color. For instance, she outlines her mouth with brilliant orange, then fills in with a lighter shade such as orange ice, or dark red with light pink. For glossy look, add a dab of cold cream or Vaseline.

HAS SOFT, TOUSLED HAIR

Sandra's soft, tousled hair is just perfect for her and for your own busy life. The secret to its always looking perfect is that Sandra doesn't part her hair, "and the wind combs it," says Sandra, "helps give it that tousled look." July Photoplay told how to set. (See Sandra's story on page 50).

enjoy the fun of being a woman

treat yourself to a



Hollywood Glamour Bath



Two hours to go and *he'll* arrive. It's a special date, and for a feeling to match—so from head to toe you'll feel like one big all-over “wow!”—try a Hollywood glamour bath. Doris Day (you can see her in U-I's “Pillow Talk”) shows you how, but remember, this a splurge. You'll need more than just water.

Stack your bath booty in a basket or on a tray. First, a water softener—everyday baking soda or dream-scented bath oil, salts or bubble bath. They soften the H₂O and work the same magic on your skin. Soap: Here we say, make it special—a kookie color perhaps, a favorite scent or a soap with a special purpose. Face cream: Slather on generously before you get in the tub—the steamy action of the water will help make the treatment that much more effective. Pumice stone: to erase foot calluses and heel bumps. Lotion: hand lotion will do, but you'll probably want to investigate the lovely scented-and-soothing types for all-over skin care. Powder: bath talc eases the way for your clothes when you dress, helps you smell as flowery as you feel.

Now for directions: from the minute you go into the bathroom, start thinking and acting in slow motion; step into the tub and slink down—your chin resting on the water—inhale deeply, exhale slowly. An lp should be reaching you from the other room. Close your eyes and think about the look in *his* when he see you for the first time tonight.

exercise the way the stars do

5 MINUTE SPOT EXERCISES FOR



HIPS



The secret of a star's good figure is not weight, but proportion: waist should be at least 7" less than bust, hips (at widest part) not over 2" more than bust, thigh about 7" more than calf. If you don't measure up, do five minutes of these spot exercises before your daily bath. You'll look and feel better in a month.



BUST

THIGHS



WAIST

TUMMY



ONE OF THE MOST EXCITING WOMEN IN THE WORLD: **ROMA**



ELSA MARTINELLI is a glamorous and gifted actress, wife of a handsome young Roman count, and mother of a lively one-year-old. In her teens she was top-flight fashion model in Paris and New York. Recently she won the top

acting award at the Berlin Film Festival. "I often feel tense," she says, "but I must never look it." She uses Pond's Cold Cream to deep-cleanse and moisturize . . . to ease away tension lines . . . "My skin stays soft and smooth all day long."

*She's busy...
yet she's beautiful...
she uses Pond's*



ELSA MARTINELLI says: "Pond's beautifies as it cleanses!" Yes, this fabulous cream deep-moisturizes as it cleanses and freshens every tiny pore. And this richer cream goes on moisturizing long after you tissue it off. "Plumps up" the skin cells so tired lines can smooth out. Your skin will stay soft and smooth. See it come alive and glow with an exciting new beauty—like Elsa Martinelli's. Use Pond's Cold Cream to beauty-cleanse at night to moisturize under make-up all day.

NOW! POND'S COLD CREAM IN STUNNING NEW DESIGNER JAR!

are you guilty of these glamour goofs?



☐ 1. Biting your lips. Did you realize you did it?



☐ 2. Picking at your nails. Nervous? Don't show it.



☐ 3. Biting nails. Try wearing gloves till you can stop.



☐ 4. Crossed ankles. Wait till you're old enough—sixty.



☐ 5. Hands on face. Unsure of what you're saying?



☐ 6. Making up in public. Nix, use the powder room.



☐ 7. Twisting hair. Don't tell the world you're frantic.



☐ 8. Eagle squat. One foot in front of other looks best.



☐ 9. Book (or beads or pencil) in mouth. Uh-uh on this.

Millie Perkins, 20th's "Anne Frank," shows you 9 habits men hate. How do you score?

Now, a
beautiful
new look
in diamonds



Artcarved

Evening Star

ENGAGEMENT RING



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Rings available from
\$250 to \$10,000.

Look for the name
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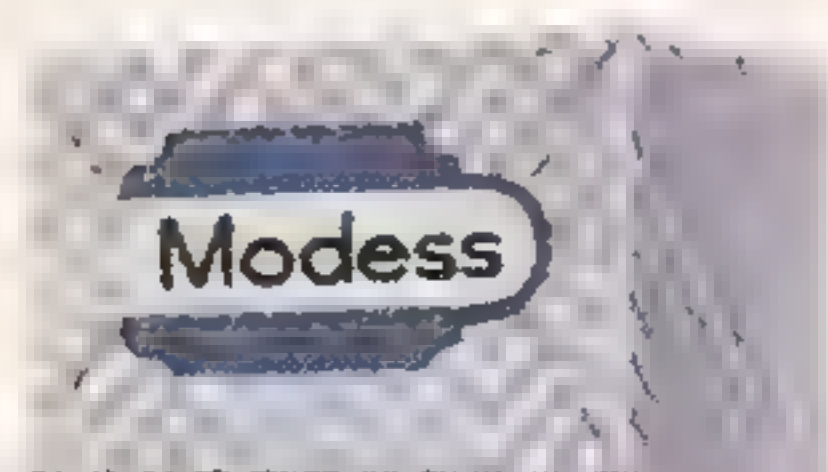
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**BEN FRANKLIN STORES
AND SCOTT STORES**

FIRST LOVE

Continued from page 36

deep down inside me, that Carol was my girl and that I was in love.

How did I know it?

Well, maybe I ought to go back and tell our story from the beginning.

The first time we met was backstage at the Cort Theater on Broadway. My mom knew Carol's mom, and we had all stopped by the dressing rooms to say hello to some of the cast members of "Sunrise at Campobello." Mom introduced Carol to me, and all we said was "Hi" and "So long."

Months later, I saw her again, during costume fittings for "Blue Denim," which Carol had done on Broadway. Carol and I were both shy, and it was almost as if we had never met. We said "Hi," stood there and looked at each other and finally walked away. I didn't know what else to say, and I guess she didn't either.

Then every day during rehearsals (and also during the shooting), some of the cast would sit at a long lunch table in the Twentieth commissary: Carol and Warren Berlinger (he plays my buddy in the movie) and myself. Sometimes Betty Lou Keim, who's gone steady with Warren for many moons, joined us.

We talked about the film, of course. But I often found myself looking at Carol and not uttering a word. I enjoyed looking at her. Not just because she had dreamy blue eyes and cornsilk hair, but because she always looked so neat and clean. Even if Carol wore blue jeans they looked as if they'd just been washed and ironed. And her face had a wonderful scrubbed glow. I liked seeing her smile or nibble at her food. She was on a diet, and she ate plenty of fresh garden salads. I could tell she liked to talk, but she was reserved and afraid to push a conversation along. So I did my level best to keep the talk flowing when I could.

One lunchtime, Warren, Betty Lou and I were talking about horses and the fun of horseback riding.

"If we get off early from shooting today," Warren said, "why don't we go out to a stable and ride a little?"

I decided that was my chance. So I gulped and took a deep breath—because like most every fellow, I'm still afraid of asking a girl out for the first time, in case she turns me down.

"Say, Carol," I ventured, "how about coming with us?"

She paused a moment, too. I looked away from her soft blue eyes that look about to cry any minute. Carol's face has such a wistful expression that when I look at her sometimes my throat seems to close up tight.

"Okay," she said meekly. Later Carol confessed she had hesitated because she grew up in New York City (I grew up nearby in Baldwin, Long Island) and didn't know how to ride. But she wanted to come along because she thought we'd have fun.

Wouldn't you guess, we didn't have time to go horseback-riding? Our shooting lasted until supper time. The sun had shuffled off into the west of the California sky when we left the studio, and we all decided it would be too late for a date at the stable.

"How . . . how about having dinner with me on Saturday night?" I managed, almost choking on the words, afraid Carol would say she was busy.

"Oh," she said, not looking at me, "I'd like to, but I'll have to tell you for sure tomorrow. I don't know if my mom's

planned anything for over the weekend."

All night I kept wondering where I would take her if she said yes. Bright and early next morning, right after we finished with the studio make-up man, Carol came over to me and said, "Brandon, it's all right for Saturday night."

That was the first time she said my name aloud to me. Oh, she'd said things like "Wasn't Brandon wonderful in that last scene?" or "But Brandon just said . . ." to Betty Lou or Warren at the commissary table. But now she spoke my name to me, looking right into my eyes, and I . . . well, I liked it!

We had dinner that Saturday night at the Farmers' Market. Both of us ordered barbecued beef, and what I remember about that evening especially (other than how nice it was to be out with Carol, just the two of us) was her politeness. The way she said "please" if she wanted salt or pepper, the way she said "thank you" to the waitress after she served us; the way she ate without rushing. A guy doesn't always get a notion to observe everything about a girl until he's suddenly alone with her.

But I also sensed her fear of people. When strangers smiled or glanced at her, even pointing their fingers sometimes—because, well, let's face it, Carol's had quite a modeling and acting career since she was ten-and-a-half—she tried to be courteous and smile back. But then, immediately afterward, she'd blush and look down at the floor.

If there's anything that can melt a guy, it's a blush, so help me. So I said to myself, "Gee, maybe you can help her get over her shyness." Me, I'm such a ham! Probably one of the biggest in the world. Maybe that comes from having both parents in show business. I like to brag about my Broadway play and "Jamie," the TV series I starred in. I'm always standing tall, telling people I just grew an extra inch and, like Kookie from "77 Sunset Strip," I have a mania about combing my hair (but don't most fellows, nowadays?).

After dinner, Carol asked if I wanted to go over to their cottage and watch TV.

"Sure," I said. But, honest, we didn't watch much television. Once we started talking we just couldn't stop. We decided to "analyze" each other, and we told each other our first—and later—impressions. We got to know a great deal about one another that night, because even though you're just discussing impressions, you both have to agree or disagree, so you each find out what the other's really like.

Maybe it was that crazy Saturday night "analysis session" that picked up Carol's spirits. At least I like to think so, because from then on Carol and I felt so comfortable together that we told each other lots and lots of things. She admitted to me that she hadn't really started to date till she became sixteen, and that before we'd gone to dinner that night she'd only had about twelve dates in her whole life. We found out we were both nuts about the movies; we agreed Chinese chicken with almonds was one of our favorite dishes; we both nodded yes to good music—with vocals by Frank Sinatra—sandlot baseball, books (she's wild about poetry and I hate it, but we both love Thomas Wolfe's novel, "Look Homeward, Angel").

When a guy and a gal get to feeling comfortable with each other, well, gee, it's the greatest feeling in the world! And every day after lunch we would take long private walks. You see, we didn't have much time to date formally because we were so busy memorizing lines for the next day's shooting. Also, we had to go to bed early because "first call" at the studio is around dawn. But we had lots of time to talk. I told Carol how I used

to make puppets and then charge the kids in the neighborhood a penny each (for the polio fund) to see the shows I put on. And she told me how when she was nine, and her brother Danny was seven, they'd gone all alone on the subway to see the Empire State Building. Then they'd gone to eat in the restaurant where her mother worked as a waitress, and one of her customers had seen Carol and suggested she'd make a good model. Carol told me she'd been so happy for the chance to make some money, because they'd been having a hard time of it ever since her father left them when she was two.

Once you get to know someone well, though, you can't help but have a few scraps. I figure that's probably a sign that people like each other. Otherwise they wouldn't waste time fighting or arguing.

One afternoon Warren and I came across a bunch of flour bags in the prop room. We got a dual brainstorm. "Let's have a flour fight!" we shouted. So we lifted the big bags outdoors and started throwing handfuls of the stuff at each other. Warren and I were covered with flour from head to toe. We must have looked like ghosts. Carol was watching us make fools of ourselves, so at one point I threw some flour on her, too—just for kicks; and she threw some back at me. Then she found a rubber hose on the back lot, hooked it to an outside faucet and sprayed both Warren and me.

Well, I guess you know what happens to flour when you mix it with water. Warren and I were suddenly covered—smeared is more the word—with flour paste, thanks to our lady fireman, and we couldn't stop laughing. We looked like bleached gingerbread men. Anyway, I thought then, Carol's learning to get out of herself.

Another time Carol and I had an argument about the way a scene should be played, so she took a hard-boiled egg and cracked it on my head "for being so contrary and not compromising."

Maybe you think we're crazy, but this is how we got to know each other.

Ours wasn't a lovey-dovey friendship with spooning sessions in a parked car that suddenly blossomed into something more important. What's more, I never even kissed Carol until the script called for it that morning.

Carol and I just had fun. We wrote nutty notes to each other, and she'd tease me about my grammar and I'd joke with her about her spelling. And if I talked to her too long on the telephone (Carol says her ear hurts if she gabs too much on the phone), she'd call me Endless.

Then the day came when the film shooting was over, and I had to return to New York. That last day we had together on the Twentieth lot, we just pretended I wasn't leaving. We had lunch, as usual, at the commissary, and we went on a private walk. We explored the lot, wandering through old horror-movie castles and dusty mansions from long-ago movies.

And that night, after we said goodbye and I kissed her tenderly on the lips, I went back to the Chateau Marmont where I was staying and told myself, "You fool you! You're going to miss her like crazy! What are you going to do in New York all by yourself?"

We wrote to each other, of course. But letters don't always have the same bounce and personality as people. So I counted the days until I would see her again. When she wrote she was returning to New York for a weekend before flying to Winthrop, Massachusetts, to visit her maternal grandmother, I sent her a telegram, asking her for a date.

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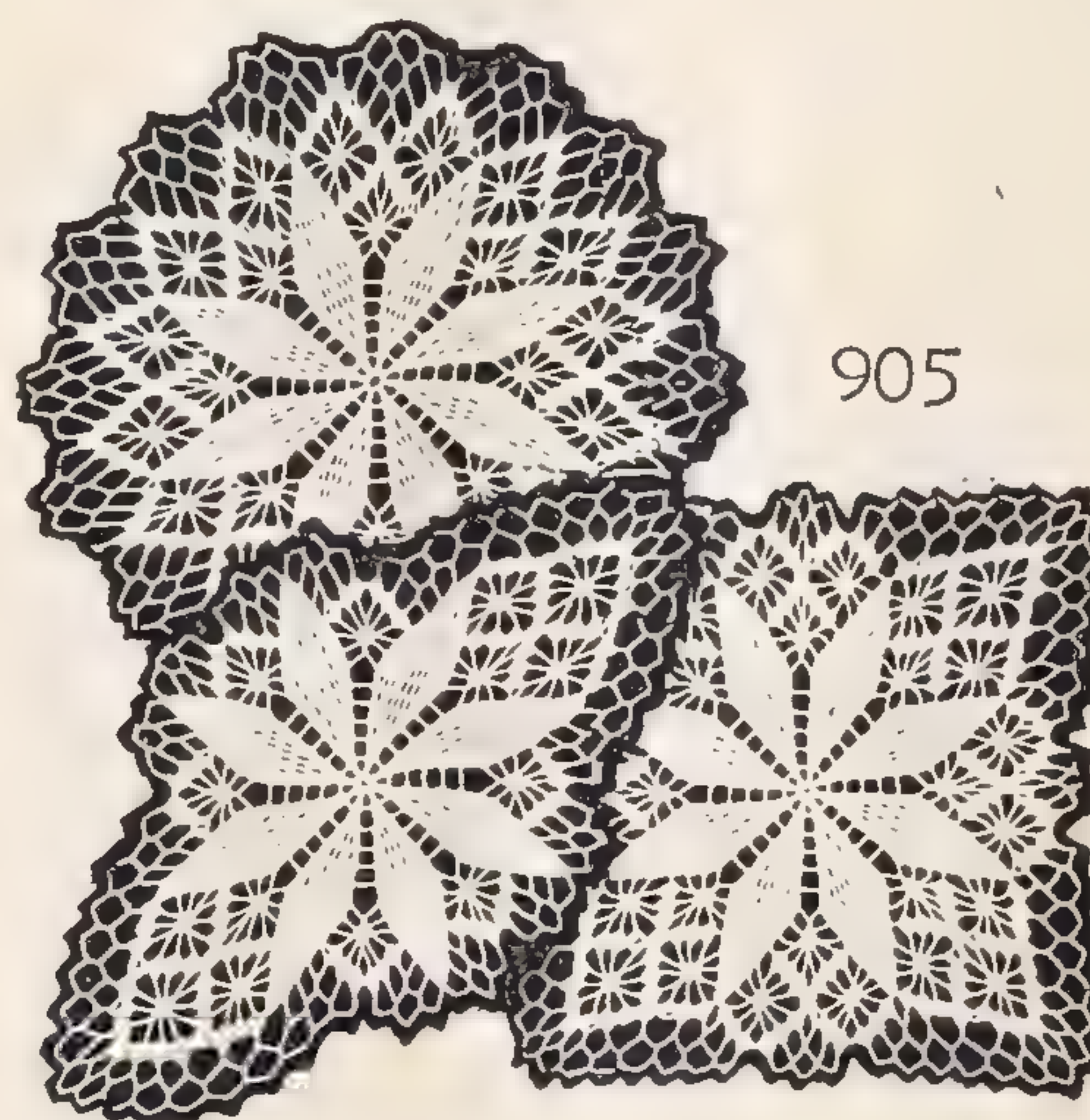
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7420—Chic wardrobe for 9½" or 10½" teen doll has 9 patterns for nightie, ball-gown — everything.



659—Holiday apron sports 8 holly sprays, sleighbells, 8¼" x 12½" Santa. Transfer is also wall decor.

The next day I received a return wire. It read: "Uh-huh To Date. Can't Wait!" Her telegram made me feel like someone special. I was all puffed out because she'd told me she couldn't wait, that she looked forward to going out with me, too. You see, although Carol and I had a ball in Hollywood, we never took each other for granted with the "going steady" bit. We both believed we were young and going steady wasn't fair. How can a guy and a gal know they really like each other unless they've gone out with others?

The day Carol flew in I had the jitters. My heart pounded so hard I could hear it. That was probably my first real clue as to how I felt about her.

She called me after she and her mom had unpacked, and I went over to their apartment to pick her up. It was mid-afternoon, but she was dressed up in a pale lavender summer print dress that made her hair look like antique gold. And she wore that delicate flowery cologne that smells as pink and clean as she looks.

I took her to Central Park, where we went rowing; we ate ice cream cones; we walked hand-in-hand to the zoo and made faces at the caged animals. Then we took a bus to the Tiptoe Inn for dinner. The waiter asked us if we were brother and sister, and we had a long laugh over it. We still laugh about it, for that matter.

I ordered rare roast beef for Carol and chopped sirloin steak for me—well done! That's one thing we disagree about.

Afterward, we walked along arm in arm along Central Park South. We were walking on air, on clouds, in that still summery twilight. It felt so good to be with Carol, and I decided I'd tell her.

After I spoke, Carol smiled her slow smile, nodding her head thoughtfully, which meant she was glad to be with me, too.

We sat on a wooden bench in the park near the Fifth Avenue entrance, and we watched the lake turn silvery and purple in the deepening dusk. I was going to suggest a play or a movie, but we just sat there, staring into the purpling dark and turning every other minute to look at each other. Finally I leaned over, right in front of the summer people in shirtsleeves and bareback dresses, and kissed Carol on the cheek because I just couldn't help myself.

The moon, a full circle of ivory, looked down at us through the black leaf-lace of the park trees, and I made a wish on it.

Then and there I knew something important had happened to the two of us. We had missed each other, yes, but now that we were together we were so happy, smiling and laughing and looking into each other's eyes and wondering what the secret was.

I knew the secret in my eyes.

I was in love.

Her eyes held the same secret, and when she put her head on my shoulder, I almost stopped breathing. I didn't want this moment to pass. I wanted to hold on to it. For, suddenly and silently, the two of us weren't sitting in Central Park, but on top of the sky.

We sat there, the night breezes drifting gently, our eyes shining in the soft gleam of the streetlamps, and we basked in the happiness of first love.

Finally I looked up at the grinning face of the man in the moon as it rose above the treetops. "Look," I whispered to Carol, "I'll bet he knew about us even before we did." And then she did a surprising thing. She reached up and placed a kiss on my forehead.

THE END

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LIZ AND EDDIE

Continued from page 29

Almost before my feet were down on the platform he had his arms around me and was kissing me. We joked back and forth like we always do when we meet. No matter how long or short the separation, Sonny Boy (that's what I've called Eddie from the day he was born) and I always get off to a good start with a laugh-fest.

But all this only took an instant. Then Eddie said, "Mom, meet your daughter-to-be."

I found myself looking into a truly beautiful face—but there was so much more to this young woman than a face. Her eyes were deep and true with her happiness, and their message to me was very plain. "I love your son. Let's be friends—good ones, Mama."

Liz went right into my heart.

While we were driving to the Tropicana Hotel, where these two generous kids of mine had arranged accommodations for me fit for the grandest lady in all the stories, one of those silent minutes occurred when everyone suddenly seems talked out.

Or maybe we were just being thoughtful, all at the same time. At any rate, it was during this quiet moment that Liz's hand found mine and pressed it warmly.

My hand squeezed hers back, and something in me wanted to sing. But I'm no singer. I wondered when I'd hear Sonny Boy sing again. He must be singing better than ever, I told myself. . . .

Liz is the nicest, finest, most down-to-earth girl, I thought. Just the girl I would want Eddie to give me for a daughter. I don't care who says different; who predicts all sorts of ugly endings for tonight's happiness. How do gossips know so much?

I was more than satisfied with now. In the exchange of Eddie's and Liz's glance was love. The kind that charges the air,

that has nothing to do with careers or ambition, selfishness or fat dividends, only with a man and woman being fused powerfully together.

My room at the Tropicana overlooked the pool. Eddie's room was right across the hall.

"Do I like it?" I said when Eddie and Liz were showing off the set-up. "It's gorgeous. I'm speechless."

We talked in my room for about an hour. Liz showed me the sketch of her wedding dress. Only her mother, the designer and I had seen the sketch.

"I'm so glad you're here, Mama," Liz said before she left.

Eddie took her home, and, about an hour later, he came back and knocked on my door. It was getting light outside. I was in bed but I said I wasn't too tired to talk. He sat down on the foot of the bed. I listened. He was looking to the future, with more conviction than ever before. His eyes, always straightforward, were serious now—right down to their depths. As a child he'd often given me those serious, long looks. But he had been a little boy then; now he was a man.

Wiser and more understanding. I thought back to two or three years ago. The time Mr. Blackstone, Eddie's great friend and manager, told me, "Eddie knows what he's doing. He makes wise decisions. Nothing spur of the moment. When he's thought it over and decided, he'll give his all to support the decision to success."

Others had said it. And they'd testified to Eddie's feeling against untruthfulness.

He said to me now, "Liz is honest. And, Mom, she's generous. It's with her whole heart, always."

"I know, Sonny." Again, I thought back a few years. I remembered how a year had gone by without a card to Mama for her birthday, Easter, Christmas, or for Yom Kipper and the other holy holidays. If you're a warm, gentle girl in love with a boy like Eddie—a boy who wants to give pleasure and surprises and happiness to his mother back home, and if you're the wife of that boy, if you're not being deprived of a thing, you try to cooperate with his wishes. If he's busy and he depends on you to get off a card with a nice message for Mother's Day, you don't disappoint him.

The "in-law" doesn't mean there's no feeling.

After nearly a whole year had passed, I got to feeling sorry for myself, and during one of Eddie's long-distance calls, I blurted out something that sounded too injured.

"My birthday—Mother's Day—not even a card or a picture of the children," I said, and I could have bitten off my tongue. Here Sonny Boy was calling me from thousands of miles away and I was complaining.

But I'm human. When the flowers were delivered to the door the next morning, I sat down and looked at how beautiful they were and I cried. Pink rosebuds and tiny orchids in a milk glass container. The card said, "Merry Christmas, Happy Hon-aka, Happy Yom Kipper, Happy Easter, Happy Mother's Day, Happy Birthday." It was signed, Sonny Boy.

I am being honest. Eddie Fisher is my son. He likes to remember people he loves. Liz is good at taking the time to write cards.

Before Eddie left my room at the Tropicana, the sun was up high and strong over Las Vegas. The last thing he said was, "Mom, I'm right across the hall and if there's anything you want—?" He gave me three phone numbers—Liz's private number and two others, in case I should have trouble reaching him. He was busy, finishing up his engagement at the Tropicana and trying to get the wedding date settled.



Liz and Eddie wrote me all about Crown House, the castle they rented while they were in England. Mike, Chris and Liza were a little tired from the trip, they told me, but they soon perked up when they saw the miles of corridors they had to play hide-and-seek in. I still get a warm feeling when I remember how Liz explained to her children that I was their grandmother, too, as well as Carrie's.



I slept until afternoon. I didn't have to call Liz—she called me. That day, other days, from London after they got there.

No daughter could have made a mother feel more welcome. She came to the hotel and we sat and talked about our two families and about the wedding. She told me that she and Eddie had decided to be married in the Rabbi's Chamber, but as it turned out, they were married in the Temple Beth Sholom.

Then we talked about how wonderful it was going to be for Eddie and me to see Eddie's little girl, Carrie.

"Carrie calls me 'Gam Ma,'" I said. She would arrive with her nurse, Aggie, the next day. Then I said I thought that it was good of Carrie's mother to send her to Vegas to us for two days.

"Oh, Eddie's so excited about having Carrie with him," Liz said. And we smiled at each other, both happy that Eddie was happy.

Carrie arrived the next day in charge of Aggie, who is young and capable and devoted to both Carrie and Todd. Todd is still too young for trips away from home and schedule, so I didn't get to see him. But I understood.

Carrie is a child to make a grandmother proud and happy. Aggie asked her, "Carrie, what does your father do?"

"My daddy sings!" sang Miss Carrie Fisher.

She was wearing a little playsuit with ruffles around her pretty little legs and arms, and she looked adorable. "Would you like to go with Gam Ma?" I asked, and she slipped her hand in mine. Everyone looked at her because she's Carrie, just her own self.

That afternoon Carrie went swimming with her daddy and with Michael and Chris, Elizabeth's sons. Eddie played with them all afternoon.

"Why is water wet?" asked Carrie, and Eddie tried to answer. He didn't ignore any of their questions and neither did Elizabeth.

"Who is that lady?" Michael asked.

Liz put one arm around her children and the other around me and said, "My mother is your grandmother, but this is Eddie's Mom and I'm going to marry Eddie . . . so this is your grandmother, too."

That evening Carrie and Aggie went to hear Eddie sing. I'd planned to go to the show the next night with Elizabeth, her family, and a party of guests, but Carrie said, "I want Gam Ma to go now."

I had to rush to get dressed. Aggie put Carrie in a little silk print with a white background, white shoes and socks. Her hair was brushed to a gleam.

"Gam Ma can't compete with you," I laughed, "but this way she can hear your daddy sing twice."

There were chairs for us, right up front. Carrie sat on my lap—for a few minutes. But, after the show had started, she kept swiveling around and looking. Then she stood up on my lap and asked out loud, "Where's my daddy?"

"There's my daddy!" she said when he came on. He'd started to sing but he stopped to laugh.

This tickled her and she got a little bit pleased about her star billing. Her daddy saw her feet jumping up and down in my lap and he said to her quietly but firmly, "Now—this little girl, will she please sit down?"

So Carrie did. She'd learned that the show must go on.

It was an evening to remember. After Eddie sang, the orchestra leader lifted Carrie onto the stage. Her daddy held her up to the mike and she said hi to everybody. She was delighted about the whole thing.

Eddie said, "Ladies and Gentlemen, I want you to meet the lady who is re-

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sponsible for me . . . Meet my mother."

Every pair of eyes in the room said to me, "Your son is proud of you and he loves you very much."

I was sure of it before then, but it made me happy to hear it again.

The next night Eddie sang a song for both mothers. Elizabeth's mother and father were there that evening, and Eddie looked right down at Mrs. Taylor and then at me, back and forth, and sang "My Yiddisha Momma." "This is for both my mothers," he said before he began.

Mrs. Taylor looked at me. "I hope you love Elizabeth. We love Eddie," she said. We smiled at each other. She and Elizabeth's father are friendly, fine people.

And I got to know them better on Mother's Day, the Sunday before the wedding. Elizabeth had us all for dinner—her brother and his wife, too. Her ranch home in Las Vegas is comfortable and homey. The cocktails were good and the turkey was delicious. I hadn't spent a Mother's Day with Sonny Boy in twelve years and it meant a lot to me. Liz and Eddie gave each mother a bouquet and other beautiful things. My handbag of petitpoint and beads, I'll treasure all my life. And then I found out that they'd arranged a trip to Florida for me, to visit my daughter Eileen. Everything was done, the tickets bought—nothing for me to do but go to Florida for this wonderful, surprise visit with Eddie's youngest sister after I left Las Vegas.

There was nothing I could have wished for more on the turkey wishbone—and Eddie and Liz had thought of it days ago. A present for Mother's Day.

The wedding took place on May 12th. Carrie had gone back home. Elizabeth and I had played gin rummy in the dressing room at the Tropicana while we waited for Eddie's show to be over. Her parents and I had become friends. I had met Elizabeth's children—Michael, Chris and Lisa. Now this was the day when Eddie and Elizabeth were to begin their life together.

I dressed in my beige lace, and thought many thoughts, wished many wishes, hoped many hopes for them. I thought of Mrs. Taylor, dressing in her navy-blue lace, lovely with her light hair and young, attractive face. I knew she was thinking,

wishing, hoping for our children, too. For their children. For as much happiness and joy as life will grant to them.

No man ever had a bride more beautiful than Eddie's bride. Elizabeth's eyes turn the color of anything she wears. Her eyes cannot be described. They are more beautiful than beautiful. Above the soft folds of her avocado green chiffon, they were green as two fabulous gems. In her going-away outfit they turned back into blue harmony with the silk print dress of shrimp shade, with the smart gray coat, the straw hat banded in the same print as the dress and coat lining.

Elizabeth wore no jewelry with her wedding gown. She and Eddie exchanged plain gold wedding bands. Eddie was Eddie. Neat as a straight pin in dark suit, dark tie, and white, white shirt. Except that Eddie looked and acted happier than I'd ever seen him.

I think I have never seen two happier people than Elizabeth and my son.

Since they have been in London, they have telephoned us in Philadelphia several times. The last time they called I was worried about an illness in the family. Elizabeth happened to speak to me first. She said, "Mama, are you all right?"

Then Eddie came on and I told him about the illness and being worried. He said, "That's funny. Liz bounded in here an hour ago and said, 'What's Mama's number in Philadelphia, Eddie? I want to call her. I have a feeling something is wrong.' So we called you tonight."

It's like a daughter to have such intuitions and feelings. Their call from London helped me a great deal through weeks of worry, and now everything is all right in the family.

I received another call about this time. From New York.

"This is Debbie," the familiar voice began. "Carrie and my mother are with me. We were coming to see you but I'm so busy . . ."

"Couldn't you and the girls come to New York?" she said. She meant my daughters, Eddie's sisters.

"I'll see," I said.

"Carrie had a nice time with you in Las Vegas, but you ought to see Todd. He's such a nice little boy."

I said, "Well, I saw a picture Eddie

had." I haven't had any pictures until recently. I had spoken to the nurse, Aggie, about it in Las Vegas, explaining that I had nothing but magazine pictures.

"Now I have the pictures you sent," I told Debbie. "I thank you very much."

She repeated she hoped the girls and I would come to New York. The following Sunday I got another phone call. M-G-M calling for Debbie, the operator said.

"Mrs. Stupp, what time will you be arriving in New York?" the voice asked.

I said I was very sorry, but there was illness in my family and I couldn't possibly go to New York, but I appreciated the invitation.

So, contrary to reports, Debbie and I haven't had a meeting and visit together. I'm blunt and I'm honest. I'll admit the invitation stunned me. On the other hand, I have lived long enough to know that hard feelings are wrong. It's better to forget.

My grandchildren I cannot forget. I love them. I want to see them and know them.

I have a bracelet from Sonny Boy. It's gold, very simple, very meaningful. There are four charms on it. One is inscribed Penny, Debbie, and Skippy. They are my grandchildren. Another says, Steven, Bradley and Mindy. They are my grandchildren. The third says Carrie and Todd. The fourth says, Gil. All are my grandchildren—the new branches on the tree of my life.

The other day I received a birthday package. The card said, "All our love—Eddie and Elizabeth—Happy Birthday."

In the package was a gold charm inscribed to Sharon, newest grandchild in the family, except for Sande—the little boy who was born July 5th.

Elizabeth had admired my bracelet in Las Vegas. She had said, eyes bright, "I am also going to send you a charm for Michael, Chris and Lisa."

For a moment after she said, "Lisa," she hesitated. Then she shook her head and smiled, as though she were thinking too far ahead.

I smiled, thinking what a wonderful future they would have together.

—KATE STUPP AS TOLD TO MARTA ROBINET

NEXT FOR LIZ: COLUMBIA'S "SUDDENLY LAST SUMMER" AND U.A.'S "TWO FOR THE SEESAW." EDDIE'S LATEST RECORD IS THE RCA VICTOR ALBUM CALLED "AS LONG AS THERE IS MUSIC."

DEBORAH KERR

(Continued from page 30)

This is the first interview she has given us in more than a year. The interview took place in her home in California, the same one in which we visited her last time. It was a Friday afternoon at four o'clock. The weather was as beautiful as it had been a year ago at this time.

Then, the house had seemed full of happiness and the voices of children. The morning was hurried—pleasantly so. Upstairs a little girl's voice shouted. "I can't find my lunch box," Melanie called. "I can't find it anywhere."

"I have it. It's in here," her mother answered back. Then she turned to her other daughter, Frankie, and said, "There—you're all neat and shining."

Frankie wriggled down from her mother's lap, almost tripping over the family dogs, Duffy and Tonton, and ran over to the window. "I thought I saw him," she said. "The postman's coming! Do you think he's brought a letter from Daddy?"

"Maybe," Deborah said. But Tony hated to write. Instead, he called them several

times a week from England. What enormous phone bills they'd been having!

"I bet he'll never write us again," Frankie said. "Not after you forgot to post that letter with all my drawings in it."

Deborah laughed. "Aren't I forgiven yet?"

"A week!" the child said. "You forgot it for a whole week—that's a long time."

Melanie came running into the room then, her blond ponytail bouncing as she reached for the lunch box Deborah held out to her. "Here you are," her mother said.

Outside, the school bus honked. As Deborah opened the sliding glass doors leading into the garden, the girls hurried out, both dogs yapping right behind them.

"Goodbye, Mommy," said Frankie, lifting her face to be kissed.

"Goodbye, Mommy," echoed Melanie. "Have a good day."

Deborah stood and watched them go, and then she sighed. Everything was peaceful again. Her day was her own till the school bus returned that afternoon, and the children tumbled out of it. They would have tea around the huge, marble-topped table, and Frankie would have hers half-milk. Melanie was learning how to be a lady. She curled her little finger and took her tea with lemon.

At tea-time they practiced making "small talk."

Melanie would say tonight, as she did every night, "And what did you do today, Mommy?"

If Deborah said, "Nothing," Melanie wouldn't stand for it.

So Deborah would have to say, "Well, nothing much. I finished a good book and painted a little. Played with Duffy and scratched Tonton's stomach. Then I gardened a while. The sun was delicious." And she would stretch and sigh. "It was a lovely day," she'd tell them.

It was a lovely day, almost a perfect day; almost a perfect life. Yet, three months later, while Deborah Kerr was in Vienna making a picture, she surprised her friends and fans. She separated from her husband, Tony Bartlett, after nearly thirteen years of marriage.

"We are trying to work out our problems," she said at that time. "I hope we can do it. But we have not been happy for a long time . . ."

Soon after that, she discovered that Tony had flown the children to England. There, he had put them under the protection of the British court, so she could not take them away with her. After she saw that pleading with her husband did no good, Deborah fought to get her chil-

dren back. But that did no good, either.

Now, a year has passed. Only a few days before, Deborah received her final decree. Even the house looked different. For one thing it was quiet. . . .

The chimes of the doorbell echoed deep within the house. Then there was a sharp click of high heels on a polished floor and the door was opened. A woman stood in the doorway. She was tall, five feet seven, with red hair falling softly about her face, and the green dress she wore was open at the neckline.

"Come in," she said softly, "I've been expecting you." She held out her hand almost timidly and then showed the way into the Long Room, where a chair near the large picture window faced the ocean. She picked up a book from the chair. "I was reading while I waited for you," she said, and we both sat down. "It's a volume of Garcia Lorca's poems. I love to read Lorca. He—" She broke off, looking around the well-kept beauty of the room. "Do you like it?" she asked, but she didn't wait for an answer. "I used to like formal things, classical furnishings. But they're so cold. I used to like Botticelli, for instance. But now I've discovered the impressionists. They're so warm—so alive . . ." Her voice trailed off.

"It's a lovely house," I said, "but it seems awfully big. Don't you ever get lonely in it?"

"Lonely?" she asked, tilting her head to one side, considering. "No," she said, "I don't think so. At least not when I'm working on a picture as I am now." She paused then and looked around her. "Well," she admitted, "it is big, I guess. Too big . . . now."

"As soon as I finish the picture, I'll go to England. I made sure there would be time. We'll spend two weeks together—the children and I." She did not say anything for a moment. But she smiled as though she were already there, already with them. Then the smile faded. "After that, I have to go to Australia to make a picture. It's for Fred Zinnemann. He directed me in 'From Here to Eternity.'"

She smiled. "There never seems enough time for all I want to do."

"You know, I have to get up at five-thirty. Or rather," she said, "that's the time my alarm clock rings. And that's the only time I have to myself. I lie there in bed for ten minutes—sometimes fifteen, if I'm especially tired—and I try to plan my day so that I can get everything into it that I want to. Of course," she said ruefully, "I never manage to."

"But during breakfast I try. I usually have it at six—a slice of toast and juice and gallons of tea. Tea's what keeps me going. Oh," she said, "would you like some tea now?"

She rang for the maid. "Mary, would you bring in some tea, please?"

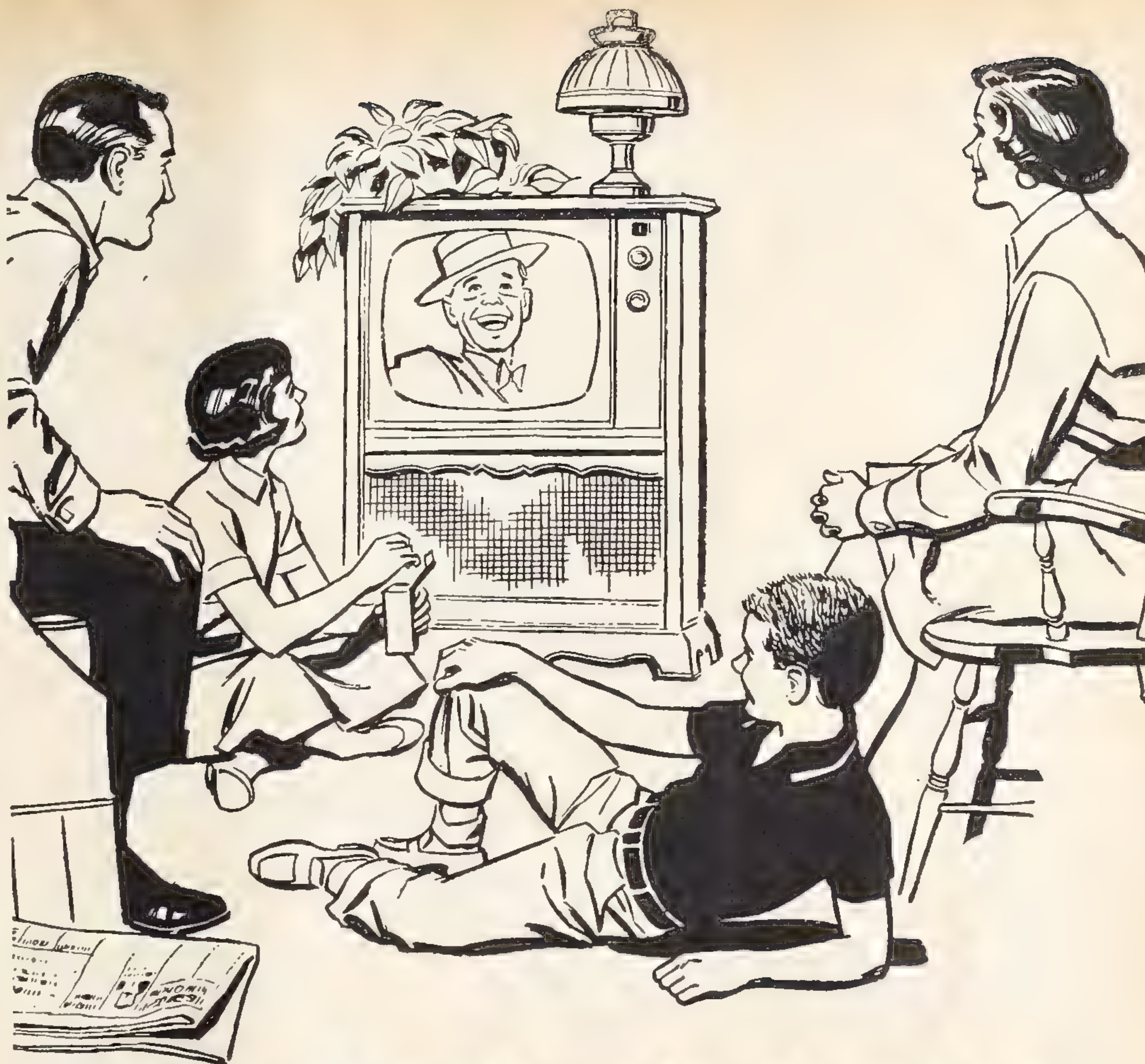
Turning back to me she said, smiling, "I've lost twelve pounds for this role, but it's certainly worth it."

"The clothes in the picture—" her arms spread out and then hugged in close to her, "—the clothes are simply stunning. Fifty costumes—can you imagine? I get to wear fifty outfits in 'Beloved Infidel.' I play the columnist, Sheila Graham, you know."

"Oh, I'm very glamorous!" she laughed.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLE ON PAGE 106

Husbands (clockwise): George Montgomery, Paul Newman, Bob Wagner, Desi Arnaz.
Wives (clockwise): Joanne Woodward, Dinah Shore, Natalie Wood, Lucille Ball.



Meet Your Family Favorites in this Picture-Packed Album

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"And I get to play opposite Greg Peck, an old friend of mine whom I've never acted with before for one reason or another."

Mary brought in the tea service just then, setting it down on the low marble-topped table. "Thank you," Deborah said. She lifted the silver tea pot and began pouring. "One lump or two?" she asked, and, as she turned, I thought she had never looked more handsome, with a maturity that was feminine yet strong.

She passed me a cup of tea with lemon and then sat absently stirring for a moment. Then she let her hands fall into her lap. She sat looking down at them, long, slim hands, and, for the moment, curiously still.

"It's a wonderful role," she said, "but making the picture—making *any* picture for that matter—is hard work. And I do mean work! You wouldn't believe what my day is really like," she said.

I laughed. "Everybody thinks a movie star's life is a lark."

"I know," Deborah said. Then she sat back and began ticking off the minutes of her day on her fingers. "I go over my lines while I'm having breakfast," she said. "Can you believe it? Then I turn on the radio to get the exact time, and then, reluctantly, I start to do the last minute things: see that I've remembered my eyelashes, my lunch—which is usually a hard-boiled egg and cottage cheese."

She frowned a little and then brightened. "After that I climb into my car—it's a white Thunderbird—and drive to the studio, where Peg Shannon, my hair-stylist, already has the kettle boiling in my dressing room for some more tea. While she's setting my hair, I drink tea and listen to soft music on the radio, and, after that, Del Armstrong, my make-up man, comes in and does my face, and then Maureen MacDermott, the body make-up girl, comes in to make up my neck, ears and hands. Freddie Simpson, our property master, comes in for some last minute suggestions, and Willie May Neal, my wardrobe girl, gets me into my outfit—and then we're on. *Finally*.

"It could all be for just one fast scene of us walking from the administration building onto a set. That's what it was yesterday. Herb Rudley, who's playing a movie producer, is escorting me (Sheilah Graham) to the set to watch the star whose acting I've maligned in my column. We had to walk through a typical outdoor movie scene: they had a couple of camels—I steered as far from them as possible—extras in Indian costumes, East Indian, girls in pink tights and can-can costumes—to make it look as colorful as possible. Fortunately we did it in one take. Then I went back to my dressing room to play a game of solitaire, but I just got the cards laid out, and then it was time for another scene.

"And make-up has to be put on all over again, and costumes and everything to do all over again, and then we're on again. The next scene I did with Karin Booth, who portrays Janet Pierce. Instead of barring me from her dressing room for having written an unflattering paragraph about her, the producer takes me on to the set to watch a scene she's doing. He feels this will prove to me how wrong I was, how good an actress Janet Pierce is. After the scene the producer introduces her to me. She is furious that I'm on the set. Looking coldly at me, she says, 'Tell me, Miss Graham, how did a girl as pretty as you are get to be the biggest witch in Hollywood?' And I, though stunned, come back with, 'Not the biggest, Miss Pierce. The second biggest.'

"Myself, I'd die a thousand deaths if anyone spoke to me like that. But, as Sheilah Graham, at this point in 'Beloved Infidel,' I am fighting for survival as a columnist, and am able to cope with it, however hurt I am. Sheilah is fighting the only way she knows how, to make a name

for herself. Anything goes with her, even to starting a feud with an important star."

She took a deep breath and smiled. "We're up to lunch now," she said, laughing out loud at the expression on my face. "While I eat the cottage cheese and an egg I go over my lines again—maybe try to get in a hand of solitaire. I was just laying out a hand when my director, Henry King, came in to talk about the next scene. I put aside the cards and we decided to do the scene just a little differently."

For a while she talked about the movie, and then she said, "After lunch yesterday I got a chance to relax for a few minutes. Herb Rudley and I sat around and we talked about our children. His girls went to the same school my daughters did. It's the same school that Sheilah Graham's daughter Wendy went to. And Herb and I laughed a little about sitting there at the school applauding our various children on all the Christmas Carol days, May Days—oh, all the school functions." She laughed a little now, remembering, and then her face closed.

Tucking her hands into the pockets of her dress, she stood up and walked over to the glass doors. For a moment she looked out at the gardens. Then she moved back to the picture window and stared out at the cliffs and the sea. A ship was passing.

"The girls will probably be going to school in England for this year at least, because I'll be in Australia in the fall for 'The Sundowners,'" she said, turning. "I may have to sell the house. It's too big for me.

"The end of a day on a movie set isn't the end of a day for an actress," she said. "Even though there were no rushes to see, I still had a lot of things to do. With so many outfits in this film, I didn't have time for all the fittings necessary, before starting the picture. So the stand-by car rushed me over to Bill Thomas's fitting rooms and I had a first fitting on two more gowns. Then I went to my main dressing room to have my hair washed so it would be fresh for the next morning's work.

"I was sitting there late yesterday evening," she said, "glad the day was nearly over, and while I was under the dryer I dealt out a hand of solitaire. There were two aces to take off right away, and a red queen to put on a black queen. But just as I was going to play, I heard a voice over my shoulder. I turned around to see one of the new hairdressers. 'Boy,' she said to me, 'you've sure got the life.' My mouth opened, but I couldn't say a word. Then the girl who washed my hair came back and took me out from under the dryer. I never *did* get to play out that hand. I bet I'd have won, too!"

"What do you do when you come home at night from the studio?"

"Do? I eat my supper, take off my make-up and fall into bed at ten o'clock. After all," she said, "from five-thirty in the morning to ten at night—that's a long day.

"When you talk to people all day, no matter how interesting they are, it's a blessed feeling to be quiet and alone, if only just before you go to sleep."

She smiled. "My grandmother's like that, too," she said. "Both my parents are dead, but Grandmother's ninety-five and she lives in Sussex all by herself. She absolutely refuses to have anyone live with her. Ninety-five!" she marveled. "And she's still peppy and writes the most beautiful letters. I saw her right after New Year's this year, and though she's a bit crippled with arthritis now, and has a woman come in to do the cleaning and cooking, she tosses her out as soon as the heavy work is done. She *likes* living alone," she said, looking at little surprised as she said it.

"Would you like to see the summer house?" she asked suddenly. Smiling, she said, "You've been sitting a long time."

Along the flagstone walkway, the flowers

grew in great abundance. A riot of color—mostly reds—led toward the summer house and contrasted with the gray of the cliffs just beyond. The outline of the freighter was still visible.

Sitting down on one of the benches, she said, "It's lovely here. It seems a shame, but I suppose I must sell it . . ."

The sun shone directly on the house now, picking up the green of the ivy climbing its white walls. Just within the glass doors was the piano, closed now. Beyond the piano was the round marble-topped table where Deborah and I had taken our tea. Usually, she takes it there alone now.

The wind from the sea was blowing her hair and tossing about the leaves and blossoms on the Bougainvillea vine. She pushed her hair back, but it did no good.

"Do the children still borrow your clothes and pretend they're actresses now as they used to?" I asked, remembering how they play-acted the last time I saw them.

She stared off to sea for a moment. The ship had passed below the horizon. Now there was only an unbroken line of blue. She sighed, and then smiled. "Of course they do," she said. "They have lots of my things in London, especially my old hats, and *adore* dressing up. They're crazy about horses now, too, and are busy being horses all day long. You know, pretending to jump fences. Things like that. And they can ride wonderfully. But not me. Thank goodness I don't have to ride a horse in 'The Sundowners.' I just have to drive a wagon."

Reaching into her pocket, she withdrew a couple of hard peppermints. "Want one?" she asked and, when I shook my head, she popped one into her mouth. "Those are wonderful kids," she said then. "You know, when I lost the Academy Award to Bergman, Melanie and Frankie made one of their own for me. It was a hand-drawn award, showing a laurel wreath, and the lettering on it was: 'to the most wonderful and beautiful mother in the world.' It made me want to cry. The girls had gotten a gold seal and a blue ribbon, and it looked as official as the Lord Privy's seal of London. I'm having it framed and I'm going to hang it alongside my three Academy Award Nomination certificates."

Then I asked her what else the future held for her. "I'll have my holiday in England with the girls," she said softly. "Then I'll do my picture in Australia. Beyond that—" she lifted her hands, then let them fall into her lap again, "—it's difficult to plan too far ahead. The important thing is what is best for the girls, and I'll fit in around that." She gave me a level look then. "You know," she said, "my children's and my relationship hasn't changed at all—any more than it does if one sends one's children to boarding school all year."

After a moment of silence, she stood up and smiled. "Besides, it's not something I have to decide today, this minute, is it?"

The mood of the moment when the sunlight struck through the vines was gone. The sea breeze was stronger now, with a hint of coolness in it. She shivered, and then she smiled. "It was good of you to come," she said, her voice brisk again.

We walked around the front of the big white house together. When we reached my car, she gave me her hand. "Goodbye," she said. "I've liked talking to you."

From the car I watched her walk back up the path. Just at the door she knelt down, plucking a single flower from one of the plants. For a moment she held the red blossom against her pale face. Then she stood up, pushed open the heavy door, and entered the house. —MARY CULVER

WATCH FOR DEBORAH IN 20TH'S "BELOVED INFIDEL" AND WARNER'S "THE SUNDOWNERS."



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Architect . . . C. Chadburne Shumard, A.I.A.

This model built by Trenton Home Builders (N. J.)



NEW ORLEANS . . . Cantilevered second floor balcony and French windows. Family room, 3 or 4 bedrooms, covered patio—barbecue and 2-car garage. Large kitchen, dining room and living room, and large indoor swimming pool (heated and filtered). Budget and deluxe models \$20,000 to \$25,000. Optional indoor pools \$4,800 extra when added.

REGENCY . . . Large living room, dining room and kitchen, plus big basement game room and handsome family TV room with fireplace. Separate 3-bedroom and bath children's wing and master bedroom and bath. Covered patio-breezeway with built-in barbecue and 2-car garage. Standard and deluxe models with (20 x 40) oversized swimming pool \$27,000 to \$38,000.



20TH CENTURY . . . Magnificent living room and separate dining room. Large kitchen, basement game room, handsome family TV room. 4 bedrooms, 2 baths and powder room . . . with children's wing separate. Covered patio—with barbecue. Standard model with indoor garden or pool optional \$26,000 to \$27,000. Deluxe with garden or oversized (20 x 40) heated indoor pool \$28,000 to \$34,000.

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Deluxe model, shown here, has vast living room with handsome fireplace, shoji-screened entrance. Huge family and TV room surrounds magnificent scientific kitchen with formal dining, overlooking beautiful indoor swimming pool (heated and filtered). 4 or 5 bedrooms, 3 baths, 2-car carport (or garage).



This model built by Allen Brothers, Fairhaven, N. J.

CONTEMPORA . . . Large indoor pool, covered patio and barbecue with 2-car garage. Huge kitchen, living room, separate dining room, 3 or 4 bedrooms, special balcony mezzanine off large family TV room. 2½ baths. Deluxe modern version of the Romantica shown at left above, \$28,000 to \$32,000. Budget model with some rooms slightly smaller, no breezeway garage, but complete with heated indoor pool, \$22,500.



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ENTRANCE TO FUTURAMA. This home of the future has a magnificently simple exterior of great dignity and hospitality, with its massive chimney and glowing fireplace showing through wide floor-to-ceiling window-wall. Yet from the road, there is complete privacy for the den and the more intimate end of the living room, where sofas and chairs accommodate large gatherings. Huge, exposed natural beams make this house look as strong and durable as it truly is! This wonderful new and better kind of home comes in budget, standard, and deluxe models with prices ranging from \$18,000 to \$38,000 complete with air-conditioning and large indoor deluxe swimming pool. (Land extra, of course).

TOPSFIELD . . . A traditional colonial that originated in "garrison" and pioneer days in Topsfield, Massachusetts. Deluxe model with indoor swimming pool (heated and filtered); 3 bedrooms, 1½ baths, beautiful living room, modern kitchen, cozy dining room, huge closets and full basement. Budget and deluxe models \$18,000 to \$25,000 with indoor pool. Remember, your lot prices vary and are extra.





Romantica decorated by Donna Gail Slavitt

LOOK THROUGH this charming colonial dining room of the beautiful ROMANTICA Story Book Home, and you'll see portions of the spacious living room with its romantic balcony and cozy open fireplace. The lovely furniture from Baumritter's Ethan Allen line, the Aquamarine wall paint by Dutch Boy, and the handsome fixtures by Lightolier . . . all contribute to the old world charm of the Romantica, so happily combined with the latest marvels of science. It is this delightful "marriage" of the old and the new in this liveable house that makes it the ultimate in gracious living.



THE MASTER BEDROOM of the ROMANTICA is furnished in true colonial fashion by Schumacher and Baumritter. The serviceable floors of beautiful Flexachrome vinyl asbestos floor tile blend perfectly with the decorative scheme; yet they require only a damp mopping occasionally to keep them spotlessly clean.



THIS BEAUTIFUL PICTURE shows the living room of the Romantica as you look down from the charming colonial balcony. Notice the unusual wood beams exposed beneath Flintkote's 3-way roof deck which insulates as well as decorates this lovely home.



MOTHER CAN PREPARE DINNER, and watch children swim from this spacious kitchen of the Romantica. Handy to barbecue grill, the kitchen is complete with Westinghouse appliances, including huge 24" oven. It is virtually wear-proof, with Formica bar front and counter tops. The Flexachrome vinyl-asbestos floor tile requires only damp-mopping.





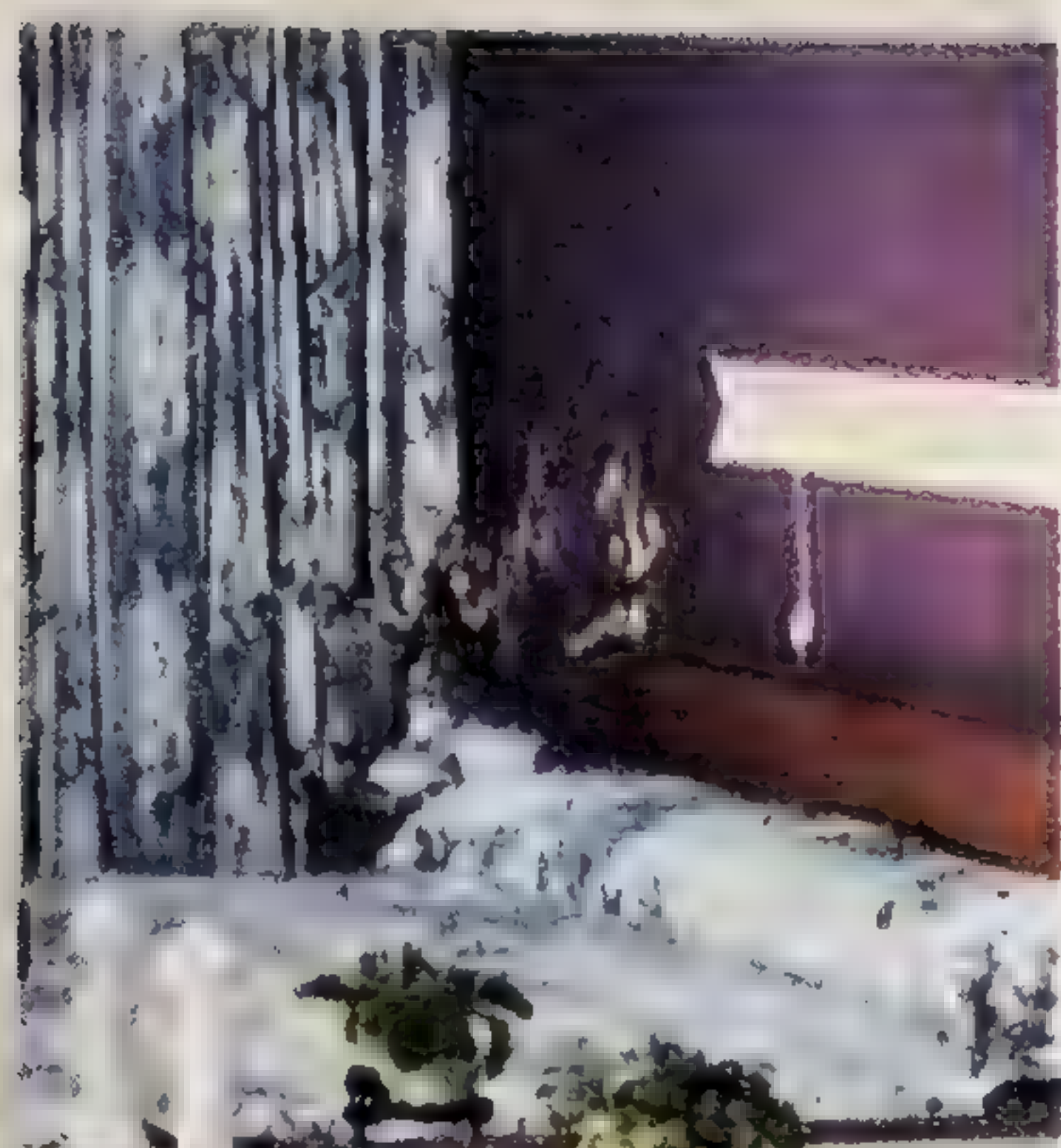
HERE IS THE HUGE modern living room of the Futurama. Nearly 16 feet wide, it is so long it accommodates 2 large groups of people at either end! Notice the massive exposed beams and the lovely decorative effect of the ceiling, Flintkote's 3-way roof decking. Three inches thick, this wonderful scientific product eliminates 3 or more building operations and helps make this magnificent living room possible! A curtained picture window provides an optional view into the equally huge family room and 12-place bar!

THIS ATTRACTIVE DEN in the Futurama model can also serve as a guest room when desired. The ceiling and window wall trim are Dutch Boy's Desert Gray, and all other walls, interior of closets, doors and trim are painted with Dutch Boy's Avocado paint.



THE MASTER BATH, compact, but complete with glass-enclosed shower stall and floor-to-ceiling Formica wall-tiles of camellia and white sequin pattern. Easy to keep immaculate. Mirror gives daylight view of smart bedroom shown in night scene (right). Incidentally, this bedroom and bath of Mother's is immediately accessible from her kitchen. And remember, it's just one jump from the swimming pool!

THE MASTER BEDROOM in the Futurama has all the elegance of your own private villa on the Riviera . . . for you can step out of the room, right into your own warm and filtered swimming pool. Imagine the luxury of an early morning swim for Mom and Dad, or a relaxing night-time dip . . . in complete privacy, unhampered by bathing suits!



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Check local newspaper for time.

*Standard model Romantica or Futurama with indoor swimming pool, \$27,500.00.

SEE YOUR NEAREST STORY BOOK HOME TODAY

For the next several weeks, the leading builders (in or near the larger cities across the nation) are holding "open house" in a model Story Book Home. These builders have been carefully chosen for their ability and integrity. They, and they alone, display the certificate "Story Book Home AUTHORIZED BUILDER" signed by the architect and officers of Story Book Homes Inc., a non-profit organization established by the leading manufacturers of the finest materials, to plan and foster the building of *better* homes. *No builder is the authorized builder of these homes unless he is certified and displays this sign!* Be careful. These Story Book Homes will have many imitators.

No other homes even closely duplicate the wonderful features and all of the top-quality materials in these Story Book Homes. For instance, the double insulation, the special roof decking, the moisture-proofing are positively not combined in any other houses. The beautiful and durable Flintkote Flexachrome vinyl-asbestos floors are easy to clean, require no waxing.

Kitchen appliances are by Westinghouse and the kitchen snack bars and table tops are protected by gleaming and scuff-proof Formica. And new Formica Wall Tiles, from floor to ceiling, provide a beautiful, grout-free and easy-to-clean surface in the bathrooms of these care-free homes.

Husbands will recognize the value of Flintkote Seal-Tab hurricane-resistant roof shingles, 3-way roof decking, double insulation, and fireproof Van Packer chimneys with round, factory-made flues. And in many of the furnished model homes you will enjoy the beautiful drapes by Schumacher, the lovely furniture by Baumritter, the colorful carpeting and rugs by Cabin Crafts, and lamps and fixtures by Lightolier. And inside and out — the houses are lastingly protected and beautified by the world-famous Dutch Boy paints.

"OWNER-FINISHED" CUTS COST WAY DOWN

By using Dutch Boy Nalplex paints you can easily save a lot of money. Because Nalplex rolls-on or brushes-on so smoothly a child could do it. And clever do-it-yourself men can install their own Flintkote Tile-Tex asphalt tile or Flexachrome vinyl-asbestos floors. Many builders offer to construct these homes and let the owners do most of the "finishing."

The new wonders of science also make possible your own indoor swimming pool. The interior walls are moisture-proofed with a marvelous plastic (polyethylene) sheet . . . and there is a special ceiling of expanded polystyrene that insulates, decorates, and controls moisture perfectly! No humidity problems in these swimming pool homes. You make your own healthy climate. When you want moisture added to the dry, heated winter air, you simply open (just a crack) the sliding glass door to the pool. To shut out moisture, you keep the door closed. Furniture never dries out one minute, swells up the next. Doors and drawers don't stick or bind. And your own sinuses and nasal passages don't dry out and become irritated.

Read more and see more on the color pages that follow. Send for a complete set of plans. Then list your old house "for sale", and you'll be on your way to a new, happier life — now possible for almost any successful young working man and his family.



THIS SPACIOUS BREEZEWAY between the ROMANTICA and its two-car garage is the ideal spot for a steak "cook-out" or a casual drink . . . and gives you and your family a delightfully cool and sheltered place in which to relax and entertain. It's so handy to the snack bar and pool, too, located just inside the doorway shown at the right of the barbecue and grille. Enclosed with screens and glass jalousies, this will also make a perfect "Florida" room, opened in summer; safe from insects. In winter it becomes an extra family room.

YOU ARE READY FOR ANY OCCASION in this spacious family room of the FUTURAMA. For it has all the equipment and room (16' by 32') for any type of fun or entertainment. Drinking fountain! Separate matching freezer and refrigerator units by Westinghouse. You can serve a casual drink or snack or a formal dinner by candlelight. And as you dine, your guests will envy the romantic shimmering waters of your own indoor "tropical lagoon." And what a room for the youngsters! A snack bar and pool to themselves while Mother and Dad relax in the living room.

CAN'T LIVE A MORE THRILLING LIFE!



SERVE A SNACK OR DRINK . . .
or even a complete meal, at this beautiful and serviceable snack bar in the family room of the Futurama. Facing the kitchen range, oven and refrigeration units, the bar seats 11 to 12 people and is covered with gleaming and durable Formica. The bar front is Formica, too, and unmarred by children's scuffing feet. And the Formica front is designed to match perfectly the wood grain of the kitchen cabinets. Overlooking the 32-foot indoor swimming pool, the family room is a paradise for children of all ages. For it lets them build their own friendships at home, instead of roaming to find their fun. And it's fun for Mother and Dad, too, for it provides the perfect place to have cocktails and to entertain either formally or informally at dinnertime.



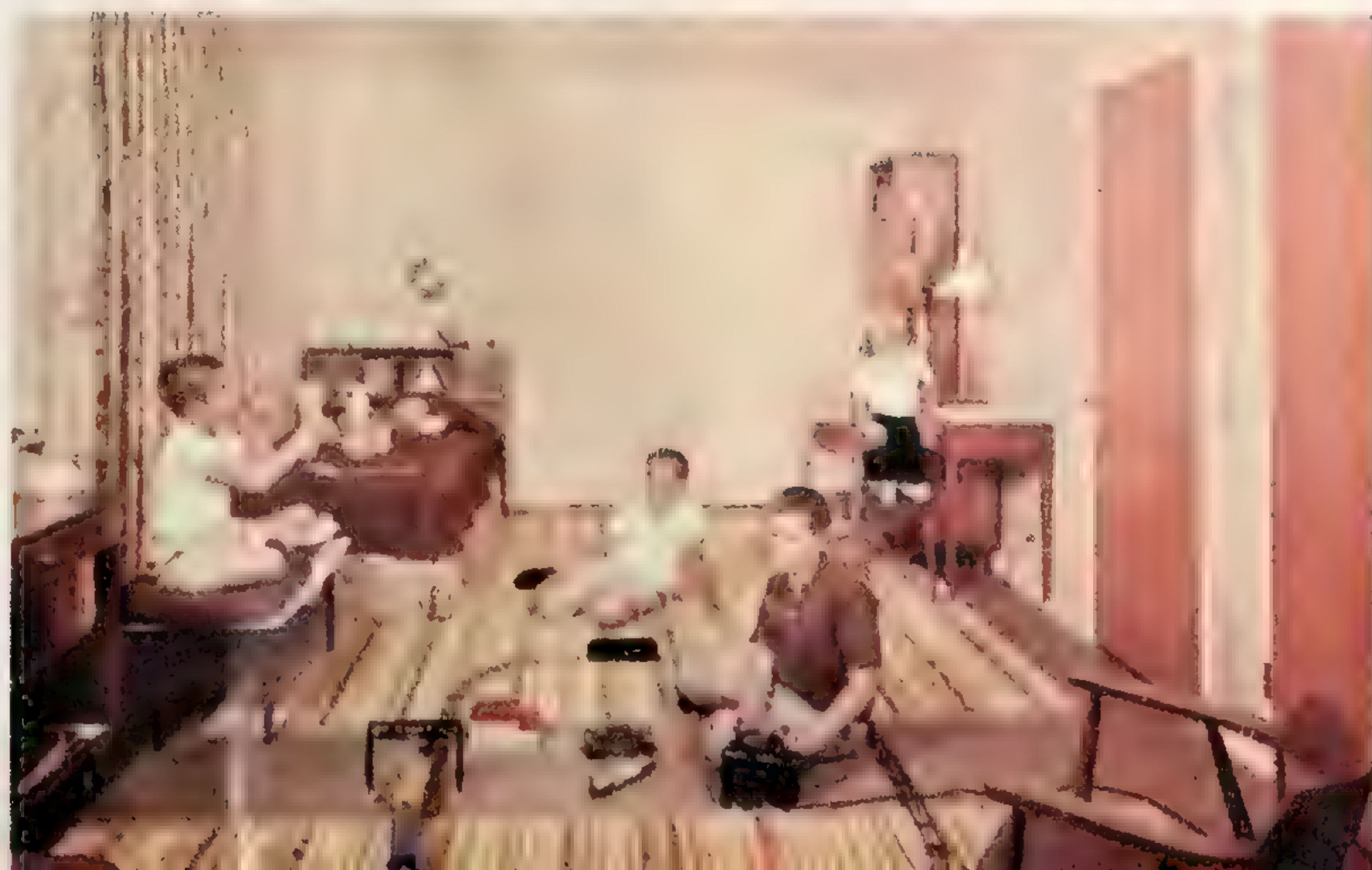
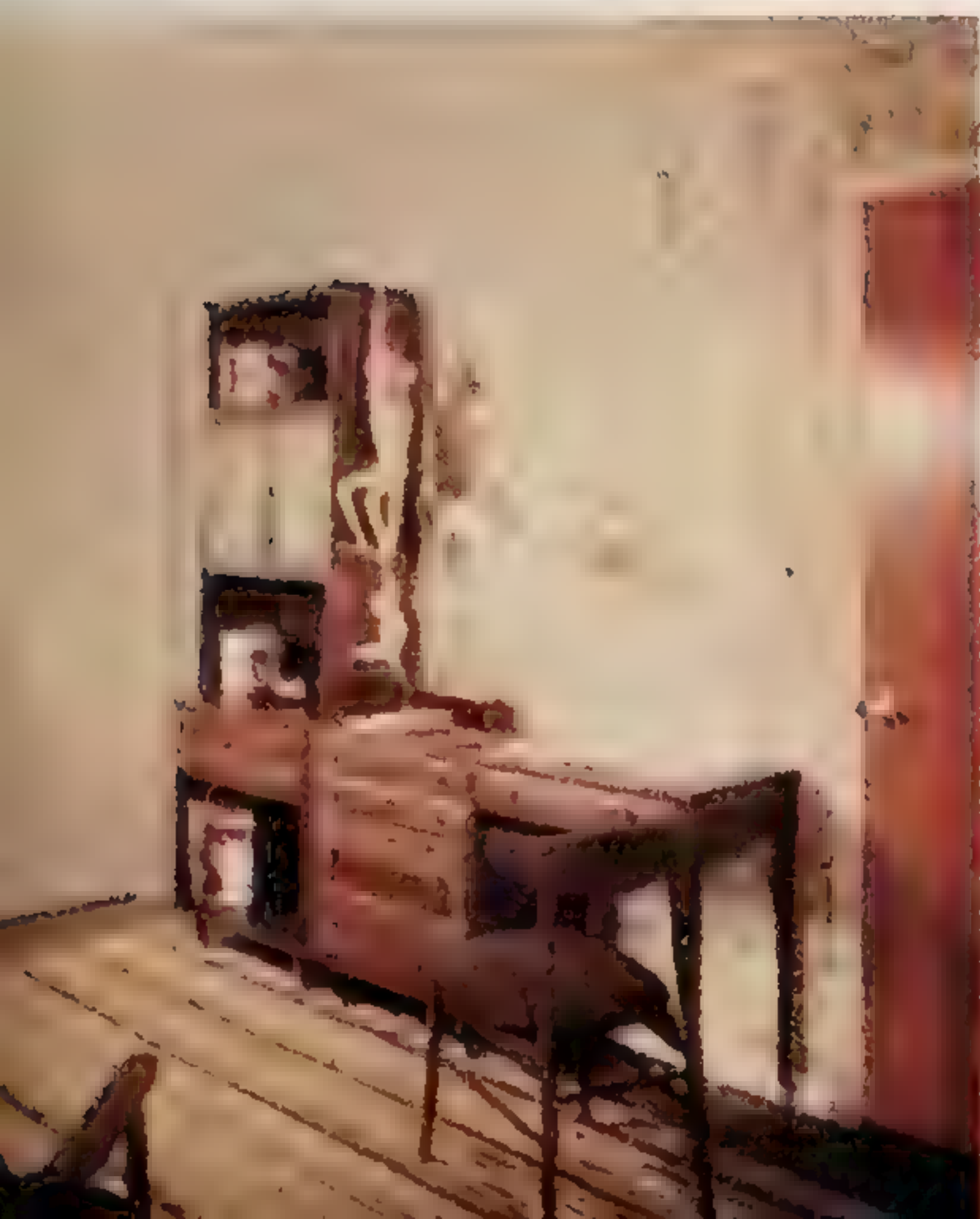
LOOK THROUGH from the rear of the ROMANTICA, and you'll gaze across the beautiful, heated indoor swimming pool typical of every indoor pool in every Story Book Home. Airtight Thermopane doors furnish complete protection from the elements and prevent condensation from the pool. A two-speed fan removes humidity from the air. Ceiling is protected by moisture-proof polystyrene panels which decorate, insulate, and won't condense moisture.



VIEW OF FUTURAMA POOL as seen from the family room (also see front page, this section). The master bedroom also opens onto the pool, and the pool's large Thermopane doors (with screens for summer) open onto the patio at side of house and onto the back lawn in the rear. All Story Book Home indoor pools require little or no work. Filtering and cleaning are automatic. Water requires no changing to be purer than drinking water.

BOTH THE FUTURAMA AND ROMANTICA feature ample children's bedrooms which provide one large play area during the daytime and convert to two bedrooms at night, thanks to Novafold plastic folding

walls. This feature of Story Book Homes was voted the most popular by thousands of women who were polled. And Mother has only one area to clean instead of two. Folding walls lock closed at night.

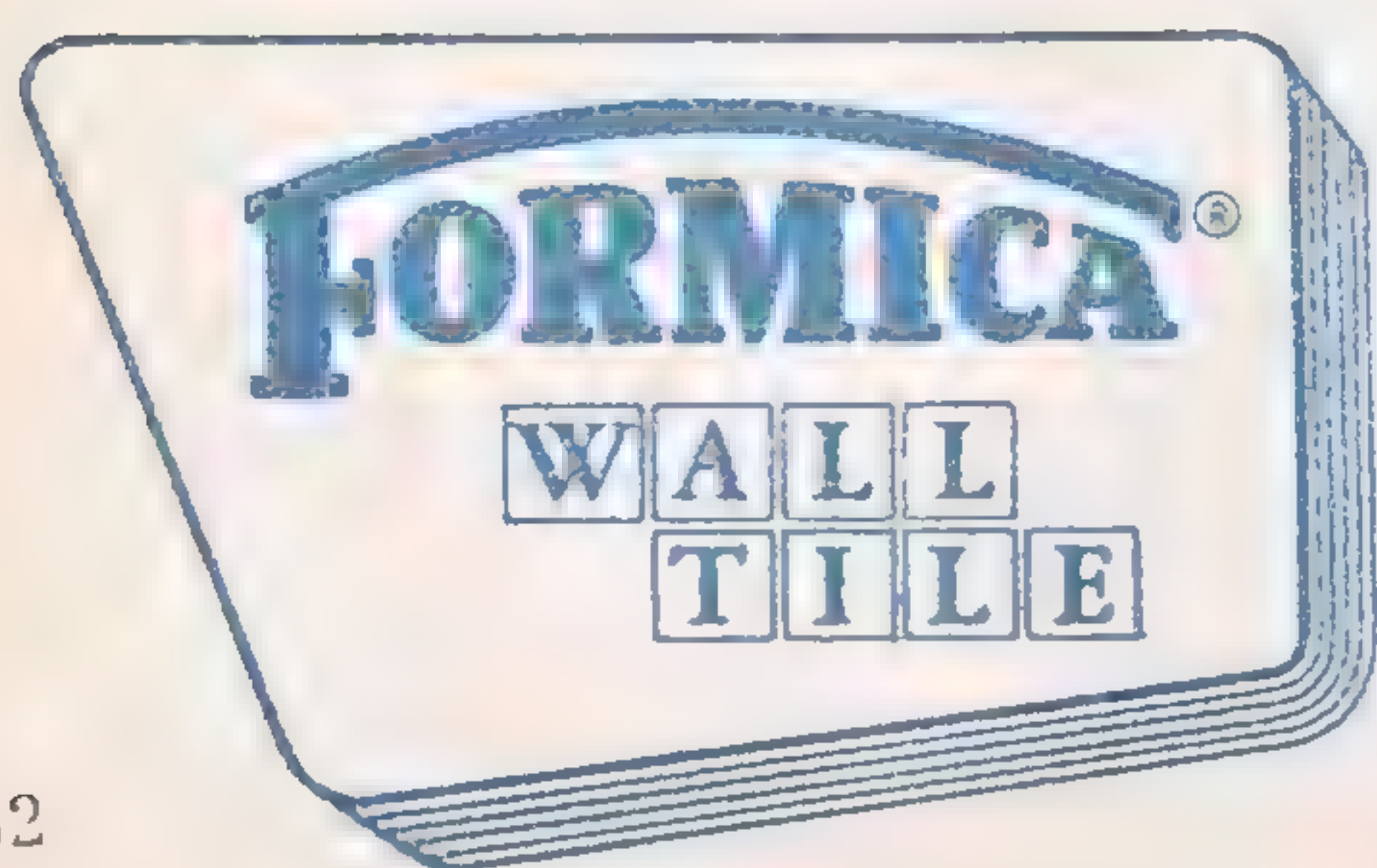




LOOK! FORMICA WALL TILE FROM FLOOR TO CEILING . . .
 . . . and the beauty of it all is so easy to maintain. Formica Wall Tile is smooth fitting—that means no grout lines to scrub . . . and its satiny finish won't water spot. A damp cloth removes dirt, grime . . . restores its original beauty. Notice the Queen Size squares (10" x 10") for extra beauty, cleaning ease, extraordinary decorative possibilities. With Formica, its beauty is permanent—its cost surprisingly low. The pattern is gray and antique



In the Story Book Home kitchens, not only the counters, but the bar fronts are mar-proof Formica in wood grain colors to exactly match the grain and color of the builders' cabinets.



. . . with NEW Formica® Wall Tile

Here is a brand new "way of life" for bathrooms. It's the revolutionary new Formica Wall Tile with a smooth, gleaming surface that enhances the beauty of bathrooms and other areas, assures long wear, and saves cleaning time and work for Mother.

In all STORY BOOK HOMES, the kitchen table tops and bar areas are lastingly protected and brilliantly decorated by Formica as well as the wall areas surrounding them. You see them beautifully illustrated on this page and in other photographs taken in various rooms of the "Romantica" and "Futurama" models.

*The bathrooms with the
"wife-time" guarantee!*



ANOTHER FLOOR TO CEILING FORMICA BATH . . . Isabel Barringer who chose the lovely Formica Wall Tiles states "Rarely have I ever found it so easy to achieve such beauty with a product that saves so much work for the housewife."

Choice of beautiful colors. Enduring Formica!

NO Grout lines to scrub.

ATTRACTIVE, LONG-LASTING FINISHES



Dutch Boy Hydrangea Pink is the subtle backdrop for this spacious living room in the "Romantica" model. The colorful surprise on the balcony above is Nalplex Aqua . . . Suntan in the family room beyond.

... and carefree color — all through the house — with Dutch Boy Paints



Dutch Boy Starlight Blue is largely responsible for the mood of this serene dining room in the "Romantica" model. Hydrangea Pink in the living room is the pleasing companion color.



Dutch Boy White combined with muted Seasand create a pleasing freshness with remarkable stamina in the living room of the "Futurama" model. Nalplex washes perfectly, remember.

Story Book wall colors live happily ever after, thanks to Dutch Boy Nalplex — the famous acrylic-latex paint that washes brand-new again, time after time. All the beautiful Dutch Boy colors for Story Book Homes were chosen by Isabel Barringer, the famous decorator, and applied by expert painters. But, confidentially, you can get the same handsome results *yourself* with Dutch Boy Nalplex. Color spreads on like velvet. Brush and roller marks vanish in thin air. And that paint-y odor just isn't there. All in all, you'll *like* Story Book living with Dutch Boy Nalplex.

Here's a chart of the beautiful colors Isabel Barringer selected for the exterior of the two Story Book Homes and for the rooms shown in the photographs on this page. Your Dutch Boy dealer has a wide range of exciting colors to make your Story Book Home come true. You'll find him listed in the Yellow Pages.

ROMANTICA

Exterior	All Siding	Bright White	House Paint #110
	Shutters	Charcoal Gray	House Paint #168
Interior	Living Room	Hydrangea Pink	Nalplex (Intermix)
		Aqua	Nalplex #72-73
	Dining Room	Starlight Blue	Nalplex #72-73

FUTURAMA

Exterior	All Exterior Redwood	Redwood Stain	Woodcote #23-52
	Flat Paneling	French Blue #51	118 House Paint
	Overhang	White	111 House Paint
Interior	Living Room	Seasand White	Nalplex (Intermix) Nalplex #72-11

Dutch Boy
NALPLEX

A PRODUCT OF NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY



Carefree beauty in materials high-styled for every
STORY BOOK HOME...
 from FLINTKOTE — the manufacturer of America's
 broadest line of building products!



® Registered trademark, The Flintkote Company

MORE COMFORT AND ECONOMY IN YOUR STORY BOOK HOME WITH THESE FLINTKOTE BUILDING PRODUCTS:
 Roofing and Siding • Tile-Tex® flooring • Van Packer® Chimneys and Flues • Foundation coatings • Flintar® driveway
 sealers • Insulation roof deck, sheathing, wool and ceiling tile • Insulrock® • Flintrock® Gypsum Products.

EASY LIVING FLOORS with beautiful Flexa-
 chrome® vinyl-asbestos floor tile. Patterns styled
 by the nation's top color consultants to match
 any decor in any room. Takes barely a whisper
 of work—a damp mop to keep it spotless.

TOP ROOFING PROTECTION with Flintkote's SEAL-TAB®
 Shingles. Seal-Tabs are self-sealed by the heat of the
 sun to make a sturdy, weather-proof roof hurricane
 winds can't budge. They have rich-looking, double-thick
 tabs in a variety of handsome pastels and blends.

YEAR 'ROUND COMFORT with Flintkote siding
 and insulation products. Exterior wall made of
 fire and weather-resistant asbestos-cement flat
 sheets is backed by layers of Stalwart® Insulat-
 ing Sheathing and Flintkote Insulating Wool.



SEE your nearest STORY BOOK MODEL HOME!

Where model name and model address are not given, check with the authorized builder listed for model being built and completion date.

ARKANSAS

John E. Bryant & Sons Lumber Co., Inc.
East Lawrence Street
Batesville, Arkansas

Vernon E. Pittman Const. Co.
1326 Eastwood
Fayetteville, Arkansas

CALIFORNIA

R. T. Campbell
2865 Forist Lane
Merced, California
Model: Romantica
Address: Harris Acres
973 Arizona Drive
Merced, California

L & M Enterprises
5200 Orange
Long Beach, California
Model: Romantica
Address: 4189 Bouton Drive
Lakewood, California

Charles W. Roberts
3427 San Luis St.
Ventura, California

Wacker Construction Co.
6353 Palm Drive
Carmichael, California
Model: Futurama
Address: Capricorn Drive
Northridge Woods
Citrus Heights, California

COLORADO

Werner Livingston Construction Co.
1617 Marion Street
Denver 18, Colorado
Model: Contemporary Romantica
Address: Applewood Grove
Corner Zinnia & Willow Lane
Denver, Colorado

CONNECTICUT

The Drazen Lumber Company
85 Washington Avenue
North Haven, Connecticut
Model: Futurama
Address: Patten Heights
Mill Road
North Haven, Connecticut
Model: Romantica
Address: Corner of Welch Road
and Stanford Lane
North Haven, Connecticut

Finneran Weston Builders, Inc.
7 East State Street
Westport, Connecticut
Model: Futurama
Address: Hollow Tree Ridge
Boston Post Road and
Hollow Tree Ridge Road
Darien, Connecticut
Model: Romantica
Address: Burning Tree off
Stanwich Road
Greenwich, Connecticut

Green Acres, Inc.
99 Wintonberry Ave.
Bloomfield, Connecticut
Model: Romantica
Address: Laurel Park
Bloomfield, Connecticut

Neil Scala
30 Victoria Drive
Meriden, Connecticut
Model: Futurama
Address: Brownstone Ridge
left off Allen Avenue
from Meriden, Connecticut

DELAWARE

Gordy Enterprises, Inc.
Gordy Bldg.
Wilmington Manor
New Castle, Delaware
Model: Romantica
Address: Llangollen Estates
223 Gordy Place
New Castle, Delaware

Seaford Lumber Company
Seaford, Delaware
Model: Romantica
Address: Nanticoke Estates
River Road
Seaford, Delaware
Contact builder for date
of completion.

FLORIDA

Hugh Edwards, Inc.
27 N. W. Tenth Avenue
Gainesville, Florida
Model: Futurama
Address: Libby Heights
1201 N. W. 34th Terrace
Gainesville, Florida

ILLINOIS

Abreco Realty, Inc.
6731 N. Mt. Hawley Road
Peoria, Illinois
Model: Romantica
Address: Brookcrest
3900 Block
North Brookdale Place
Peoria, Illinois

Cross Country Homes Corp.
Route 1, Fox Lake Hills
Lake Villa, Illinois
Model: Abundant Villager
Address: Banbury Village
Libertyville, Illinois

A. J. Erickson Construction Co.
800 Ogden Avenue
Downers Grove, Illinois
Model: Futurama
Address: Dutch Creek Woodlands at
Johnsburg on Fox River near
McHenry, Illinois

Ozier Construction Co., Inc.
315 Van Doren Street
Champaign, Illinois
Model: Futurama
Address: Summit Ridge
2410 West Bradley Avenue
Champaign, Illinois
Model: Romantica
Address: 2400 West Bradley Avenue
Champaign, Illinois

Ri-Dora Home Builders
R #2
Quincy, Illinois
Model: Futurama
Address: Lyn-Mar Subdivision
Route 2
North 12th Street
Quincy, Illinois

Willard R. Shields, Inc.
821 Greenwood Avenue
Waukegan, Illinois

Sleepy Hollow Land & Development Corp.
Route 72
West Dundee, Illinois
Model: Romantica
Address: Sleepy Hollow Manor
Route 72
West Dundee, Illinois

Square Builders
4004 Auburn Street
Rockford, Illinois
Model: Romantica
Address: Berkshire Hills Subdivision
4225 Cushman Road
Rockford, Illinois

Tilton Homes Corporation
100 East 4th Street
Rochelle, Illinois
Model: Futurama
Address: Tilton's Winfield Knolls
Winfield, Illinois

INDIANA

LaPorte Lumber & Coal Co.
1719 State Street
LaPorte, Indiana
Model: Futurama
Address: Glendale Subdivision
East Lincolnway
LaPorte, Indiana

McCracken Homes
4800 S. Fellows Road
South Bend 14, Indiana
Model: Futurama
Address: 4825 So. Fellows Road
South Bend 14, Indiana

H. J. Hoevel, Inc.
2524 Hoevelwood Drive
Fort Wayne, Indiana
Model: 20th Century
Address: 2535 Paulding Road
Hoevelwood, Fort Wayne

Piccadilly Construction Company
Box 105, R. R. 19
Indianapolis, Indiana
Model: Romantica
Address: Avalon Hills
6310 Macatuck Drive
Indianapolis, Indiana

IOWA

G. E. Platts and Sons
714 S. Jefferson
Mason City, Iowa
Model: Romantica
Address: 75 Kentucky Court
Mason City, Iowa

KENTUCKY

Cole-Freeman Builders
431 So. Broadway
Lexington, Kentucky
John A. Walser, Inc.
4050 Westport Road
Louisville 7, Kentucky

MAINE

Snorada Corporation
P. O. Box 241
Auburn, Maine
Model: Romantica
Address: Maple Ridge Development
Webster Street
Lewiston, Maine

MARYLAND

The Dulaney Corp.
19 West Penna Avenue
Towson 4, Maryland
Model: Romantica
Address: 2322 Ravenview Road
Pot Spring
Timonium, Maryland

Humphrey Properties
12701 Springtree Drive
Silver Spring, Maryland
Model: Cape Cod
Address: 12701 Springtree Drive
Silver Spring, Maryland

Town & Ranch Homes, Inc.
2 Beaverbrook Road
Ellicott City, Maryland
Model: Romantica
Address: Beaverbrook
Route 40 (Edmondson Ave. Extended)
to Route 29, take 29 approximately
3 miles to Clarksville Pike, right
on Clarksville Pike 1 mile to Beaverbrook.

MASSACHUSETTS

Joseph Chapdelaine & Sons, Inc.
154 Pondview Drive
Springfield 8, Massachusetts
Model: Regency
Address: Pinewood Drive
Longmeadow, Massachusetts

George C. Krewson, Jr.
Sea Ranch
Magnolia, Massachusetts
Model: Romantica
Address: Kettle Cove Acres
University Lane
Manchester, Massachusetts

Moore Realty Trust
3 Diehl Road
Lexington 73, Massachusetts
Model: Romantica
Address: Burnham Farms
Thoreau Road
Lexington, Massachusetts

Rustmar Estates, Inc.
1248 Tremont St.
Boston, Massachusetts

MICHIGAN

Amos Roe Building Co.
32897 Ruehle Street
Warren, Michigan

Danto Builders, Inc.
Model: Futurama
Address: Belaire Woods Estates
Pierson Rd., West of Fleming
Flint, Michigan

Lake View Lumber Co.
L'Anse, Michigan

Leonard Building Company
Grand Blanc, Michigan
Contact builder for date
of completion.

Property & Insurance Exchange
116 West South St.
Kalamazoo, Michigan

Van Deilen Homes, Inc.
Green Hills
Temperance, Michigan

C. C. Van Wagoner
208 Addison Street
Alpena, Michigan
Model: Futurama
Address: South Side
Alpena, Michigan
Contact builder for date of completion.

MISSOURI

Jenkins Construction Co.
19 Briarbrook Trail
St. Louis 31, Missouri
Model: Romantica
Address: Glen Elm Drive - Warwick Addition
Glendale, Missouri
Magill & Murphy Construction Co.
4550 Main Street
Kansas City, Missouri
Model: Romantica
Address: Somerset Acres West
8714 Mission Road
Kansas City, Missouri

NEBRASKA

Howard Larsen Construction Company
4440 Sunnyslope Avenue
Omaha 14, Nebraska
Model: Romantica
Address: Sunny Slope 2nd
4312 Ridgeway Road
Omaha, Nebraska
Model: Futurama
Address: Sunny Slope 2nd
4404 Ridgeway Road
Omaha, Nebraska

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Pako Homes, Inc.
5 W. Diane Drive
Keene, New Hampshire
Model: Romantica
Address: Maple Acres
Keene, New Hampshire
Contact builder for date of completion.
Phil A. Paquette & Son, Inc.
132 Bridge Street
Manchester, New Hampshire

NEW JERSEY

Allan Brothers, Inc.
596 River Road
Fair Haven, New Jersey
Model: Romantica
Address: Kings Village
81 Twin Brooks Ave.
Middletown, New Jersey
Model: Futurama
Address: Kings Village
72 Woodland Drive
Middletown, New Jersey
Barcon Associates, Inc.
159 Main St.
Chatham, N. J.
Model: Romantica
Address: Highland of Chatham
Van Houten Avenue
Chatham Township, N. J.
The Arthur D. Crane Co.
R. D. #3
Wharton, N. J.
Houston Lumber & Supply Co., Inc.
Interhaven Ave.
North Plainfield, N. J.
Model: Romantica
Address: So. Branch Neshanic Road
Branchburg, N. J.
Near Flemington
Contact builder for date of completion.

Hobart Homes, Inc.
7 Country Road
Livingston, N. J.
Model: Romantica
Address: 7 Coventry Road
Livingston, N. J.
Norman E. Luthman, Builder
R. D. 1, Box 171
New Market, New Jersey
Model: Abundant Villager
Address: South Randolphville Road
New Market, New Jersey

Princeton Manor Construction Co.
Model: Cottage Colonial
Address: Princeton Manor
136 Randall Road
Princeton, N. J.
Model: Romantica
Address: 439 Terhune Road
Princeton, N. J.

Rees-McChesney, Inc.
Old Eagle Rock Avenue
Essex Fells, New Jersey
Model: Futurama
Address: Laurel Ridge
Laurel Avenue
Roseland, New Jersey

See Coupon for ordering plans on next page. 

Trenton Home Builders
 Carl Jacobelli
 1646 N. Olden Avenue
 Trenton, New Jersey
 Model: Futurama
 Address: Hampton Hill
 Crown Road off
 Pennington Road
 Ewing Twp. 5 miles
 north of Trenton, N. J.

Wedgewood Acres
 256 Belvidere Avenue
 Washington, New Jersey
 Model: Romantica
 Address: Brass Castle Road
 Washington, New Jersey

E. J. Zimmerer
 Developer & Builder
 Box 55
 Cedar Grove, N. J.

NEW YORK

Avalon Park, Inc.
 2854 Hewlett Avenue
 Merrick, Nassau County, N. Y.
 Model: Romantica
 Address: Avalon Park
 2854 Frankel Blvd. (Ave.)
 Merrick, New York

Beachview Manor, Inc.
 37 Minna St.
 Dongan Hills
 Staten Island, N. Y.
 Model: Romantica
 Address: 179 Naughton Avenue
 Dongan Hills
 Staten Island, N. Y.

Clifford C. Booth & Son
 1070 Arterial Highway
 Binghamton, N. Y.

Krantz-Rustmann Builders
 Strawtown Heights
 New City, Rockland County, N. Y.
 Model: Futurama
 Address: Sickletown Road
 Strawtown Heights
 New City, N. Y.

Model: Romantica
 Address: Sickletown Road
 Strawtown Heights
 New City, N. Y.

Gamble & Berry
 1009 Sycamore Circle
 Elmira, New York
 Model: Romantica
 Address: Harris Hill Manor
 Route 17E
 Two Miles West of
 Elmira, New York

La Duca Builders, Inc.
 98th St. & Porter Road
 Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Strickland, Inc.
 Cherry Valley Road
 Marcellus, New York
 Model: Romantica
 Address: 100 Lyons Road
 Camillus, New York

Clifford H. Querolo
 118 Elder Road
 Islip, New York

NORTH CAROLINA

Associated Realty of Laurinburg, Inc.
 Box 1064
 Laurinburg, N. Carolina

Hardy-Harvey, Inc.
 700 North Queen Street
 Kinston, North Carolina

Moore-Fonvielle Realty Co.
 106 N. Second St.
 Wilmington, N. Carolina

OHIO

Bond-Ville Builders
 37 East Market
 Akron, Ohio
 Model: Futurama
 Address: Park Height's Estates
 745 Castle Blvd.
 Akron, Ohio

Clark Brothers
 Oberlin, Ohio

Lee Chase Builder
 150 Bell Street
 Chagrin Falls, Ohio
 Model: Romantica
 Address: 109 Dale Road
 Hemlock Hills
 Chagrin Falls, Ohio

K. R. Evenson Co.
 142 Portage Drive
 Vermillion, Ohio
 Model: Romantica
 Address: 32363 Lake Road
 Avon Lake, Ohio

Paul K. Solon, Inc.
 3301 E. Galbraith Road
 Cincinnati 36, Ohio
 Model: Romantica
 Address: Wyoming Meadows
 613 Heatherdale Drive
 Cincinnati, Ohio

Edward M. Schuler, Inc.
 1481 Middle Bellville Road
 Mansfield, Ohio
 Model: Romantica
 Address: Southern Estates
 Belmar Drive
 Mansfield, Ohio

Wonder Homes Sales, Inc.
 5896 Youngstown-Warren Road
 Niles, Ohio
 Model: Futurama
 Contact builder for date
 of completion

OKLAHOMA

Lawton Home Builders Corp.
 223 Koehler Bldg.
 Lawton, Oklahoma
 Model: Futurama
 Address: 1509 North 47th
 Lawton, Oklahoma

Norman Lumber Co., Inc.
 105 W. Eufaula
 Box 462
 Norman, Oklahoma
 Model: Romantica
 Address: Normandy Park
 410 Terrace Place
 Norman, Oklahoma

OREGON

Nase Construction Company
 1606 S.E. Brooklyn St.
 Portland 6, Oregon
 Model: Futurama
 Address: Vista Cascade Add.
 4515 S.E. Franklin
 Milwaukee, Oregon

PENNSYLVANIA

Aino Building Company
 4156 Library Road
 Pittsburgh, Penna.

Edsanclay Construction Company
 R. D. #2
 Harrisburg, Pennsylvania
 Model: Romantica
 Address: Country Side Manor
 1131 Country Side Drive
 Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

William P. Haase
 200 Fawn Lane
 Haverford, Pa.
 Model: Romantica
 Address: Glenhardie Farm
 Thomas Road, near Walker Rd.
 Chester Co., Valley Forge, Pa.

Travis Homes, Inc.
 210 Peach Drive
 Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Wynnwood Company
 370 Montgomery Avenue
 Merion, Pennsylvania
 Model: Romantica
 Address: June Road
 Penn Valley, Pennsylvania
 (Lower Merion Twp.)
 Contact builder for date of completion

First of Beaver Corp.
 Northern Lights Shoppers City
 Baden, Pennsylvania
 Models to be built at:
 Con-wall Manor
 Canaway, Penna.
 North Sewickley
 Indian Park Estates
 (Near Beaver Falls, Pa.)
 Check with Builder

Zeigler Bros. Construction Co.
 1103 Willowbrook Rd.
 New Castle, Pennsylvania
 Model: Romantica
 Address: Chapel Knolls, Pulaski Rd.
 New Castle, Pennsylvania

Model: Futurama
 Address: Chapel Knolls, Pulaski Rd.
 New Castle, Pennsylvania

SOUTH CAROLINA

J. T. McAlister & Co.
 2710 Beltline Blvd.
 Columbia, South Carolina
 Model: Futurama
 Address: Foxhall
 Pinebelt Road
 Columbia, South Carolina

SOUTH DAKOTA

Urup Construction Company
 Franklin St.
 Vermillion, South Dakota
 Model: Romantica
 Address: Ridgcrest Addition
 836 Valley View Drive
 Vermillion, South Dakota

TENNESSEE

W. D. Jemison & Sons, Inc.
 2306 S. Parkway East
 Memphis 14, Tennessee
 Model: Futurama
 Address: 3991 Lakemont Drive
 Forest Lakes Subdivision
 Memphis, Tennessee

TEXAS

R. E. Barnes, Builder
 10143 Hedgeway Drive
 Dallas, Texas

Dantonio & Dungan Const. Co.
 320 E. Yandell St.
 El Paso, Texas

Earnest & Company
 3411 New Boston Rd.
 Texarkana, Texas
 Model: Romantica
 Address: Brownwood Second Addition
 118 Wildwood Drive
 Texarkana, Texas

Gearhart Construction Co.
 Route 1, Box 284
 McAllen, Texas
 Model: Contemporary
 Address: 218 S. W. 9th Street
 Premont, Texas

Homecraft Builders, Inc.
 2116 N. W. Military Drive
 San Antonio, Texas
 Model: Romantica
 Contact builder for date of completion.

Selby-Lankford Building Company
 2210 Morgan Ave., Box 5308
 Corpus Christi, Texas

VIRGINIA

Leigh Bartin
 615 South Jefferson St.
 Roanoke, Virginia
 Model: Romantica
 Address: Chapel Forest
 Lockridge Rd.
 Roanoke, Virginia

Byler and Womble Realty, Inc.
 6917 Riddick Street
 Norfolk, Virginia
 Model: Futurama
 Address: Larkspur Court
 Larkspur of Kempsville Meadows
 Norfolk, Virginia

Edwards Builders, Inc.
 10 Stratford Hills Shopping Center
 Richmond 25, Virginia
 Model: Romantica
 Address: Stratford Hills
 Stratford Rd.
 Richmond, Virginia

Forrest H. Long, Inc.
 221 Dogwood Drive
 Portsmouth, Virginia
 Model: Romantica
 Address: 209 Dogwood Drive
 Portsmouth, Virginia

J. B. Harris, Jr., Builder
 1106 Brandon Ave., S. W.
 Roanoke, Virginia
 Model: Romantica
 Address: Crenshaw Court
 Trents Ferry Road
 Lynchburg, Virginia

Lester Bros., Inc.
 Martinsville, Virginia
 Model: Regency
 Address: Alexandria, Va.
 Contact builder for date
 of completion.

L. B. Weber, Contractor
 3269 Warwick Road
 Denbigh, Virginia
 Model: Romantica
 Address: Shore Park
 No. 1 Widgeon Circle
 (Denbigh Station)
 Newport News, Virginia

WASHINGTON

Bell & Valdez
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JOHN WAYNE

Continued from page 46

As soon as he'd eased himself into a chair, she snuggled up to him and began to chatter. "All those horses!" she said, her eyes widening again.

He laughed. Then he said, "Oh, Aissa, your hair's come down."

She held out the ribbon to him. "Daddy fix," she said.

For a few minutes he struggled with the bow, then he gave up. Holding his hands up for her to see, he apologized, "My big fingers are too big! Besides," he added, "I like your hair down, baby." Then, to divert her, he said, "I have to get back on the set soon, but maybe there'll be time for a horseback ride first. Would you like that?"

Aissa said yes, but he noticed she could hardly keep her eyes open. "Sleepy, honey?" he asked.

She shook her head, no, and tried to keep her eyes from shutting, but it was no use. In a moment, he thought, she'll be asleep. Poor baby, it's so hot here. He snuggled her closer and he could feel her drifting off. Sleepily, she murmured something. He leaned down and kissed her little nose. "What did you say, Aissa?" he asked.

Stiffling a yawn, she said, "Daddy, tell me, when is God going to bring me my baby brother?"

"Your baby brother," he repeated dully, wondering how to answer her. But then he saw he didn't have to—not yet—for Aissa was sound asleep.

As he sat holding his little girl, he remembered how happy he'd been when Pilar had told him there was going to be another baby. The first thing they'd both said was, "Wait till we tell Aissa!"

"You're going to have a baby brother," he had tried to explain to her.

"Oh, John," Pilar had whispered, "how do you know it'll be a boy? What if it's a girl? She'll be disappointed."

He'd laughed. "I just know," he'd said. (Somehow, he always thought of babies as being boys—he always had.)

But then he remembered the day she'd come from the hospital. She had lost the baby they'd looked forward to so much. There was an emptiness about the house, he recalled, the kind of emptiness that only comes when a member of the family is missing. It seemed to penetrate everything they did, yet, strangely, they'd found it difficult to put their feelings into words.

Finally, he had held Pilar to him and said, "Don't worry . . . we'll—we'll have another," not knowing how else to comfort her. God is good, he felt. God has been good to us.

And then Pilar had asked quietly, "What about Aissa?"

It was because of Aissa that they could talk about it at all. To her, a baby brother was something wonderful, something to ask question after question about. Only now they found it hard to answer those questions. They could talk about it between themselves, but they had not been able to bring themselves to tell Aissa.

He wondered how his parents would have told him. . . . Then, shaking his head to rid himself of that thought, he remembered the day his brother had been born.

That day, his father had stayed home. He hadn't gone to work at the drug-store at all. They were living in Winterset in Iowa then, he remembered, and everybody had been busy all day long. They had hardly even noticed him, as they ran back and forth with hot water

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and towels. Somebody, he thought, is taking an awful lot of baths.

Late in the afternoon, his father came out of the little room that had been John's room when he was a baby. "You have a baby brother," his father told him, and, taking his hand, led him to the kitchen. "Have a glass of milk," he said, "and we'll toast your new brother."

Slowly sipping his milk, John listened to every word his father said about the baby. He didn't tell his father he had known the baby would be a boy, because he didn't want to interrupt. But he had known. How could it have been a girl? A girl couldn't play cowboys and Indians with him, and he wanted to play that and all sorts of other games with his brother as soon as he came.

When John finished his milk, his father said, "His name's Robert. Come, do you want to see him?"

The boy could only nod and tiptoe down the hall. When his father opened the door, John wondered why the room was so dark. Then, a few feet from the metal crib, he stopped, blinking his eyes to see what was inside. But he's so little, he thought. He can't run outside with me now. I know he can't.

He began scuffing his feet impatiently on the rug. Then he turned curiously to his father. "They're a little small," his father said, seeing John's puzzled look. "But they grow. Takes time, of course, but he'll be out playing with you before you know it. You'll see."

Still feeling a little disappointed, John turned back to the metal crib for another look. As he moved closer to the crib, he decided the baby *was* rather wonderful, at that. Each tiny fingernail was perfect, he saw. And the eyelashes? He shuffled closer and took hold of the crib's metal rail. Then it happened.

Sparks shot up from the crib. "Look!" he said to his father. "Look—now I *know* where he came from. He came out of the sky, where the lightning is!"

His father mumbled something that sounded like "static electricity," but John didn't know what that meant. He hardly

heard him. And, from that moment on, he knew there was something *very special* about a baby brother. He was sure baby brothers came—with sparks and bolts of lightning—straight from heaven.

Not long after Robert was born, the whole family moved to the Mojave Desert. The doctor had told John's father, "The desert climate will be better for your health," and so they had moved. John liked it there from the very beginning. It was there he'd learned to ride. When Robert was older, he taught him to ride, too.

They'd had such fun together, he remembered. It wouldn't have been half as good without Robert. This was why he'd felt Aissa should have someone in the house to play with, too. He had often told Pilar that Aissa should have a brother.

He remembered galloping off from imaginary Indians and rustlers with Robert. "They're trying to surround us," he'd say, and they'd ride off together along the rocky, dusty path to the little schoolhouse in Palmdale, California. It was an eight-mile ride, but, because they were being "pursued," they were never late for school.

Twice a week they stopped off after school at the Palmdale general store. There, they picked up a sack of groceries and staples and then galloped home. But one day, when they weren't expected home for another hour, they decided to play cowboys and Indians.

That afternoon, as he jogged out of town with his share of supplies tied to his back, he said to Robert, "Let's pretend they're trying to ambush us."

"Fine," said Robert, and so, when they came to a sharp turn around a high cliff, they bent down close to their horses' necks, pretending there was a gang of outlaws just around the bend.

"Watch out," he called out to Robert, "these hombres mean business!"

Then, as they rounded the bend, he dug his heels into Jenny's sides and, screaming warlike chants, suddenly swerved off to the right, just at the point where the bad men would most likely have caught

him and Robert. "Fooled 'em," he shouted.

Confident that he knew all the backways in that part of the country, he wound his way in and out of the brush and rocks, with Robert right behind him. Every scrubby palm, every mesquite and every jack rabbit represented an enemy. If he sighted a lazy rattlesnake, that was an especially bad outlaw. Finally, having twisted and turned and ridden hard for several miles, he pulled up.

"Think we lost 'em, Robert," he said. "We can rest now."

Robert drew up beside him. He was breathing hard, but he was smiling. Then his face changed. "Where—do you know where we are?" he asked. "I never saw this part of the desert before."

"We're all right, Robert," he said. "I know every foot of this country." His chest swelled with pride. "Don't forget," he added, "you're with me."

But then he looked around him. The countryside *did* look strange. He wheeled Jenny around, glanced east, then west. Which way was home? He began to feel a little frightened. The path home seemed to have been swallowed up. The more he stared at the vast wastes of land for a clue or a landmark to guide him, the more lost he felt.

Then Robert spoke again. "Are you sure we're all right?" he asked. But he only looked a *little* worried. After all, he was with his big brother, and his big brother had never failed him before.

Looking into Robert's face, John saw how much his brother trusted him. "We'll go this way," he said, his voice far more confident than his heart. "Come on," he said, "we're going home now."

And, somehow, he had led Robert in exactly the right direction. After that experience, he felt he was really a cowboy.

Aissa coughed and he held her closer to him. It's funny, he thought, as he watched two kids on the set shoot imaginary guns, mimicking a scene from "The Horse Soldiers," all boys like to play cowboys, I guess.

He'd learned to shoot a *real* gun when he was ten—at a party!

"Like to come to my birthday party tomorrow afternoon?" his classmate Liza had asked, as they ran down the steps of the school in Glendale, California, where the family had moved after his father had given up trying to eke out a living from the parched Mojave land.

"Gee, yes," said John, "I'd love to come to your party, Liza. But can I bring my brother Bob, too?"

"Sure," Liza said, tossing back her blond braids. "I'll see you both at my house about three." And she'd skipped off down the street.

The next afternoon, John and Robert, dressed in their best suits, arrived at Liza's house just as the nearby church clock struck the hour. Most of the children were John's age, and Robert kept close to his brother, looking shy and small. All around the yard were balloons and paper lanterns, and, in one corner, there was a huge table crowded with all sorts of cake, ice creams and candies.

"Come on, I'll introduce you around." Liza took them both by the hand and led them to a large group of children. Soon they were having a wonderful time.

Then someone suggested playing a kissing game, and all the children lined up—boys on one side of the room, girls on the other. But just as they were about to start the game, one of the older boys spotted Robert, whose head barely reached the shoulders of the boys standing on each side of him.

"What's he doing here?" the older boy shouted. "Make the little jerk go away! He's just a baby!"

John wasn't quite sure what a *jerk* was,



Watching Aissa tell the make-up lady about her "horsie ride," John and Pilar exchange a look of gratitude that it takes so little, really, to make her happy.

but he didn't think it was a compliment. No one was going to insult his brother in front of him! He marched out of line and punched the boy on the nose.

"You can't talk about my brother like that!" he said. But no one else seemed to agree with him.

The yard was soon a shambles. Children were screaming and fighting and knocking over chairs. Then Liza's mother came out and shouted for them to stop.

When she was told that John had started it all, she took him off to one side. Before he had a chance to explain what had really happened, she said firmly; "I'm sorry to have to say this, but you and your brother will have to leave."

Feeling hurt and misunderstood, John took his brother home. But he was not beaten yet. He went straight up to his room, found his air rifle, and slipped quietly back to Liza's house. Commando style, he crawled onto a nearby roof, aimed carefully, and peppered every balloon and paper lantern in the yard with BB shots. When he was satisfied that he had exploded all of them, he clambered down and went home to tell his father and "take his medicine."

Aissa was stirring in his arms. "Daddy," she said, blinking her eyes against the harsh sunlight, "where were you?"

"I was here," he said, "but where were you, honey?"

She giggled. "Took a nap." Trying to smother a huge yawn, she giggled again.

"How about a ride on that big black horse now, like I promised?" he said, and seeing that director John Ford was getting ready to begin shooting again, he added, "We'll make this a quick one—okay, honey?"

"Sure, Daddy," she said, wriggling down from his lap and running over to where the horses were. "This one," she said, pointing to a black stallion. "I want this one to ride. He has the nicest eyes and the longest hair of all. And he looks like he knows me and likes me, too. Don't you think so, Daddy?"

John laughed. "Of course, he likes you," he said.

As he lifted her up and placed her securely on the horse, he squeezed her hand a little. "Look how big you are," he said, looking up at her and smiling. "Bigger than I am now."

She looked down at him and giggled. "Then you'll have to be a good little boy," she said, "won't you, Daddy?"

He held her around the waist with one hand and led the horse around in a wide circle with the other. Then he said gently, "Aissa, about that baby brother—"

But she wasn't listening, he saw. She wasn't even thinking about a baby brother any more. She was looking over toward the shade trees and waving. He squinted against the sun and followed her gaze. Pilar was sitting in one of the canvas chairs, looking rested and relaxed. She beckoned to them.

Lifting Aissa from the horse, he held her close for a moment. Then he walked over to where Pilar was waiting. Now he knew that his little girl would one day find the answer to her question by herself.

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DICK CLARK

Continued from page 54

"Don't say anything you'll be sorry for." Even after our fifth call, person-to-person from Photoplay to Philadelphia, Fabe was pleasant as ever. "Please, stop worrying about me," he kept assuring us. So finally, we did—and that's where we made our first mistake. . . .

As the jet flagship took off for Hollywood that beautiful, clear Monday evening, all three fellows settled down for a cozy trip.

"Gee, Tony, isn't it strange?" Dick asked as he fumbled with his seat-belt. "Why'd they have to pull us out of Philadelphia so early? The TV panel show isn't until Wednesday, and as for the movie, all Columbia wants to do is talk."

Our boy Fabian didn't even crack a smile. He bent down and scratched off an imaginary spot on his cream-colored loafers.

"Well, you know how it is, Dick," Tony broke in glibly, trying not to look at Fabian. "When you're making a movie, the studio wants to be sure all the details are ironed out in advance . . . like we do on the 'Bandstand.' It saves time when you start shooting."

"I guess so," Dick answered, only half convinced, and started flipping through a week-old copy of "Variety."

The first three hours went well. Fabian slept. And maybe the weather should be blamed for what happened next, for somewhere over Colorado the plane started playing hide-and-seek with some rain clouds and the roll woke Fabian up. Soon he and Dick had a game of cards on.

Tony was sitting in front of them, glancing at a magazine and half-listening to the conversation behind him.

"Cleaned out of matchsticks again," Fabian said, leaning over the back of Tony's seat. "Got any more?"

"Not again," groaned Tony. "Ask the stewardess for some."

Then he heard Fabian asking Dick, "Have you spent much time in California?"

"No," came the reply. "We were there last year when I was at the Hollywood Bowl. Whew," he whistled, "talk about hectic trips!"

"Hmm," Fabian muttered, concentrating on his cards; then, absent-mindedly, "When are Bobbie and the baby coming out?"

Tony froze in his seat. Dick didn't know the program was bringing Bobbie and his parents out for the show.

"Who? Bobbie?" Dick asked. "She's not coming. It wouldn't be worth it for so short a time, I thought I told you . . . hey, you knocked the matchsticks on the floor." And luckily his head disappeared under the seat just long enough for Tony to hit Fabian frantically on the head!

"Yeah," Tony chimed in. "Why would Bobbie want to bring the baby all the way out to California just for three days?"

The rest of the trip was gloriously (for us) uneventful, and finally the plane circled over the dazzling lights of Hollywood before gliding onto the runway at Los Angeles International Airport.

Dick was first to leave the plane, and as he stood at the top of the ramp, he called back over his shoulder, "Hey, you guys, isn't this great? You can feel the hum of Hollywood as soon as you step off the plane." Then he added wistfully, "If only Bobbie were here."

What Dick didn't know was that very soon, Barbara, two-year-old Dickie, and his parents would walk across the same airfield and feel the same buzz of excitement.

As everyone who's ever visited Hollywood knows, it's a pretty small town when it comes to keeping a secret or avoiding someone. So "This Is Your Life" set up an elaborate plan to keep the Clark family separate, and Tony Mammarella was the key to the plot.

One of Tony's jobs was to keep Dick busy and away from the places where Bobbie might be.

"How about stopping by my room for half an hour and going over the schedule for the next two days, Dick?" Tony asked as they went up to their rooms at the Sheraton West Hotel.

"Gee, Tony, I'm so tired," Dick answered, yawning uncontrollably. "Do you mind if we hold off till tomorrow?"

"O.K.," Tony said with a smile. After all, it was 5 a. m., and there wasn't much danger Dick would sleep-walk six miles across town to the Roosevelt Hotel, where his family would soon be checking in.

For the next thirty-nine hours, with little time out for sleep, Tony juggled with Dick in one hotel and the rest of the Clark family in the other. At one point Dick was beginning to become annoyed at Tony's evasiveness.

It was Wednesday morning when Dick decided he wasn't to be put off any longer. Every time he'd asked Tony for his schedule, there'd been a different excuse.

"What's the matter with you, Tony?" he finally asked, rather sharply, as they walked through the NBC studios, presumably on their way to the panel show. "For the last three weeks I haven't been able to pin you down about any of the details of this trip. It's not like you to—"

"You worry too much, Dick," Tony interrupted as he swung open the conference-room door.

But Dick went right on. "You usually have everything planned to the last minute. What's the matter, boy? You're slipping."

"Believe me, Dick, everything's working out all right," he answered as he introduced him to Dr. Willard Robinson, principal of Airport Junior High School in Los Angeles, who'd agreed to go along with the hoax by pretending to moderate the discussion.

The rest of the panel-members—Connie Francis, Andy Williams, Frankie Avalon and Fabian—were already there, and for about forty minutes before the telecast, they "warmed up" by discussing the influence of music on teens today. Then Dr. Robinson took them through a side door into NBC's Studio 3 and led them onto the stage where a long table was set up.

As Dick sat down and pulled in his chair, he noticed something was wrong. "That's crazy," he said, turning to Andy Williams. "Look, there aren't any microphones on the table." Looking up, he added, "And there aren't any overhead ones, either. Somebody must have goofed."

But before Andy could think up an excuse, there was a rustle in the audience and smothered laughter as a familiar voice announced:

"You thought you were here to be a guest on a panel . . . but actually, Dick Clark . . . *This Is Your Life*."

"Did you know . . ." Dick started to say to Dr. Robinson, who had been at his side. But when he looked around, the whole "panel" had already disappeared, and he was alone on the stage.

As if from a great distance, he heard Ralph Edwards saying: "Dick Clark . . . musical star-maker, America's number-one disk jockey . . . spokesman for the great, wholesome majority of American teenagers . . . emcee of two television shows with a combined weekly audience of some 50 million Americans. . . ."

Then the opening bars of "A Boy Without a Girl" sang through the studio and as the music faded Frankie Avalon appeared, saying, "Ralph, I'll always be grateful to Dick for the faith he had in me . . . he's been a counselor and a good friend. He even led Fabian and me to a career in motion pictures . . ."

"How did you plan all this without my even knowing?" Dick started to ask as Frankie shook hands with him, but he was interrupted by a voice:

"You were born in Mount Vernon, New York, on November 30, 1929, and christened Richard Wagstaff Clark. How you grew up to become, at the age of 29, the Dick Clark who's liked and respected by millions of teenagers, I'm sure your mother and father can tell us—and here they are, from their home in Utica, New York—Richard A. and Julia Clark."

A tall, distinguished-looking man started walking toward the center of the stage, stopped and stretched out his arm to a tiny woman, dressed in a simple blue cotton dress, who hung back a little. He took her hand, slipped it under his arm and together they walked toward Dick.

"Mom!" Dick cried and rushed over to kiss her on the cheek. She gave him a nervous smile. "We finally got her on television," Dick said to his father, "but it's not even my show."

"Well, sir," Ralph Edwards asked, "how does it feel to be the father of Dick Clark?"

Mr. Clark laughed. "Back in Utica, when Dick first went on the radio, he changed his name to Dick Clay so he wouldn't be confused with me. Today, when I go into an office on a business appointment and announce myself as Dick Clark, the receptionist usually stares at me as if to say: 'Who do you think you're kidding?' Even my old friends kid me about it. I was at a sports banquet about a year ago when Mel Allen, whom I've known for years, came over and let himself be introduced to me. Then with a perfectly straight face, he said: 'Dick Clark? This is Dick Clark? Boy, you certainly look younger on television!'"

Turning to Mrs. Clark, Ralph Edwards said: "You must be very proud of your son. Tell me, what sort of interests did Dick have as a boy?"

And as Dick sat there, the past became, for the moment, his present. . . .

He was seven years old and kind of small for his age. Relatives always said he resembled his father but got his height and bounce from his mother. He outgrew Mom on the first point but never on the second. Nor did he ever outgrow the special understanding that always existed between them. Maybe it was because she always kept her word . . . no matter what happened.

Like that April afternoon, twenty-two years ago, when his second-grade teacher came to call. He wasn't feeling very bouncy that day, as he leaned over the upstairs banister and tried to imagine what was being said behind those closed living-room doors. His grades were pretty good, but he and his pals kidded around a lot, and sometimes they got carried away and overdid it.

At his mother's call, he carefully walked downstairs step by step, not in leaps of three or even four the way he usually did, and entered the room slowly, trying to decide how things had gone. One thing he knew for sure, it wasn't about smoking.

A short time before, his mother had been alarmed to discover some half-smoked cigarettes under his bed, but she knew from experience that the greatest temptation to a boy is to forbid him to do something. Instead, she made a bargain with him. He had her permission to smoke.

but only when a member of the family was present.

He mumbled a greeting to his teacher and went over and sat down on the edge of the chair farthest from her. He was watching his mother out of the corner of his eye, and when she passed him a cookie and smiled, he knew everything was all right. This was just a social visit. He'd done nothing wrong.

He nibbled through one cookie, then another, trying to follow the talk for a while, but it was pretty dull . . . all about grownups. And then he got an idea. He'd test his mother.

Wriggling deep into the oversized arm-chair, he poked around in the side pocket of his brown corduroy knickers until he found a limp cigarette that was slightly bent in the middle, like a stovepipe, from being carried around for weeks, and stuck it in his mouth. Switching to another pocket, he fished out a soiled packet of matches and elaborately lit up.

By this time conversation in the room had stopped, and both women were watching in ominous silence. But the small boy casually smoked on, alternating each puff with a bite of cookie. Slowly, the teacher straightened in her chair and, with lips drawn tight, swung around toward Mrs. Clark and waited for an explanation. Her son was waiting, too.

After a moment, Mrs. Clark cleared her throat, carefully put down her teacup and leaned forward: "Won't you try the cookies, too?" she asked the teacher.

Her son smiled happily to himself and stubbed out the cigarette. He never smoked again—he still doesn't today.

Mrs. and Mrs. Clark never knew what new escapade Dick would dream up.

There was the year they went on a cruise, leaving him in the care of his aunt. No one, including Auntie, knew quite how it happened, but one day Dick persuaded her to buy him some baby chicks and converted the Clark sunporch into one of the most modern housing projects any chicken has ever known. When the Clarks returned, they were greeted by a whole family of fully grown chickens, who were flapping around Mrs. Clark's new wicker furniture. Despite the eloquent appeal of their youngest son, the chickens moved out that same afternoon.

Dick's tears dried quickly after his older brother Brad took him aside and told him about the family of rabbits that had just moved in down the street. Somehow Brad could always make him feel better. He was everything Dick wasn't but wanted to be. Brad was tall and strong, an outstanding athlete though quiet, almost shy. And above all he was very gentle and understanding. Like all brothers, they fought hard between themselves, but stood together against everyone else—sometimes even against their parents. With all the wisdom of his five additional years, Brad could always help Dick, whether it was to convince him that a broken heart was worthless and that there were dozens more even prettier girls in the world, or that one Dick Clark was quite a guy and should be proud of himself and work hard to accomplish something big.

And when Brad went into the Air Force he was even more of a hero in his brother's eyes. Dick began to depend more and more on those short furloughs and on the letters Brad sent him, first from a camp in New Jersey, later from a secret air base in England.

Then came that cold, gray December morning, two days before Christmas, 1944, and the telegram from the War Department. His parents tried to soften the blow but they couldn't. . . . Brad was dead. All Dick wanted was to be alone. He de-



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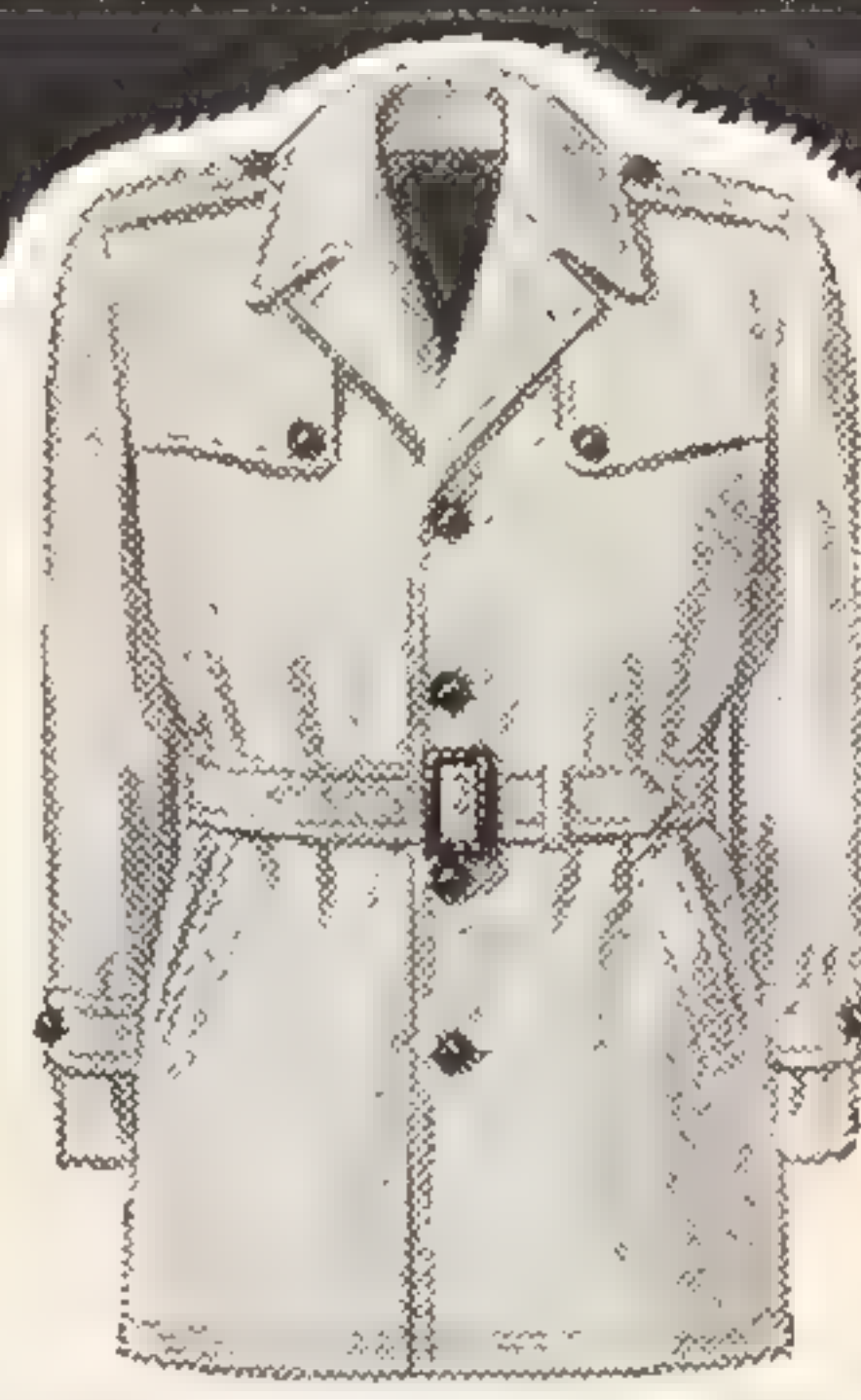
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cided he would work hard to make something of himself, that he would prove himself to his dead brother.

Today, Dick believes that without Brad he would never have had the courage to tackle the difficult broadcasting field . . . and without his dad and his wife he might not have had the perseverance to stick out the rough years.

By the time Dick was a junior in A. B. Davis High, he had discovered his love of radio through his activities in the speech and dramatics club, and he had found his future wife through part-ownership of an old jalopy named The Green Hornet.

Dick and his good friend, Andy Grass, had finally saved up money enough to buy a car—Dick owned the front half, Andy the rear—and the only way they could both have the car on the same night was to put the two halves together and double-date. That's how Dick met Barbara Mallery.

It was Halloween night, October 27, 1945, and everybody was going to the big party. You know, the kind of party where you duck for apples and try to fly around the room in a sheet—not the most romantic kind of evening. Dick had a date with a cute blonde, Diane Ruffano, and Andy was taking Barbara, who had admired Dick for a whole year, even though she was a sophomore and he didn't know her very well.

But it didn't take Barbara long to know what she wanted, and that night, after she'd gotten home from the party, she wrote in her diary: "This is the boy I want to marry . . ." and carefully tucked away the box of Whitman's Chocolates that Dick had won that night and had given to her. Today it's brimming with souvenirs from their many dates.

It took Dick a little longer (all of two months) to realize how much he liked Bobbie and to ask her out. It was to the high school Snowball Dance, and "Let It

Snow" is still one of their favorite songs. After that night, Andy and Dick changed partners permanently, and a couple of years later Andy and Diana were married. (Andy is little Dickie Clark's godfather.)

By spring of his senior year, Dick and Bobbie were officially going steady, and they stayed that way even after the Clarks moved from Mount Vernon to Utica that summer.

Mrs. Clark's brother had bought Station WRUN in Utica, New York, and had asked Mr. Clark to run it for him. This was Dick's big chance to learn about radio, and for many summers thereafter he hung around the station doing whatever errands and odd jobs he could. In the fall he entered Syracuse University as a Business Administration major, but most of his life was centered around the shows he ran on the school's FM station. Week-ends he would hop into his 1934 car and drive 300 miles to Maryland, where Bobbie was attending the State Teachers College. Finally, to save wear and tear on both Dick and the car, she transferred to Oswego College, only twenty miles from Syracuse.

By the time Bobbie graduated from college, Dick had successfully auditioned for Roger Clipp, manager of Philadelphia's Station WFIL and a friend of Mr. Clark's, and had been given a job as a television staff announcer.

In June, 1953, seven years after they had first met, Dick and Bobbie were married. The bride was beautiful in a white lace dress and a filmy tulle veil, and as Dick slipped the plain gold band on her finger, he whispered: "I'll make it up to you, I promise."

With a radiant smile, Bobbie answered, "I don't mind . . . I have everything now."

But Dick repeated stubbornly to himself, "I will; I'll get you another ring, more beautiful than this one." For he

had been so busy those last few weeks, winding up his old job, traveling to Philadelphia to discuss his new one and getting ready to move, that he just hadn't had time to get Barbara's wedding ring. So at the last minute she'd had to go down to the local jeweler and buy her own.

Their married life was just as hectic. They had a two-day honeymoon before Dick began his job at WFIL. If the first year of marriage is the hardest for most young couples, the Clarks had an even bigger problem. As a schoolteacher, Bobbie had to leave the house at eight each morning, while Dick worked from one to ten at night and, except for Sundays, their one common holiday, it was a matter of catching each other on the way in and out of the house.

But Dick never forgot that second vow he'd made on their wedding day, and three years later, two weeks after Dickie was born, he came home one night and tossed a big stack of household bills on the kitchen table. He insisted Bobbie stop cooking dinner and go through them right away. Bobbie sat down, with Dick standing at her side, and started going through each envelope. When she got to the fifth one, she felt a funny lump, opened it and found a wad of tissue paper. Inside was a diamond wedding band. Dick took her hand, removed the gold ring she'd had to buy for herself and slipped the new one onto her finger. Bobbie has never taken it off.

By that time Dick was building "American Bandstand" into one of the most popular television shows in the country. Today, a lot of people think Dick was an overnight success, but it isn't true. At 29, he has already spent thirteen years learning and working in the broadcasting field. He knows what a tough business it is . . . and maybe that's why he's done so much to help other talented young people.

Dick was brought back to the present, back to "This Is Your Life," when he heard Connie Francis say:

"Dick had everything to do with my success, Ralph. I'd been singing since I was eleven years old, and nothing had happened. Then Dick took my record, 'Who's Sorry Now?' and played it every day for thirty days. In two months it was the number-one record in the country—all because of the push he gave it. It makes no difference to him *who* you are, it's *how* you are that counts with Dick. He's a beautiful man, and we all love him."

At a party given by "This Is Your Life" after the program, Bobbie sat sipping coffee at a table with Dick and some of the program's guests.

"You can't imagine how relieved I am that this whole thing is over," she told us, then laughed. "I didn't know whether I felt more like Cinderella or Mata Hari these last two days. Every morning I'd get a little schedule showing when I could leave the hotel, and a long black limousine would be waiting for me at the door. I even had to wear dark sunglasses in case I drove past some of our friends, who might recognize me and tell Dick they saw me on Sunset Boulevard."

Then, with a mischievous look, she smiled over at Dick and said: "You know, I almost felt like a celebrity's wife!" THE END

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6

MARILYN MONROE

Continued from page 43

everything in the world already, hasn't she? She's beautiful, she's a big movie star, she's got a brilliant husband, she's rich . . . so you tell me: Why should she be so desperate to have a baby?"

On the bed, the woman stirred restlessly, trying to focus. Someone was talking . . . talking—about her. She tried to place the voice, but her mind was fuzzy. Was it Arthur? Arthur had said something like that . . . something— But it wasn't Arthur. Then who was it? And where was she?

Propping herself up on her elbows, Marilyn Monroe opened her eyes fully and looked around.

And knew where she was. This was not the silk-sheeted, king-sized bed of her East 57th Street apartment, but the spare, sanitary outline of a hospital bed. The walls with their pastel paint and cheerful pictures belonged to the forty-dollar-a-day room she and Arthur had chosen for her stay here. And "here" was the Lenox Hill Hospital in New York City.

Slowly, she let herself sink back onto the pillows. The clock at her bedside said ten o'clock. She'd been lying here for an hour and a half, ever since she finished checking in shortly after eight that morning, and she'd fallen asleep. Or perhaps they'd given her something to make her sleep. She couldn't remember. She'd been dreaming, and then that voice had come through the door. It must have been a young doctor. Or an intern. It didn't matter who it had been.

His words still hung heavily on the air. "She's got everything in the world already . . . so why is she so desperate to have a baby . . . ?"

They hung there like echoes, echoes of other voices, wondering, asking, advising. . . .

Arthur's voice: "Darling, you don't have to go through with this, you know. There's no guarantee it'll help us have a baby . . ."

Her business adviser: "Why don't you consider adopting a child, Marilyn? Lots of people do, especially movie stars. Why should *you* be so anxious to tie yourself down with a pregnancy?"

Her girl friend, worried: "Listen, kid, you've had two miscarriages already, and someone once told me it's really three. Aren't you scared? Don't you think maybe you'd better quit trying?"

Her mother-in-law: "Of course, I know how you feel. But an operation is no joke, darling. I know . . ."

Good voices. Kind, loving voices, talking good sense to her, telling her over and over that she didn't have to do this, didn't have to offer her body to the surgeon's knife, to the fear before the operation and the pain and the weakness afterwards. Sometimes she had been on the point of giving in. But always, something had stopped her. Always she had heard another voice, out of the past, long gone. She heard it now in the hospital room, clearer than the anxious echoes, louder than the words of that young doctor—a shrill, unbeautiful voice, clogged with tears, choked with desperation—the voice of a child:

"Someday, when I grow up, I'm going to have a little girl of my own. And I'm never going to leave her, never. Never . . ."

Her own voice, out of the past.

She'd tried to tell them about it. Arthur, because of his love and his sensitivity, understood partly. The others listened sympathetically and then shook their heads, reminding her that all that was

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LAST-MINUTE NEWS



When his second separation from Diane Jergens—in less than a year of marriage—began to look permanent, we asked Peter Brown about it. “It’s so easy to be happy, so easy to love,” he told us, “but not for us, not for Diane and me.” Why? Peter’s proud, ambitious, a livewire; Diane’s more serious, steady. It’s true that opposites attract but, for these two, it looks as though the day-by-day strain proved to be too much.

over now. But it wasn’t over, not for Marilyn. And yet she couldn’t make them see it. How could she, any more than she could climb down from the bed now and go out into the hall and cry out to that young man, still wondering why she cared so much: “You don’t know what kind of a little girl I was. You don’t know how important it is to me . . .”

No, she couldn’t do that. Wearily, Marilyn closed her eyes. Her blond hair matted on the pillow beneath her, but she didn’t notice. She lay motionless and alone.

And she remembered . . .

She had said those words for the first time when she was six. Six years old, standing on a chair at the sink, with an apron much too large for her wrapped around her middle. She was washing dishes. She had washed them since she was four years old; people didn’t believe that, but it was true. She had washed dishes and scrubbed floors before her fifth birthday, and now it was automatic; her little hands, wrinkled and red from the hot water, moved in the suds without her even watching them; and if hot, salty tears splashed into the water, that didn’t make the dishes any less clean. And over and over she repeated her vow, her promise to the future:

“Someday, I’ll have a little girl of my own. Someday. . .”

She had learned that day that her mother would never take her home with her.

She had learned that, in every way that mattered, she was to be alone forever.

There wasn’t even anyone to tell her who she was. It was years before she knew her own identity, and then it came to her in bits, pieced together from the taunts of other children, the curious probing of grownups, words and phrases spoken a little too loud, so that the wondering child overheard them and finally understood.

She was illegitimate. The name she bore, Norma Jean Baker, was her mother’s name. Her father’s name she never even knew. He had left her mother, it seemed, before that warm June morning in 1926 when she was born in the charity ward of a Los Angeles hospital—left her and never bothered to inquire what had become of his child. No one else bothered, either. No one came with toys and satin carriage-covers to peek through the nursery window; no one touched her but the nurse who gave her a bottle, and her mother, who held her daughter and wept.

“The sins of the parents shall be visited upon the heads of the children,” the grownups whispered. And she came to know what that meant, too. Other babies have been born out of wedlock and have never known it. Some have grandparents

to raise them tenderly and well. Some are adopted by people whose empty arms reach out to them with love.

But Norma Jean’s grandparents were not available. Her father’s parents never knew of her existence. Her mother’s parents had died—in mental institutions.

And her frightened mother, alone in the world except for this tiny, wailing baby, could not bear to give her up forever, for adoption. She would, she decided, put her into a foster home until she got some sort of job that would take care of them both. Then she would come back for her baby. They would build a life together . . . some time.

So Norma Jean went to a foster home. A family was paid to care for her. They received so-much a month for their trouble and the child’s expenses. Love wasn’t mentioned in the bargain. You don’t purchase love for so-much a month.

At the age of twelve days, Norma Jean began her exile.

They weren’t bad people, this depression-hungry family that took her in for the poor twenty-five dollars a month her mother offered. It was just that love wasn’t in the bargain. Or patience. Or even kindness.

Lying in the padded box that served as a cradle, Norma Jean looked at gray, set faces. When she cried, when she stretched out her baby arms for comfort and tenderness, angry, harsh voices echoed around her. Later, she came to understand the words the voices said, and to remember them:

“Noisy brat . . .”

“Wicked child . . .”

“Gonna grow up a sinner like her Ma . . .”

She grew a little older, and understood a little more. It seemed she was headed straight for hell.

“Norma Jean, get away from that drawer. You bad child! The Lord will punish you!”

“Norma Jean, put down that doll. It doesn’t belong to you! You’re going to grow up a thief, and be put in jail!”

They weren’t trying to be cruel. They believed what they said. Their God was a God of wrath, and children were not exempt from His rage. When Norma Jean was three, they made her take a vow never to smoke, drink or swear. If they could have included laughing in that vow, they would have. For what right had Norma Jean Baker, with no folks but a wicked mama, no home but strangers’ houses, no future at all, to laugh? Or to be happy? She was always getting into mischief, always wanting to play instead of going to church three times every week, sometimes not coming till she was called two, three times.

A bad child. Headed straight for the devil’s arms.

They needn’t have worried. She learned early not to laugh. Or to be happy.

It took her longer to learn not to hope. She clung to hope like a shipwrecked sailor to a raft. When the other children—children who had homes and toys and folks of their own—tormented her, her brown eyes snapped fire:

“You just wait! My mama is coming to take me away in a big, big car . . .”

“Yah, you haven’t got a mama!”

“I do. I do, too. She comes to see me every—every—sometimes. She loves me.”

“So why don’t you live with her?”

The brown eyes would grow hazy. “Because . . . because—”

“Hey, look! Norma Jean, the Human Bean—she’s crying!”

She went on hoping, and dreaming. She would shake with excitement, knowing her mother was coming for a visit. This time, *this* time, the miracle would happen. Her mother would sweep her up and fill her arms with presents. She would say, for all the world to hear: “Look. This is my darling little girl, and I’m taking her away with me.” But it didn’t seem to happen. Instead, her mother would arrive at the door, a tired woman with haunted eyes and wisps of red hair sticking out beneath her hat. She would hold Norma Jean’s hand as she walked her down the block, treated her to an ice-cream cone. And then she would be gone again. Slowly, Norma Jean would trudge into the house, to her chores. All day she would be slow and miserable; by evening she would have “sinned” a dozen times. Those nights she would lie, trembling in the darkness, waiting for God to strike her down with lightning. Once she pulled the sheets over her head when a storm broke over the city. “Mama,” she whispered in the dark, fighting her terror. “Mama, come *now*!”

No one came.

She went on dreaming. She watched the caresses other children received and imagined her mother giving them to her. She pretended the occasional second-hand doll, the worn-out hand-me-down dresses she wore, were presents from her mother. She learned to read, and in her dreams she was the heroine of the fairy tale, the princess with golden hair, the enchanted child. One day at home she draped a sheet around herself and played at being the queen of the glass mountain. Suddenly a hand descended.

“Norma Jean! What are you doing?” The sheet came tearing off.

“Playing . . .”

“Wickedness,” her guardian cried. “Play-acting, sinning. Bad, bad girl!”

And the hand came down hard—and again—and again.

The next day her mother was due for another visit. Norma Jean waited, nursing her bruises. In a way she was glad she had been beaten. Now, wait till her mother saw. Wait till she heard. She’d take her child away now, for sure. Norma Jean tied her few pitiful possessions together and took up her post at the door.

Her mother arrived. Norma Jean ran to her. “Look! Look what she did to me. She hit me. Look—”

Her mother bent to see and then straightened up. “Well, you must have been a bad girl.”

The child broke off, staring. Her skinny face grew rigid with fear. “Mama, she *hit* me. Aren’t you . . . mad at her? Aren’t you going to take me away?”

Wearily, her mother shook her head. “Baby, you’ve got to stop asking me that every time. I can’t take you away. I *can’t*. I—I’m not well, Norma Jean. My head feels funny all the time. I can’t even stay with you today, I have to lie down . . .”

Incredibly, she was turning away. Norma

Jean's voice rose, unbelieving. "Don't go. Don't go."

Her mother walked faster. "You stay here, you hear? You'll be all right. I'll come back soon. Be a good girl. I'll come back."

The child dropped the little bundle of clothes. She stood clenching her tiny fists until the fingernails bit into her hands. And in that moment when she stood there, using all her small strength to keep from screaming—in that moment, she gave up all hope, all dreaming. She turned and walked into the house.

Over the sink of dishes, with her tears falling unnoticed, she made the vow she would never forget:

"Someday, I'll have a baby of my own . . ."

To receive all the love she had wanted, to be held as she had never been held, cherished as she had never been. Her baby. Her future.

In the street below the Lenox Hill Hospital windows, the New York day wore on. Trucks scraped and squealed down the street. Women hurried by, heels clicking. Children on their way home for lunch shouted and laughed. A nurse's aide strode briskly into Marilyn Monroe's room and stopped suddenly at the bed.

The woman said kindly, "It's nothing unusual to be a little depressed the day before an operation. You just concentrate on how wonderful it's going to be when it's all over. You just—"

Her voice droned on. "Yes," Marilyn said every now and then. "Yes. Thank you. I will."

But the tears inside were coming too fast to stop now, and the memories with them. The jumbled, tortured, mixed-up memories from the past . . .

A whisper: "You know Norma Jean said she was going to kill herself? Imagine a child of seven talking like that. Got to watch her careful. She might go nuts like her grandparents did."

A sneer: "Look at her awful grades from school. The teacher says she's so shy she won't even answer questions when she knows the answers!"

Her mother's voice: "Listen, honey, I've found another place for you to stay. No—" hastily—"not with me. But I think you'll like these people. They work in movies, as extras. They're kind of fun. You go to them next week. No, I can't take you myself. I'm not feeling good . . ."

She went to the new people. They were "fun"—or would have been, for any other child. They were bewildered because she had no toys, knew no games—so they tried to help her. They taught her to play gin rummy, and to dance a hula, and they gave her an improvised doll made of a whiskey bottle. The change was too great, too sudden, for the eight-year-old. Again, she took to lying rigid and sleepless at night, waiting for the Lord to destroy them all with flood and fire, as she had been taught He would.

And then someone told her that her mother was sick. Sick—how?

"Well, her mind is kind of tired, honey. So they're putting her in a hospital to rest."

She had heard enough to know what that meant. Her mother had gone insane. She hardly had time to digest it before they told her the rest. There would be no more money for Norma Jean's board now, and therefore she could not stay. She only nodded, accepting that, too. Why should anyone want her, a skinny, homely, bad child, unless they got money for her? Nobody had ever loved her. She knew that, and by now it hurt no more than an old, almost healed wound.

But the sign over the building the social worker drove her to—the black sign

with yellow letters that spelled ORPHAN-AGE—that was a new wound, a terrible one. She started to scream. She tried to hold on to a tree. Her little feet kicked out and her voice rose, piercing, as the woman dragged her toward the door.

"I'm not an orphan. I'm not. I have a mother. I—do—have—a—mother!"

She looked up. Arthur stared down at her. "Would you like to talk to the doctor? Are you in pain?"

What is pain? How could she explain her pains to the doctor . . .

That she was sent to twelve homes before she was sixteen and still no one ever held her like a mother, comforted her, gave her advice or confidence? Tell him to cut her open because she didn't have the baby that might have saved her first marriage, made when she was sixteen to a boy she didn't love—because she thought at least she could have a home and family of her own? Tell him she was crying now because her second marriage, to Joe DiMaggio, fell apart, too, without a child to hold it together, and because becoming Marilyn Monroe, beautiful and famous and rich, and having half the world in love with her hadn't filled her empty heart? Tell him that when she met Arthur Miller she had thought at last her life would be complete, that having his love, sharing his life, joining his religion, would give her what she had longed for and missed for all those desperate, lonely years. That she had everything now that a woman could ask for—and life was still imperfect because that childhood vow was unfulfilled. Tell him that on the day she knew, three years ago, that she was pregnant with Arthur's child, she thought she would explode with joy—and on the day she lost the unborn baby, she wanted to die of grief. Tell him of the months of tortured waiting, and then the second pregnancy—and then the end of that one, even more horrible than the first. The terror that crept over her, the fear that she would never bear a baby, that she couldn't—and the sense of hideous failure.

She had failed the little girl she had been, promising that someday she would be to a baby all that no one had been to her.

Tell the surgeon all this?

"No," she said again. "No—I don't want to talk to the doctor."

Arthur held her hand for a moment. She knew she was loved.

On June 24, in the morning, they took Marilyn to the operating room. They wheeled her in on a cot, and she stared up, seeing the blinding lights in the ceiling, and then the face of her surgeon, bending over her. "You're not nervous, are you?" he asked.

"No," she said.

The operation began.

When it was over, they left her to sleep for a while. She opened her eyes after an hour.

The sun slanted into the recovery room, making a patchwork path on the floor and across the sheets. Putting her hand on one square, she closed her eyes and prayed.

They wheeled her back to her room. The cart moved down the halls and the young doctor who had stood outside her door so many hours before, paused to look at her.

She heard a voice say something about a successful operation. . . . Another answered, "She can have her baby . . ."

His voice seemed to carry clearly—at least to her. This time for Marilyn Monroe there were no echoing voices of the past, no cry of that little girl. This time, she closed her eyes and she slept.

And smiled.

THE END

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48 HOURS TO LIVE

Continued from page 33

an eternity. She opened her eyes. A small spot of light from the night lamp picked up the bandages on Roger's head. His hands were folded limply on the crisp hospital sheets. There was a heavy ache in her throat. She swallowed hard. No one could have dreamed any of this would happen.

It was only two weeks ago that they were sitting—Roger, she and the children, Tracey and Jody—at the breakfast table. They all laughed over the funny faces he made as he told them about his cross-country bus tour with the other young players for "The Young Philadelphians," and even when Tracey excitedly spilled corn flakes all over herself, everybody thought it was pretty funny. And to add to his homecoming, he found out his recording of "Beach Time" was picking up speed with disc jockeys everywhere.

"You know, honey," he told her over his second cup of coffee, "I'm so happy I married you!" And he pursed his lips together, pretending to kiss her, long-distance, across the table.

"Maybe I'll take the tape-recorder with me to the studio today," he said. "I think I'll listen to some playbacks in the dressing room between takes."

He went to the den and picked up the heavy machine he was so proud of (hadn't he spent hours building it himself?) and staggered to the kitchen under the cumbersome load of it.

When he kissed Vici goodbye, Tracey yelled, "Daddy, Daddy, give me a kiss, too!" And Roger leaned over and kissed his young daughter, all the while lugging the awkward machine.

"Bye for now," he called and walked out the front door onto the concrete driveway. Usually she waited at the door to wave to him as he drove by in the station wagon. But that morning, Tracey's shoelaces needed tying, and Vici turned and leaned over to knot them.

At that moment, she heard the scream. "Someone's hurt," she told Tracey, never dreaming it might be Roger, never suspecting the strangled voice was his.

Running to the doorway, she looked out on the street and then screamed at the top of her lungs. Roger had fallen. He lay in front of the white-frame garage, a planter box of green shrubs at his side. "Roger, Roger," she yelled, rushing to him, but he was unconscious; blood trickled from the corners of his mouth.

Neighbors came running toward her from all directions, but she couldn't stop calling his name. "Roger, Roger, it's Vici," she kept saying. A couple of the men from next door helped her carry him into the house that, only a moment ago, had been so full of joy. Then she ran to the telephone and called the doctor.

As she waited for the doctor, she hardly listened as a neighbor who had seen the fall tried to tell her what had happened.

"He was holding the tape-recorder," the woman's voice said. "Then he tripped. As he was falling, he clutched the thing against himself. His chin came down on the machine very hard, and when he landed on the driveway his neck snapped back sharply."

But Vici could not listen. "Can you hear me?" she was pleading. "Roger, can you hear me?" For a while he lay silent, his face ashen. Then he opened his eyes, and she thought, Oh, it's all right. He's going to be all right. But he was mumbling something about Chicago and catching the next bus.

He was imagining he was still on tour.

"Roger," she whispered as she leaned close to him, "you're home. You're here with me, Vici!"

"Yes, darling," he told her. "But I can't miss the bus. We're leaving Chicago now for someplace in Indiana. It's our next stop."

It was then that the doctor arrived and told her they must rush him to the hospital. They took him by ambulance to St. Joseph's Hospital in Burbank. He began to complain of a throbbing head-pain. All day she waited at the hospital for the doctors' diagnosis. What she didn't know was that it was to be the first of many days that she was to live within the white walls of hospital rooms. Finally the doctor came out. "It's just a pinched nerve," he told her. "Go home now, and get a good night's sleep." But she stayed until the buzzer rang to signal the end of visiting hours. She told Roger she'd be back early the following morning. He had said not to worry, "I'll be all right." But she was frightened. He seemed not to be able to focus on his surroundings. Just before she left, he mentioned again that he had to make the Chicago bus.

"What are you crying about, honey?" he asked, looking puzzled. "You know about these tours. It's part of my job—and anyway, we're only going to Indiana."

The following morning he was better and the doctor said Roger knew now where he was. "But why am I in a hospital?" he asked her. "What's the matter with me?"

Before she had a chance to answer, he winced and let out a groan. "Vici," he cried, "there's a terrible, terrible pain in my head."

Then she told him about his fall, but he couldn't remember any of it. He couldn't even remember having blacked out.

The doctors gave him heavy sedation and on Friday they were sufficiently pleased with his recovery to say he could go home.

"We're going to have such a wonderful summer together," Vici said, as she drove Roger home from the hospital. "I'm so glad all this is over. Oh, darling, you don't know how frightened, how helpless I felt when you were so sick."

He reached over and touched her hand on the steering wheel. "I know, honey. It was probably worse for you than it was for me. They kept me half-asleep most of the time." Then he smiled. "Come on now," he said, "no more thinking about it. We're going to have fun and be happy again. Just like before."

He sang at the top of his lungs all the way home.

On Tuesday he returned to the studio to film the opening show of his fall TV series.

She called him at work that morning to see how he felt. "I'm okay," he said, but, when she saw the black studio sedan pull into their driveway after lunch, she knew something was wrong.

She ran and helped the driver pull him out of the car, and from the stunned expression on his face, she knew he was in agonizing pain again. He couldn't even smile.

"Vici . . ." His voice was hoarse and halting. "I'm nauseous, dizzy. Call the doctor!"

They rushed him to St. Vincent's Hospital. "Did Mr. Smith ever suffer from a head injury prior to this?" the doctor asked. Suddenly she remembered an accident Roger had once described to her, and she told the doctor about it.

He was six or seven when he'd had that first accident back home in Arizona. "I was showing off," he'd told Vici during their courtship, "to two girls who lived on my block. I did somersaults and

walked on my hands, and when I didn't know what else to do, I started climbing to the top of the building. When I reached the roof, I fell about twenty feet and landed smack on my head."

She pictured him in blue jeans and a plaid shirt delighted by showing off—King of the Mountains—and then falling from his perch—his throne—to the little girls' feet. And they had laughed then, because it didn't seem serious.

But ever since, whenever he bumped his head, he blacked out. In the park once, during one of their first dates together—a picnic—he leaned back on the grass and somehow he hit his head on a rock. It was nothing serious, but for a few minutes he went into a complete fog. He talked, but he didn't know what he was saying, and when he snapped out of it, he couldn't remember a thing. But he passed it off as "a mild form of amnesia."

The next time he hit his head, during a game at the University of Arizona (he had a football scholarship there), the doctors told him he had a brain concussion.

"I was out of my head for three days," he'd told her one day when they were sharing old memories. "And I was never allowed to play football again!"

She remembered, too, asking Roger if he thought he should use a double on "77 Sunset Strip," but he'd refused. He did all the fighting the part called for; he took every fall. . . .

Why had the doctor wanted to know about all this? Vici wondered. Did he suspect something, some previous damage to the brain? "What is it, Doctor?" she asked. "What's the matter?"

"I'm only asking," the sober-faced, white-haired doctor answered her, "because we can't seem to get to the bottom of Mr. Smith's trouble. Why the pain persists and increases—" He never finished the sentence; instead, he asked other questions about Roger's past, his parents. Then he excused himself and left Vici to the nagging anguish of her own imagination.

The next morning she arose before sunrise, made arrangements for a neighbor to look after the children and drove to the hospital in the blue station wagon.

It was a sunny day, and the doctor's news lifted her spirits. The diagnosis was a "pinched nerve plus whiplash"; and Vici felt relieved.

"Whiplash," the doctor explained, "is what we call the snapping back of displaced muscles. That's what happened after your husband's chin hit the tape-recorder." When the doctor assured her he would be all right, she scolded herself for having given in to the morbid and terrifying thoughts of the night before.

Again Roger was released—but this time he was cautioned to stay at home.

No sooner had she settled him comfortably in their airy bedroom with the apricot walls, than he began to scream.

"Vici, Vici," he cried, choking on the words. "It's worse now—worse than ever!"

She picked up the hard black receiver of the telephone and dialed the doctor, who immediately ordered him back to St. Vincent's for more X-rays. None of the staff diagnosticians could understand why his pain persisted until . . .

Late that afternoon, as Vici waited for the X-ray results, she read him the afternoon newspaper. Then, as she paused and spoke to him gently, she noticed he couldn't move his arm. It was absolutely rigid.

"Roger," she said, "are you all right? Shall I call the doctor?"

But he couldn't speak. His tongue was thick, and all he could manage were the whimpering sounds of an infant.

Dear God, she prayed. What's happening

to him? What's happening? With only one thought in mind, she ran down the hospital hallway, past the young student nurse to the stiff-postured Head Nurse, and she demanded to see Roger's doctor.

"My husband can't move his arm," she screamed hysterically, "and he can't even talk to me. What's happening to him? I have a right to know . . . I'm his wife!"

The Head Nurse tried to calm her, but she couldn't.

"I must see the doctor!" Vici insisted, and at last the Head Nurse paged him over the loudspeaker. When the doctor turned the corner and headed for the main desk, she ran to him. "Tell me what's the matter with my husband?" she begged. "I must know! He can't speak—or move his arm!"

For a long moment he peered over his eyeglasses at her. Then he said gently, "You must try to be patient. We're summoning the best brain specialist to help us. We'll know in the next few hours."

She waited on the sunporch at the far end of the hall while the specialist examined Roger. It was there they told her what was wrong. They said the latest X-rays had shown a blood clot on Roger's brain. This was what had paralyzed his arm and his larynx. As she stood there twisting her handkerchief into a tight little ball, she suddenly wanted to tear it to shreds.

"We must perform an emergency brain operation," one of the doctors went on, "or else there will be permanent injury—and possibly sudden death."

She wanted to scream, "This can't happen to us—it can't! This can't happen to my husband!"

But she didn't say either of these things. She fidgeted with her damp handkerchief.

"And if you operate?" she asked finally.

"If we operate, there is still the chance that it will do no good."

There was nothing more to say. She found herself nodding helplessly when she was asked if she would sign the necessary release papers.

"May I—" she began, "may I go to him?" Her head throbbed so, she could scarcely hear, or think.

The doctor nodded. "But only for a moment. He must be prepared *immediately* for surgery. Every minute counts."

She was frantic. Her heart was pounding terribly. But when she went to him, she spoke gently. Holding his face in her hands, she whispered, "I love you, darling. Everything will be all right." And she kissed him. But he was still rigid. His eyes looked at her unseeingly.

A nurse came, asking her to step out of the room. "The doctor suggests you wait until after the operation," she said, "before notifying Mr. Smith's parents."

Her mind was a jumble of disconnected thoughts. The children? What will I tell them? I can't tell them anything. I must face this alone, completely alone. But what if—what if I am always alone . . . Suppose—

When the doctor brought the release papers, she scribbled her permission to go ahead with the operation, and she wished with all her heart she could break down and cry. But the tears—where were they? They wouldn't come. They had been shocked far back into a cavern of fear in her heart.

"How soon after the operation," her voice was muffled, "will we know if . . . if it's been a success?"

"We won't be able to tell," the doctor said evenly, "for forty-eight hours."

Forty-eight hours! Forty-eight hours to live! And then what? Supposing Roger . . . No, she couldn't think such things. She tried to push thoughts like that from her mind, but she could not. Supposing, after the forty-eight hours, the operation wasn't

successful! What if they couldn't help Roger.

All she could think was: How will I tell the children, how can I tell them their father is . . .

She would not face the word, even in her mind. But she could hear Tracey asking, "Where's Daddy, Mommy? I miss him. I want him to come home!"

How could she answer her child? Would she say, "Do you remember our canary, the one that left us and never came back, the one Daddy said went to heaven? Well, your daddy . . ."

I mustn't think of any of these things, she told herself. I must believe he will be all right. I must trust the doctor. I must believe . . .

She prayed all through the long hours of the operation, and now, as she sat holding his hand in hers, wishing life would flow from her pulse into his, she murmured soft words.

For hours now she had sat by his side, waiting for the crisis to arrive—and pass—waiting for him to look at her and see her again, *really* see her.

"I'm here, my darling," she whispered to him. "I'm here with you. Don't be afraid. We're together."

"I love you," she whispered softly. "I'll love you always . . . always."

If he didn't hear her, surely God did. She could feel His presence. He strengthened the love in her heart as she waited for the hours—every hour was an eternity—to pass.

The sun was setting on the second day. She watched it sink, and thought, It's not much longer. The forty-eight hours must be nearly up. And then she wished she had them back, to wait through all over again. What if—what if these were the only hours left to her and her husband?

"Roger," she repeated over and over again, "I love you."

And, then, for a second, she thought he had made a sound—something rasping, incoherent. She wondered if she were so tired that she was imagining it, dreaming, hoping against hope . . .

Catching her breath, she leaned closer. "What did you say, darling?"

There was only silence, dead silence.

"It's me, darling—Vici," she whispered.

He didn't speak clearly, but her heart knew what he was trying to say. *Uv . . . Uv . . .* he mumbled, his pale lips barely moving.

Wasn't this what they were waiting for, this sign of life? She pressed the doctor's buzzer. Roger answered me! she kept repeating. He did! He spoke to me! The doctor came into the room and she told him, "He can talk! He spoke to me! Listen!"

Again, his lips moved slightly.

For one moment the doctor stood silently looking down at Roger, then he asked her to leave the room.

"Why not sit out on the sunporch?" he suggested. But she waited just outside the door, knowing this was the moment of decision. It seemed like hours later when the doctor came to her. She closed her eyes and waited for him to speak.

"Your husband will recover," he told her. "The crisis is past. But his recovery will be slow."

The crushing weight lifted from her shoulders. She wanted to rush into Roger's room and hold him in her arms, to tell him all the things they would do together—tomorrow. But she could not see. Her eyes were filled with tears, and at last she could cry.

THE END

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DOROTHY MALONE

Continued from page 49

It was only a short drive from the hotel to St. Teresa's Church, but Dorothy sat on the edge of the back seat of the roomy two-tone Fairlane, leaning forward as if to help the car edge its way through the crowded streets.

The sky had turned leaden, and the rain on the car windows made a blur of the buildings leaning crazily against each other. "My dress," she thought, "it'll be ruined."

"Here we are, miss," the driver announced finally, wedging through the traffic to pull up in front of the little white church. "What time is it?" she asked.

The driver checked his watch. "Ten to eight," he told her.

Five minutes late, she thought. She opened the car door, but then, looking helplessly at the rain still pouring down, she hesitated, uncertain.

A young boy ran out from the crowd that had packed itself into the narrow church portico, offering her his umbrella. "Thank you," she smiled, ducking under it. As she hurried toward the church door, she lifted her white skirts so they wouldn't be soiled on the short flight of steps.

Inside, all the seats in the church, and even the aisles, were taken for the eight a.m. Students' Sunday Mass. She found her mother, in a hyacinth-blue lace dress, waiting just inside the door.

"The dress was late," she explained, hugging her. "And the rain . . . Have you seen Jacques?"

"Yes, he looks so handsome," her mother smiled. "Are you all right, dear?"

"A little nervous," she admitted, giving her mother another hug. "I'm so glad you're here with me."

And then she was walking down the aisle with her mother, going slowly past the palms that bordered the polished wooden pews. Jars of ginger flowers filled the little church with their sweet fragrance, and Jacques, looking very serious in his dark blue suit, seemed very far away. It seemed a long, long distance to the blue and white altar screens where he stood waiting for her. She had waited so long . . .

Standing side by side, they faced the Reverend Father Carmelus Orlando as he asked, "Dorothy, will you take Jacques, here present, for your lawful husband, according to the rite of our Holy Mother, the Church?"

"I will," she whispered.

She put her right hand in Jacques', repeating after the priest: "I, Dorothy Malone, take you, Jacques Bergerac, for my lawful husband, to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, until death do us part."

Then, as she and Jacques knelt on a prie-dieu covered with white silk brocade, she heard the priest say, "I join you in matrimony . . ." He sprinkled them with holy water, and when the priest had blessed the ring, too, Jacques slipped the simple band on her finger.

The Nuptial Mass continued, the voices of the students filling the church as they sang, "O Lord, I Am Not Worthy." Taking her hand again, Jacques pressed it tightly in his. He hadn't been so far away after all, she thought. And as the familiar hymn rolled through the church, she remembered another little white church halfway around the world, the Church of the Good Shepherd in Beverly Hills, where she had gone so often to pray. She remembered the secret prayer she had whispered there. "I truly believe there is someone for



After the marriage service, Dorothy had just one wish left. She made it as, with Jacques' hand on hers, she cut the wedding cake. Then, beginning the honeymoon trip to Honolulu, she heard the airline hostess say, "Welcome aboard, Mrs. Bergerac." And weeks later, at the party Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas gave for her in Hollywood, she still glowed at the words, "Mrs. Bergerac."



everyone . . . please help me to be like everyone else . . . I'd like to marry . . ."

Her thoughts whirled back to that June day, just a little over a year ago. The day had gone badly. At lunch, the interviewer had asked confidentially, as though it really were just between the two of them, "Dorothy, you're so different. Why is it you've never married?" She was beginning to dread interviews, knowing that same question would always be asked.

Annoyed, she'd changed her mind about the shopping trip she had planned and, returning home, had found her mother's letter waiting for her. But she'd only read it halfway through when, sighing, she put it down again. The interviewer's question had brought on this strangely empty, discontented mood, and reading of the weddings and new babies back in Dallas only made it worse.

She began to wander aimlessly about the room, fluffing up the pillows of a cream-white armchair, moving a porcelain figurine back to its proper place on the eighteenth-century commode, bending down to pet her silky Afghan hound when she noticed he seemed to be catching her nervousness. And then the phone rang, breaking the silence sharply.

"Hello," she said, picking up the receiver.

"Hello," a deep voice answered. "My name is Jacques Bergerac. I know we've never met, but . . ."

"Weren't you at the premiere last week," she asked, remembering the tall man who'd stared at her across the theater lobby. He'd seemed so sure of himself then, but now . . .

"Yes, yes," he answered eagerly. "We've been at so many places together, but nobody ever seems to introduce us." He paused for a moment, as though uncertain of whether to go on. Then he asked, "Would you have dinner with me . . . tonight?"

"Why, yes," she agreed. "I think I'd like that."

"Fine," he said. "There's a little restaurant in Beverly Hills that . . . Well, I'll tell you all about it when I pick you up. Is seven-thirty all right?"

"Yes," she said. "See you then."

That night, when the waiter had brought them little cups of steaming Turkish coffee, he confessed, "I could hardly breathe all through that phone call. I was so afraid you'd say no, that you'd think I was being . . . well . . . fresh."

She smiled at him over the candle that glowed in a thin glass cylinder. "What made you call me?" she asked softly.

"Maybe you won't believe me," he answered, "but, you know, you can tell a lot about people by just watching them. I watched you . . . and I wanted to know more."

"I caught you at it," she teased, "last week at the premiere."

"Did you?" he laughed. And then, covering her hand with his, he said seriously, "I come from the Basque country, and in the farmhouses there they hang little strips of paper from the ceilings. There's perfume to attract the flies and glue to hold them. In a woman, beauty is the perfume and charm and interest are the glue. There aren't many women who have both . . . like you."

Disconcerted, she withdrew her hand, lifting the cup of coffee to her lips. But when she put it down, her hand trembled, making the cup clatter against its saucer.

In the months that followed, they were together constantly. She felt as though she were on the edge of discovering something very important. She was Dorothy Malone, a tall sunburned girl from Texas. She'd never thought of herself as

a "star." Stars were the people she herself watched playing love scenes on the big movie screens. And he was Jacques Bergerac, handsome and worldly, and, as everybody said, the most eligible bachelor in Hollywood. Secretly, she was glad that his marriage to Ginger Rogers had been outside the Catholic Church. That meant he wasn't really a divorced man, and the Church wouldn't forbid her marriage to him if . . .

She didn't want to put a name to the feeling that was growing stronger every time she saw him. Not yet.

When Jacques flew down to South America to join them on their trip, she caught the question in her mother's eye—and looked away. And when she'd come back to Hollywood, there'd been more questions. Her friends had only hinted at them, but the newspaper reporters came right out with what they wanted to know.

"Has he asked you to marry him?" the reporters asked.

"We've never discussed marriage," she told them. "Jacques is a wonderful person. He is great company. But we have no announcement to make."

"Have you ever quarreled?" they persisted.

"Never," she answered, smiling.

"What do you like about him most? What makes him your favorite date?"

"He has strength and tenderness, humor and common sense," she told them. "He's an excellent horseman, a gourmet, and a man with that rare quality, the courage of his convictions. He dresses beautifully and always correctly, but he's not at all obsessed with looks or clothes." Listening to herself saying those words, she felt detached, as though it were really someone else describing Jacques. That's only part of it, she wanted to interrupt, there's so much more . . .

"Miss Malone," they continued, "you once told us you wanted to marry a man who'd like to settle down, who'd appreciate home life as much as you do. Do you still feel that way?"

"Yes."

"Is Jacques that kind of man?" they asked.

For a moment, she didn't answer. Then, slowly, she explained, "In this business, a man should be free to enjoy the fruits of his success and discover his full capabilities alone." And then she added, "I don't think Jacques is ready to settle down."

It was so important to be ready, she

thought. You had to be sure. Once before, she had come so close to marrying.

The wedding invitations were already printed, and she'd left Hollywood to go home to Dallas and marry a doctor, a wonderful man whom she'd known for several years. But once back home, in the midst of planning the wedding menu and having her dress fitted, she'd realized the time was wrong, that it would be a mistake for both of them if she married him now. It wasn't her career and it wasn't another man. It was just that she wasn't sure of herself, she wasn't ready. And so she'd come back to Hollywood . . . alone . . . unmarried.

This time, she had to be sure; both for herself and for Jacques. She'd waited a year. It had to be as the priest had said, "till death do us part." But finally, when there'd been this picture for her to make in Japan, neither of them wanted to wait any longer. They were sure. They eloped to Hongkong . . .

A-men." Dorothy heard the last note of the students' song fade away. Then the organ was playing alone, the Wedding March from "Lohengrin." As Jacques' arm tightened around her waist, she leaned her head against his shoulder, smiling up at him. "Happy?" he whispered as they walked back up the aisle together, arm in arm.

"Oh, yes," she breathed.

She saw her mother standing to one side, her head turned so that nobody would see her dabbing at her eyes.

"Oh, you've been crying," she laughed, going up to her.

"I just couldn't help it," she said, "I was just so happy . . ." Then, as Jacques leaned way over to kiss her cheek, she said, "The cake's in Father Orlando's apartment. It looks lovely. And champagne . . ."

"I have a wish all ready," Dorothy said, "for when we cut the cake."

And thinking about the future she and Jacques had planned, she felt her eyes fill with tears. "I guess it runs in our family," she laughed, and then, catching Jacques' puzzled look, she explained, "I think I'm going to cry, too."

"Let's go outside," he suggested, "just for a moment." His strong arm circled her waist as he led her through the church door and out onto the top step.

"The rain's stopped," she cried. "Look, the sun is shining." —MILT JOHNSON

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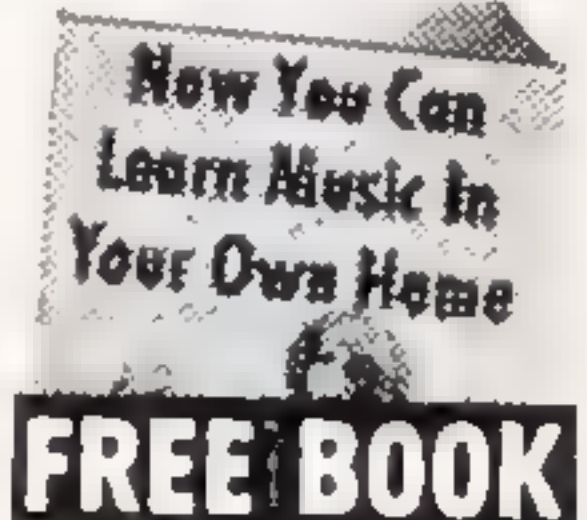
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SANDRA DEE

Continued from page 50

I sat in Physiology II class trying to concentrate on answering the questions to a quiz on heredity, but my mind wasn't on cross-pollination or hybrids. Somehow, I finished the quiz and then sat staring at the ceiling and thinking about a letter I was trying to write to a girl I'd never met. A dozen times I started and got as far as, "Dear Sandra," . . . then I was stuck.

Finally, I wrote a letter that sounded almost right, so I transferred it to a piece of my mother's stationery, which I'd brought from home. Then, before I lost my nerve, I sealed the letter and dropped it into the nearest mailbox. All I had to do now was sit back and wait for an answer. I knew she'd get the letter because one of the girls in class lives on her block, and she'd given me Sandra's home address. (I didn't tell her why I wanted it.)

The whole idea had come to me the night before. Since I've a yen to be in show business myself someday, I'd been reading the latest issue of Photoplay. I was leafing through the magazine when, suddenly, a pair of beautiful brown eyes looked right out at me. One line on the page especially caught my eye: "I'll graduate this June and the only thing I'll really miss is going to a senior prom."

Then the idea hit me. I could come to Sandra's rescue. After all, even though she went to school on the Universal lot, her graduation would be on the same night as mine—some of the studios have this sort of arrangement with our school—so that meant she was actually a member of my class, and why shouldn't she go to our prom?

It wasn't until after I'd mailed the letter that I began having serious doubts about what I'd done. Fortunately, I hadn't told anyone about it, except my mother, who promised to keep my secret. If Sandra didn't answer my letter, or turned me down, it would make me look like an awful drip if I'd already told everyone I'd invited her.

Ten days passed without an answer to my letter, and I'd just about given up hope. But when I phoned home one afternoon, I could tell by my mother's voice that something good had happened. Then she told me a letter from Sandra Dee had arrived and I flew home like a cyclone whirling through a prairie. I made it in ten minutes flat. But after rushing into the house and picking up the pale pink envelope, I opened it very slowly.

My loud whoop answered the question in my mother's eyes. "She's coming!" I shouted. "She said yes!"

Then I went into my room, closed the door and sat down on the bed. I was going to take Sandra Dee to the prom. But then I began to get kind of shook up. What would we talk about? Would she have a good time?

The next afternoon I spoke to Sandra on the phone. She sounded warm and wonderful and very down to earth.

"Hi, this is Ronnie de Salvo. I . . . well, thanks for your nice note. I sure am glad you can come . . . I—" Such brilliant dialogue!

"Gee, Ronnie, so am I," she said. "And really, I'm sorry I didn't answer your letter sooner, but I wanted to be sure I could definitely go before I wrote you."

We talked a little longer and then it was easier. It was almost like talking to a girl—I mean, like any other girl.

"What color's your dress?" I asked. "I mean, so I'll know what kind of flowers

to get. And do you want a regular corsage or one for your wrist?"

"I'd like a wrist band, thank you, and my dress is pale blue with embroidery all over it."

"Blue?" That was my favorite color. "Oh, yes," I said then, "how tall are you?" This probably sounded like a funny question, but it was important to me. I didn't want her to be taller than I was.

"I'm five foot four," she said softly.

I said, "Gee, that's great. I mean, I'm five foot eight and a half, myself."

We talked a little longer and then we said goodbye.

Now I'm a natural-born worrier, so I memorized every statistic I could find on Sandra. If only I'd been given a quiz on the history of Sandra Dee, I'd have made an A plus, for sure. For instance, I'd read that her favorite colors were blue, lavender and silver. When I made arrangements to rent my tux, I asked for a blue dinner jacket and black pants. Then I'd read that her two favorite sports were ice skating and horseback riding. I didn't know a thing about either of them. But I decided there was less to learn about skating, so I boned up on figure-eights and a few skating terms.

The days flew by until finally it was P-day. That day everything went wrong—it was a nightmare! I put brown polish on my shoes by mistake and they looked as if they were ready for the junk pile. I spent two hours shining my family's T-bird, lent to me for the evening, before I realized the car kept getting duller. Finally, I looked at the can and saw that I'd been using some kind of floor wax. I had to start all over again.

When I went to pick up my clothes, the jacket was two sizes too large. Then a small miracle happened, and the man found a blue jacket that didn't come down to my knees. After that I went for the flowers. I'd ordered white roses. They seemed more special than a regular orchid or gardenia. But when I walked into the florist's and took one look at the corsage, I almost had heart failure. The roses were in one big messy clump, surrounded by a few dead leaves, and the ribbon looked as if it had been left over from an old Christmas package. There was nothing to do but pay him, so I did. Then I got into the car and drove around until I found another flower shop. I went in and practically got down on my knees, apologizing for not coming there in the first place. I explained that this was the most important date in my whole life and that he just had to help me. He understood. In a few minutes, he'd arranged the roses, removed the leaves, added some lilies-of-the-valley, trimmed the flowers with white lace and tied on a beautiful blue satin ribbon.

I dashed home and started to get ready. I'm sure I'd have decapitated myself if I hadn't been using an electric razor. But by 7:30 I was dressed, had passed family inspection and was on my way. I'd given myself thirty minutes to make the trip to Sandra's house, although I knew it would only take about fifteen, because I wanted the extra time to rehearse what I'd say. Maybe I'll start off by talking about skating, I thought—that should break the ice (no pun intended!). Suddenly, I noticed the clock on the dash said eight. I looked around and realized I'd taken some wrong turns. I was lost. But, after circling around for twenty-five minutes, I finally found the address Sandra had given me. It's customary for a girl to keep her date waiting, but me being twenty-eight minutes late—that was ridiculous! I parked the car, grabbed the flower box, ran up the driveway and rang the front doorbell. Zero hour had arrived!

A pretty young woman opened the door, smiled and said, "I'm Mrs. Douvan, Sandra's mother. You must be Ronnie. Please come in." She had such a bright smile that I walked through the door feeling as if it were old home week. She led me into the living room, but Sandra wasn't there. Then I heard a voice behind me.

"Mr. de Salvo, hi. I'm Sandra Dee." She called me mister! I walked over to her, clutching the flower box for support as if it were a brick wall. She smiled when I gave her the flowers. Then she opened the box, and her eyes grew wide. "Oh—they're perfect," she said, and I felt good inside.

While she put on the flowers, I had a chance to really look at her. She was the most beautiful girl I'd ever seen. Then she went in to get her wrap, a white fox one, and, when I helped her on with it, I realized that all my worry over whether or not I should buy elevator shoes had been for nothing. In my ordinary shoes I was still taller than she was. As a matter of fact, at that moment I felt about six-feet-five!

We were driving toward Beverly Hills where one of the girls in my class was giving a pre-prom party. I turned the radio on softly. A band was trying to beat the heat by playing a winter song. This fit in perfectly.

"That's one thing I miss about living in California," I said, nonchalantly, "not enough places to go ice skating. I just love to skate, don't you?"

"I hate it," she answered. I gulped. She must have heard me swallow, because she sort of turned around in the seat and looked at me.

"Sandra, I might as well tell you, I've spent the past two weeks reading every story ever written about you. To tell the truth, I've never ice skated in my life but I read that it was your favorite sport and . . . I . . ."

She started to laugh, not at me, with me. Then she turned a little more toward me, leaned against the seat and said, "Well, now that you've confessed, it's my turn. I've spent the past two weeks worrying about what to say to you! I've been wondering if the kids would like me . . . honestly, I was scared to death about tonight! And, by the way, don't believe everything you read about me."

In a few minutes, we were parking in front of Barbara Wolf's house. I could tell that Sandra was still a little appre-

hensive, so I said, "Don't be frightened, Sandra. The kids are as anxious to see that you have a good time as I am."

She smiled and took a deep breath. The moment we got through the door and she saw how informal and nice everyone was, she seemed to relax. The girls in particular were nice to her. I hadn't been worried about the guys taking to her—but other females, that was a different story. Several girls told her how happy they were that she was graduating from Uni, and how glad they were that she could come to the prom. A couple of the girls even briefed her on the routine for graduation exercises and told her where to pick up her cap and gown. Before long, Sandra was laughing and chatting as if she'd known the kids all her life.

At 9:30 the party broke up. We all headed for the prom, which was being held at the Rustic Canyon Club. Sandra and I got back into the car and I drove down Sunset Boulevard toward the beach. As much as I was happy to see her with the gang, I relished being alone with her, just talking. Frankly, I was amazed at how intelligent she is, how readily she's able to discuss every topic. A lot of girls get lost once there's more to a conversation than what they're going to wear at the next dance or who's going steady with whom. But Sandy and I talked about everything—politics, books, art, music—with very little mention of her career, or movies. We got around to discussing more personal things, and I mentioned I'd originally come from New Jersey. She told me she was born there, too—as if I didn't know! Then she began telling me something about her life, before Hollywood; about her family; how close she is to her mother; how much she'd loved her stepfather, Mr. Douvan, and how terribly much she felt his loss. I told her about my folks, too, and about what I hope to do after graduation and, oh, everything. I guess it seems funny that as we drove, all dressed in formal clothes on our way to a gay school dance, we should discuss such serious things as life and death and how we felt about them. I wanted to keep on driving and driving and never stop—but we had a prom to go to!

Once inside the club, we checked her wrap and made our way through the crowded foyer into the ballroom. There were over a thousand people at the dance and, conservatively speaking, Sandra met and shook hands with at least half of them! She was so down-to-earth



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and sweet that even those few kids who had thought she'd act like a stuck-up movie queen clustered around her. After a while, she whispered to me her feet hurt and asked if we might please sit down for a while. I took her arm and steered her over to a corner and we just sat listening to the music. The band was playing slow tunes, alternating with current rock 'n' roll favorites and, of course, a few cha-cha-cha's.

When one of the fast numbers came on, I took her hand and said, "C'mon, Sandra, let's dance."

She kind of clung to her chair as she said, "Ronnie, would you mind if we waited for a slower tune?"

"Aw, c'mon," I coaxed, "this is the greatest."

"I... well, I'm afraid I don't even know how to lindy. In fact, this is the very first school dance I've been to in my whole life..."

I felt awful. I should have been a little more tactful; I just assumed *everybody* knew how to dance to rock 'n' roll.

"Sandra, would you mind if I showed you how?"

She shook her head and smiled. I led her out on the terrace and told her to just stand and listen to the music for a few minutes. She has a great natural sense of rhythm, but she didn't know it. So I pointed this out to her, showed her a few basic steps and, in another ten minutes, we were doing well enough to go back to the dance floor.

After a while, we got something cold to drink and I took Sandra into the ante-room where the faculty sponsors were sitting. She met my teachers and the vice-principal, and everyone was captivated by her. At 11:30 we decided we'd better get going so we could make the next show at the Crescendo. Before we left, she said goodbye to as many of the kids as she could, and all of them told her how much they'd enjoyed meeting her. To say the least, she'd made a huge hit with everybody.

Back in the car, she leaned against the seat and said: "Would you mind very much if I took off my shoes?"

I laughed—now I *knew* we were good friends. Off came the shoes, her wrap and the wrist corsage, and she relaxed. I leaned over and opened the window on her side, and as we cruised along, talking and listening to the radio—it was just great. But on Sunset Strip there was a traffic jam. We inched along the boulevard until we saw "Crescendo" blazing in big neon letters above the names of Mort Sahl and the Four Preps. Around the club was a line of nearly three hundred people waiting to get in.

"The poor souls," I joked. "That's the no-reservation crowd. We've got a table already, so there won't be any problem."

I couldn't find a place to park close by, so I let Sandra off and rode up the nearest hill—it was almost as steep as a mountain. When I ran back down to meet her, she was standing quietly at the end of the line, just waiting. "Follow me," I said, trying to elbow my way through the crowd, but we couldn't budge. Finally we worked our way up to within fifty feet of the doorway, and I was just about to suggest she wait for me while I checked with the doorman when I overheard a girl behind us talking to her date.

"I thought you said you made reservations!" she said impatiently.

"I did! I did!" he repeated frantically. "I called ten days ago..."

I had a sinking feeling. After polling a few more couples, I discovered that *everybody* had reservations. Seems on prom night all the clubs make unlimited reservations, because usually half the people never show up, but that night everyone

who had called came. We stood in line nearly an hour. It was really hopeless. I felt awful. I kept wondering what guys like John Saxon or Edd Byrnes would do. But Sandra was such a good sport about it. She stood there in line, talking calmly and not in any way acting upset or mad because she had to wait. At ten minutes to one, when they announced over a megaphone that it would be another forty minutes before the next show would begin, we gave up.

I told Sandra to wait while I got the car, but she insisted on coming with me.

Up the hill we chugged, and I'm sure her high heels didn't help any. This time, when we got back in the car, she didn't wait to ask if she could take off her shoes, she just did. We drove back out Sunset again, both a little beat, and for a while we just listened to the radio. Then James Darren's record of "Gidget" came on, and I could tell she was blushing, but I didn't say anything. I just pinched myself and thought—I've got Gidget right here in person... it was too much!

Then we started talking about graduation ceremonies and things, and she told me how thrilled she was that as part of her present her mother was giving her a trip back to New York—solo—the first time she'd been allowed to travel alone. She said she was all excited about seeing some of her family in the East, and her friends, and just going shopping and seeing some plays.

Finally, it was time to go home. When I reached her driveway and stopped the car she laughed and said, "It'll take me a while to get all my junk together."

She started searching for one shoe that had slid under the seat; she picked up her stole, her flowers, her evening bag and an assortment of things she'd scattered on the front and back seats. Then she kept putting the wrong shoe on the wrong foot—and suddenly we both got the giggles.

When she had everything under control, she just sat there for a moment. Then she looked at me and said, "Ronnie, I really had a wonderful time. Thank you... thank you for everything."

I was so happy. "Sandra, maybe, when you come back from New York, if you have time, we could see each other again. We could go to Blum's for a soda or to a show or something, because I really enjoy being with you... talking to you."

"I feel the same way. I'd love to see you again."

I walked her to the door. Mrs. Douvan came out and asked me in, and I sat down for a few minutes while Sandra took off her shoes again and went to get some water for her flowers. Mrs. Douvan asked me if I'd like something cold to drink. I was really dying of thirst but I said no. It was late and I didn't want to overstay my welcome. Sandra came back into the room then, and she and her mother walked me to the door and thanked me again.

It was after two when I walked into my own house. I tried not to make any noise, but Mother heard me anyway. As I walked down the hall, she whispered, "Ronnie, did you have a good time?"

"It was perfect, Mom."

I hung up my pale-blue jacket and put my slacks on a hanger... Monday they'd have to go back. By tomorrow, the whole evening would be just a memory. But I knew that as long as I lived my senior prom would always stand out as a special night in my life, thanks to Photoplay.

—RONNIE DE SALVO

AS TOLD TO MARCIA BORIE.

SEE SANDRA IN U-I'S "THE WILD AND THE INNOCENT," THEN WARNERS' "A SUMMER PLACE."

JAMES GARNER

Continued from page 41

would call him in for some cookies, and he'd unlatch the screen door and hold it open carefully so that George could come in. He and George would stand by the oven while his mother piled cookies on a plate. And he'd say, "Go on, George. Take lots of cookies. There's plenty." And of course his mother would have to dole out an extra share for George.

Now George became his *only* friend and he would talk to him as he'd once talked to his mother. Not that there weren't loads of others around; there were: his father, but somehow his dad was always busy at the store, and too tired at night to spend much time with him; two older brothers, Jack—two years older, and Charles—four years older, but a five-year-old younger brother seems like an infant and is treated that way when you're seven and nine. It was only to George that he was able to pour out the secrets that were in his heart. The wonderful home his mother had made for them in Norman, Oklahoma, became, for him, just a house.

Aunt Leona and Uncle John took him in after his mother died. They did their best to give him love and understanding, but somehow he always felt like a fifth wheel. Having George with him helped. There was the matter of vegetables, for instance, especially spinach. When he left the greens at the side of his plate, Aunt Leona pleaded, but to no avail. Then she devised a system: "I'll put the vegetables in the ice-box for you," she said. "When you're hungry, boy, just help yourself to the vegetables you've left." And it worked, or at least she thought it did. Every day the vegetables disappeared from the ice-box.

What Aunt Leona didn't know was that he was giving them to George, who fed them to Ginger, Jim's mongrel pup, who ate *everything*.

It was while he was living with Uncle John and Aunt Leona that he was told he'd almost died. He fell down a whole flight of stairs. He was unconscious, and needed many blood transfusions to bring him back to life.

Somehow, this time George wasn't any help. After all—and this he wouldn't admit to anyone—he couldn't really *see* George. What he needed, he knew, was a real, live person to come into his room, to gather him up in her arms, to hold him close. Then everything would be all right. What he needed—but he never could put this into words—was his mother.

When he was eight, he was given a second mother. Not quite like the first, but a mother nevertheless. His father married again, and once more the Baumgartners were a family living under the same roof. For a brief time he thought someone cared for him, loved him, but the marriage didn't work out, and for the second time before he was ten years old, he lost a mother.

All this time he went to school, but he hated it. In the classroom he was just *another* fellow, one of many. So he hid behind a big propped-up textbook, reading comics or talking under his breath to George, or dreaming he was in another school, where he was the only student, and all attention was focused on him, where the teacher always looked like his mother.

For a short period when he was in the third grade he *almost* liked school. The teacher happened to be another of his aunts, Mrs. Ruth Stogner, and she went out of her way to interest her nephew in school work. He found that learning could be fun when somebody cared about how

you were doing. But he couldn't spend his whole life in the third grade and, when he passed on to the next class, he returned to comics, George and his dreams.

Soon his feeling about school turned to hate. This was somehow tied up in his mind—although he couldn't put it clearly in words—with what was going on at home. The trouble was that there wasn't any one place he could call home. He was always being "farmed out" to one relative or another. In school and out, he never felt that he belonged. All this came to a head one day when he was well into his teens. His high-school English teacher asked the class to name the author of "The Scarlet Letter." No one's hand went up and the teacher snapped, "You're a bunch of stupid kids." He just couldn't sit still and take that. "You are here to *give* us the answers," he said to her, and then got up and walked out of the class.

At thirteen, he was definitely on his own. He flitted from odd jobs to still odder jobs, always looking for something exciting, something more challenging that he'd really like. But work was like school: dull and meaningless. He knew that other people existed; he liked some of them and sometimes almost believed that they liked him, but no matter how helpful or friendly someone might be to him, he usually ended up feeling that—really—none of them cared what happened to him one way or the other.

There was the time his high school was competing in the finals of the Oklahoma State Championships. At the end of regulation play, the score was tied; in overtime, he was fouled while driving in for a basket and was given two foul shots. He stood on the free-throw line and threw up the first shot. He missed. Then, taking a deep breath, he fired the second shot. The ball rimmed the basket and fell out into the arms of an opposing player, who dribbled down the court and scored the winning goal.

The team had lost. But in his own mind *he* had lost. It was his personal defeat, as if none of the others had made errors, as if the others didn't even exist. When his teammates gathered around him to console him, he broke away and ran across the court. He stood in front of a wall and hit it again and again with his bare fist until he broke his knuckles. And even the pain in his hand was not as deep as the thought: They hate me for losing the game. They think it's my fault, but they haven't the guts to say so.

From that day on he never touched a basketball again.

Now, looking up from his plate, he said aloud, "How silly can you be?"

"What did you say, dear?" Lois asked. "I was just talking to myself," he answered. Then she saw that her husband was staring down at his plate again. . .

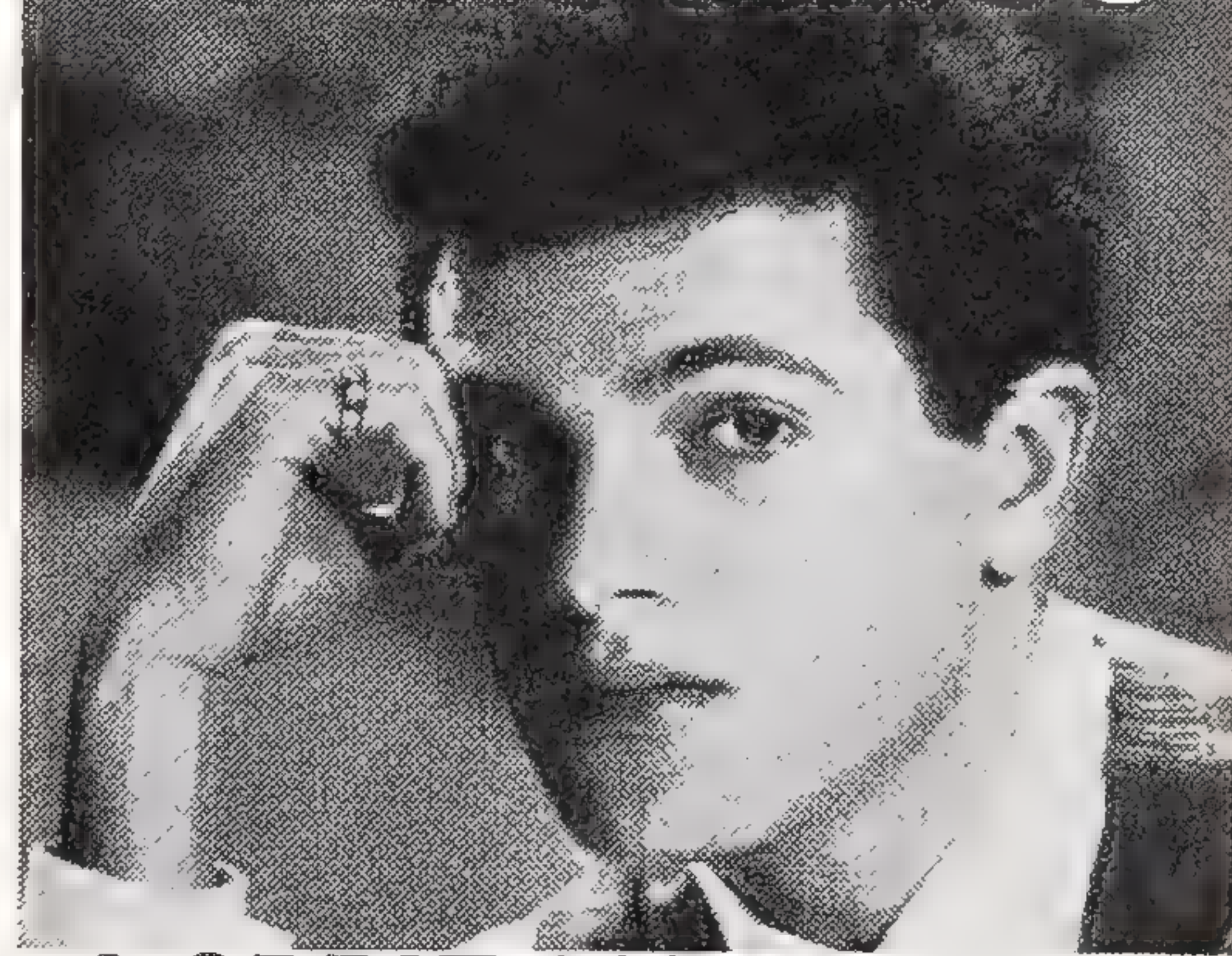
In 1944 he and a friend from school, Jim Paul Dickenson, decided to join the Merchant Marine. Life at sea was adventurous, but somehow even adventure was empty. It wasn't quite what he wanted, either. So, as soon as he hit shore after a long trip, he hitchhiked back to Norman.

His dad, who was hopping about as much as he was, happened to be home at the same time. He was on his way to Los Angeles, so Jim went along for the ride. In California he enrolled at Hollywood High, but, following his run-in with the English teacher, he quit after three-quarters of a year. He made a lot of money for a time posing in bathing suits, but got bored and gave it up. Then he tried his hand at working as a gas-station attendant, but soon quit that, too.

Back he went to Norman and another crack at high school. For once, he made good grades, because they wouldn't let him

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play football if his marks weren't above average. But, when he injured his knee in a scrimmage, that was the end of that. No more football, no more high school. He joined the Oklahoma National Guard, re-injured his knee playing football, was operated on and received a medical discharge.

The years that followed seemed to blend together: working in Texas oil fields, working at odd jobs in Oklahoma. And searching . . . always searching . . . for a job he would really like, for a place he could really call home, for someone who would give him the love and security he had not known since he was five years old.

He almost welcomed the call from his Oklahoma Draft Board. He was the first draftee in the state of Oklahoma to be taken for the Korean War.

During the fourteen months he served in Korea as an infantryman with the Fifth Regimental Combat Team of the 24th Division, he learned for the first time in his life what the word "team" really meant. On the battlefield you had to care about your buddy, and he about you. The alternative to caring was death. But when he was wounded in battle, he made light of it later, saying: "I was being chased back eight miles behind the lines when I got hit by a piece of shrapnel. I won't go into a detailed description of my wound, so let's just say—I couldn't sit down, and spent the rest of my time in service sorting mail."

What he didn't say—because he knew it would sound hammy if he tried—was that he learned a little about death and a lot about life in Korea. He learned this the day he was wounded, in an engagement with the enemy outside the town of Chipori, where eighty-nine of his buddies, out of a team of 125 men, lay dead after the fighting was over. On the way to the hospital at a place with a crazy name, Yong Dong, things that had never made sense before began to fall into place. None of this was coherent at the time: he was too feverish and wracked with pain to really think straight. But what it finally boiled down to was this: There must be a reason why I came out of this alive—not to drift like I did before, not to just knock around, but to do something. What that something was he didn't know, but he was going to make it his business to find out.

One day, he was walking down LaCienega Boulevard and happened to look up and see "Paul Gregory Productions" on an office building window. Seven years before, when he'd been working as a gas station attendant, Paul Gregory was jerking sodas at a nearby drug store. Gregory would

drop in once in a while to have a few gallons of gas put in his old jalopy, and they'd become friends. Paul told him that he wanted to be an actors' agent, and they made a strange spur-of-the-moment pact. Whoever became rich and famous first, they agreed, would help the other. So he climbed the stairs to Paul Gregory's office to see if he would remember.

Not only did Gregory remember, but he kept his word. He gave Jim an acting job in "The Caine Mutiny Court Martial," which he was producing on Broadway. Not that Jim said anything on stage; he was one of the judges who sat in the courtroom for two hours and didn't speak a word. But *officially* he was John Hodiak's understudy (although in more than 500 performances he didn't play Hodiak's role once).

But what mattered was that he was doing something he liked, something he cared about. His foot was in the door; perhaps it would open.

It did open . . . slowly . . . an inch at a time. Bit roles in a television series, "Cheyenne," and small parts in two movies—"Toward The Unknown" and "The Girl He Left Behind." And then light, definite light through the door, when he played Marlon Brando's pal in "Sayonara."

But as his paychecks became larger and more regular, he made another discovery. It wasn't enough to care for something, you had to care for someone. What good were busy days when the nights were lonely? What use was good fortune when there was no one to share it with?

There'd always been girls, but he found that while he could talk at them, he could never talk to them until he met Lois.

One day he was lonely and all alone and the next day someone was there. The someone was pretty, petite, dark-haired Lois Clarke; the day was in midsummer of 1956; the place was beside the swimming pool at Jess Kimmel's house in Hollywood. There were about twelve kids in the pool and they were playing a game called "monster of the deep." He was the "monster"—a six-foot-three-inch, 200-pound monster—and they were trying to pull him down into the water. They'd climb all over him and he'd shake them off like flies. . . . And then suddenly he saw her.

There was a sadness about her, a pensiveness, that made him want to go to her immediately and take her in his arms and comfort her.

Then from under the water, one of the kids forced him down to the bottom of the pool. When he came up, laughing and gasping for air, his eyes quickly returned

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to the edge of the pool. She was still there. He swam to the side of the pool, braced his arms on the edge, looked up at her for a full minute, and then said "Hello."

They talked together for two hours. He found out that she was divorced, that there was no one else in her life, and that he loved her. Almost instantaneously, he knew he loved her, that she was the someone he'd been searching for.

He found out why she was so sad. Her eight-year-old daughter Kim was lying in Children's Hospital, the victim of a polio attack. She was so worried about her child that she could hardly speak of it. But he talked to her about the girl, tried his best to comfort her. It didn't seem the proper time, somehow, to ask her for a date. So he spoke quietly to her, and listened to what she said, and felt a great sense of happiness and contentment welling up inside him.

Then some of the kids in the pool splashed water on him. He dived in and in a few moments the monster had routed his tormentors. But when he swam back to the edge, she was gone.

It wasn't fair to call her. She was too upset, too worried about her daughter. But by the end of the week, he couldn't stand it any longer. He'd been invited to a party on Sunday; he called his host and asked him to invite Lois, too.

Sunday finally came. On the way to the party he mumbled to himself a kind of a prayer, "Let her be there. Please, let her be there."

And she was there. He entered the crowded room and saw her immediately, sitting alone in a corner. She saw him as soon as he saw her—and in a few seconds he was at her side.

The words poured out. Kim was better. The polio attack was not as severe as had first been feared, and Kim would be out of the hospital very soon. Then shyly they talked about each other, and they talked to each other. Before they parted at the end of the evening, they made a date to meet the next evening.

They met the next night . . . and the next . . . and the next. And one evening—they had known each other less than two weeks—he pulled his car over to the side of Mulholland Drive, turned to her, and said, "Lois . . . Lois, will you marry me?"

She said, "Yes."

Despite parental objections—"he has no money and little prospects"—they were married, on August 17, 1956, in the judge's chamber at the Beverly Hills City Hall . . . less than six weeks after they'd first met by the swimming pool.

Now that he had won the mother he had the problem of winning over the daughter. At first he babied her. After all, she'd just come home from the hospital, she had some difficulty walking, so he handled her gently and with great pa-

tience. But he just couldn't get through to her.

One day Kim came home to their small apartment, disturbed by a problem she was having at school. He tried to find out what was bothering her, but she wouldn't tell him. Babying didn't work; patience didn't work; so finally, in desperation, he blurted out: "I can't stand this; please say *something—anything.*" But she said nothing at all.

Then he did something he never thought he'd do, that he didn't even feel he had the *right* to do. He took her over his knee and spanked her. She didn't cry, she didn't whimper . . . she didn't say a word. When he was through, she just ran out into the street and he sat there looking at his hands, feeling that he'd lost her forever.

But fifteen minutes later she was back in the house, laughing and happy. She told him all about what had been troubling her at school and nodded in agreement when he gave her his advice. Later, he found out what she'd done after she'd run out of the house. She'd visited all the neighbors, telling them with great glee and great pride. "Jimmy spanked me. . . . My father spanked me."

Somehow, some way—and what man understands how a girl's mind works?—the fact that he'd spanked her meant, to her, that he really loved her. That he was really her father.

Not so long after this, the door to fame and fortune opened *all* the way: "Maverick." But another event made him even happier: the birth of their daughter, Greta Scott Garner, at St. John's Hospital in Santa Monica, on January 4th, 1958. Now he was doing something he really wanted to do for a wife and two daughters he loved.

It was eight months later, on September 20th, 1958, that the image he had once built up of himself as the lonely boy, the rejected boy, the unloved boy, was shattered completely. The people of his home state, Oklahoma, had proclaimed September 20th as "James Garner Day," and he flew there with Kim to take part in the ceremonies. Lois had to stay in California, where she was recuperating from a siege of pneumonia.

After the parades and the speeches and the hoopla at Oklahoma City were over, he went on to Norman to visit his relatives: his grandmothers, aunts, uncles, cousins, and one of his brothers. As he talked with them and ate with them, he suddenly realized that they weren't treating him like a celebrity, like something special, but like a boy who had come home.

. . . And sitting there in Aunt Ruth's house he suddenly discovered a secret—the secret he'd been searching for all those years. To be loved, to accept love, to recognize love, you must know how to give love, you must be willing and ready to love.

Now he looked across the table at Lois and smiled. "May I have some more chicken and dumplings?" he asked. Lois smiled back and filled his plate. She passed the heaping dish to Kim, who passed it to her father. As it went by Greta, the baby banged it with her spoon and gurgled. Then they all laughed.

"I'll miss this apartment," he said. "I know the new house will have more space and we need it. But somehow . . . somehow . . ." and here he stopped talking and started eating again.

Lois watched him. Later . . . later when Kim was watching television and Greta was in bed . . . later he'd tell her what he'd been thinking. She'd waited this long; she'd wait a little longer.

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PhotoPlay Page

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS

1. Goes for "Tall Paul"
7. "The Naked Maja"
9. "The Naked and the"
10. "... Started With a Kiss"
12. Henry ...nda
13. Nick and Nora's dog
15. ".... Window" with Princess Grace
17. "Evening" (for Brigitte)
18. Cugat's spouse
19. N...a Shipman of "Oregon Trail"
21. 1957 box-office favorite (initials)
23. Son David won Photoplay's '58 Special Award
26. TV's Murrow and Sullivan
27. "Perry Mason"

DOWN

1. Commercial
2. Photoplay '58 Gold Medal Newcomer
3. "The Rebel" (initials)
4. He's in "Hole in the Head"
5. "The ...ngler" with Vincent Price
6. "I've eaten," in Western movies: "Ah..."
7. "The Fly" (initials)
8. "Love," to Lollobrigida
11. TV Evangelist
12. "The Tiger"
13. Shakespearean stage direction
14. ...na Louise
16. TV's parking-lot attendant (initials)
20. "This Earth ... Mine"
21. "Wells Fargo" star's initials
22. Mr. Burger of "Perry Mason"
24. Star of "Devil's Disciple" (initials)
25. Lawrence Welk's state



SOLUTION IN NEXT MONTH'S PHOTOPLAY

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ANSWERS ON PAGE 73



Modess... *because*



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Suddenly your skin looks so fresh and clear!
 And after washing with Ivory Soap, it *feels*
 silky-soft, not tight or dry. Only mildness
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 skin. Regular care with this white, pure
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